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CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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BENJAMIN THOMPSON, better known by the name of Count Rumford, which he afterwards acquired, was born at Woburn in Massachusets on the 26th of March 1753. His ancestors appear to have been among the earliest of the colonists of Massachusets, and in all probability came originally from England. They seem to have held a respectable rank among their neighbours, and to have been for one or two generations moderately wealthy. Ebenezer Thompson, the grandfather of Count Rumford, held a captain's commission in the militia of the province, and was therefore a man of some repute in the place where he resided. Count Rumford's father, whose name was also Benjamin, dying while his son was a mere infant, the mother and child continued in the grandfather's house, which had been their home even while the husband was alive. In October 1755, however, the old man died, leaving a small provision for his grandson, barely sufficient, it would appear, to maintain him till he should arrive

at an age to be able to do something for himself. In the following year Mrs Thompson, whose maiden name was Ruth Limonds, married a second husband, Josiah Pierce, also a resident in Woburn; and the boy accompanied his mother to the house of his stepfather, who stipulated, however, that he should receive the weekly sum of two shillings and fivepence for the child's maintenance till he attained his eighth year. His grandfather's little legacy seems to have furnished the means of meeting this demand.

EDUCATION—EARLY OCCUPATIONS—MARRIAGE.

As soon as young Thompson was able to learn his letters, he was sent to the school of his native town, taught by a Mr John Fowle, who is said to have been "a gentleman of liberal education, and an excellent teacher;" and here, in company with all the children of the place, he was taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and a little Latin, having the reputation, it is said, of being a quick boy. At the age of eleven he left the school of Woburn, and joined one taught by a Mr Hill at Medford, under whose care he made greater advances in mathematics than he had attempted under Mr Fowle. The only circumstance from which we can form an idea of the progress he made, is the statement that his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy was sufficient to enable him to calculate eclipses.

At thirteen years of age Thompson was bound apprentice to Mr John Appleby, a respectable merchant in Salem, the second town in point of size in Massachusets, although at that time it must have been little more than a village. His occupations with Mr Appleby were principally those of a clerk in the counting-house; and he appears to have had sufficient leisure, while attending to his duties, to extend his reading and his acquaintance with scientific subjects. At this time also he began to exhibit a taste for designing and engraving, as well as for mechanical invention. Among other contrivances upon which he exercised his ingenuity, was one for solving the famous problem of the Perpetual Motion; a chimera upon which young men of a turn of mind similar to his often try their untaught powers. One evening, we are informed, the young speculator was so sure that he had at length found out the Perpetual Motion, that he set out with the secret in his head to Woburn, intending to communicate it to a friend and old schoolfellow, Loammi Baldwin, in whose knowledge in such matters he placed great confidence. Loammi spent the night discussing the project with him, and so sensibly, that we are told young Thompson became convinced of the mechanical impossibility of his or any other Perpetual Motion, and returned to his counting-house in Salem next morning, resolved to attempt something less magnificent and more practicable.

About this time the differences between the mother country and

the American colonies were beginning to assume a serious aspect. The imposition of the famous stamp tax in 1765 had excited great indignation among the colonists, and its repeal in the following year was celebrated with proportionate rejoicings. At Salem, where the commercial interest predominated, it was determined that there should be a great display of fireworks on the occasion; and as the town did not possess a professional pyrotechnist, Mr Appleby's clerk contrived to get his services in that capacity accepted. Unluckily, while preparing some detonating mixture, he handled the pestle so as to cause an explosion, by which he was so severely burnt that his life was despaired of. At length he was able to remove from his mother's house at Woburn, to which he had been carried after the accident, and resume his employment at Salem. The renewed attempts of the mother country, however, to impose taxes upon the colonies, followed as they were by the resolution of the merchants in the colonies not to import any of the products of the mother country, produced such a stagnation of trade in Salem, as at other towns, that Mr Appleby, having no occasion for the further services of a clerk, was glad to give young Thompson up his indentures, and allow him to return to Woburn.

This happened apparently in 1767 or 1768; and for a year or two afterwards, Thompson's course of life seems to have been wavering and undecided. In the winter of 1769 he taught a school at Wilmington; and some time in the same year he seems to have had thoughts of pursuing the medical profession, for which purpose he placed himself under Dr Hay, a physician in Woburn, and entered zealously upon the study of anatomy and physiology. While with Dr Hay, he is said to have exhibited greater fondness for the mechanical than for other parts of the profession, and to have amused himself by making surgical instruments. How long Thompson pursued his medical studies is uncertain; in 1770, however, we find him resuming his mercantile avocations, in the capacity of a clerk in a dry-goods store at Boston, kept by a Mr Capen. He was in Boston during the famous riots which took place on the attempt to land a cargo of tea from a British vessel contrary to the resolution of the colonists against admitting British goods. Mr Capen's business seems to have declined in the critical circumstances of the colony, as Mr Appleby's had formerly done; and Thompson was again obliged to return to Woburn. During the summer of 1770, he attended, in company with his friend Baldwin, a course of lectures on experimental philosophy delivered in Harvard College; and at no time of his life does he seem to have been so busily intent upon the acquisition of knowledge. Besides attending the lectures of the professor, he instituted experiments of his own of various kinds, some of which were the germs of valuable conclusions which he published in after-life. In particular, we may mention a course of experiments which he

began for ascertaining and measuring the projectile force of gunpowder.

Thompson, though still only in his seventeenth year, had acquired that degree and kind of reputation which it is usual for youths of his stamp to obtain among intelligent acquaintances; and late in 1770, he was invited by Colonel Timothy Walker, one of the most important residents in the thriving village of Rumford, now Concord, in New Hampshire, to take charge of an academy in that place. Accepting the invitation, Thompson, says his American biographer, Dr Renwick, "found himself caressed and welcomed by a society not wanting in refinement or pretensions to fashion. His grace and personal advantages, which afterwards gained him access to the proudest circles of Europe, were already developed. His stature of nearly six feet, his erect figure, his finely-formed limbs, his bright blue eyes, his features chiselled in the Roman mould, and his dark auburn hair, rendered him a model of manly beauty. He had acquired an address in the highest degree prepossessing; and at the counter of the Boston retailer, had learnt, from its fashionable customers, that polish of manner and dialect which obliterates all peculiarities that are provincial, and many of those that are national. He possessed solid acquirements far beyond the standard of the day, and had attained already the last and highest requisite for society—that of conversing with ease, and in a pure language, upon all the subjects with a knowledge of which his mind was stored. In addition, he possessed the most fascinating of all accomplishments, for he had a fine voice; and although far from a proficient in music as a science, sang with much taste, and performed on several instruments." With such advantages, the young schoolmaster appears to have made an impression on not a few female hearts in the country village where he shone; on none, however, so decidedly as on that of Mrs Rolfe, a colonel's widow, possessed of what was then considered a large fortune, and although considerably older than himself, still young and handsome enough, according to his biographer, "to render it probable that a feeling more creditable than one arising from interested motives led him to seek her hand." However this may be, the affair was soon brought to a happy conclusion. On giving out his vacation for the year 1772, the young schoolmaster stepped into the widow's carriage, and they drove together to Boston, where he fitted himself with a dress in the extreme of the fashion of the day, scarlet being then a favourite colour. Clad anew from top to toe, he re-entered the equipage, which whirled away towards Woburn. The astonishment of the villagers at seeing their young townsman in such a guise, and in such company, was past description. "Why, Ben, my child," said his mother, gazing at his splendid outfit as he dismounted at the door, "how could you spend your whole winter's earnings in this way?" In the presence of his fair companion the youth could hardly explain,

and he was obliged to employ a friend to break the subject of his intended marriage to his mother. No objections were offered on her part, although she took twenty-four hours to deliberate on the matter; and the happy pair drove back to Rumford, where the wedding was forthwith celebrated, the bridegroom being then in his twentieth year.

UNPOPULARITY AMONG THE AMERICANS—FLIGHT TO ENGLAND.

After his marriage, Thompson took his place as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the district in which he resided, and mixed in the best society which the colony afforded. It was not long before he made the acquaintance of his Excellency John Wentworth, the governor of the colony, who, anxious, no doubt, in the critical circumstances in which the American dependencies of Great Britain were then placed, to attach to the party which sided with the mother country as many influential colonists as he was able, lost no time in endeavouring to gain over so promising a man as Thompson. A vacancy having occurred in a regiment of the New Hampshire militia, Governor Wentworth gave the commission, which was that of major, to his new friend: an act of attention which, while it seems to have been gratifying to Thompson, did not fail to procure him much ill-will from the officers already in the service, over whose heads he had been promoted. From this period Thompson began to be unpopular in his native province. He was represented as a friend of Great Britain, and an enemy to the interests of the colonies; and this charge was the more readily believed, on account of the marked kindness with which he continued to be treated by the governor, and the indifference which he exhibited to those political questions which were agitating all around him. The truth seems to be, that not only was Thompson, as a man in comfortable circumstances, and fond of the consideration and opportunities of enjoyment which they afforded him, averse to any disturbance, such as a war between the colonies and the mother country would cause, but that his constitution and temperament, his liking for calm intellectual pursuits, disqualified him from taking part in political agitation. Many men who have distinguished themselves in literature and science have, as a matter of principle, kept themselves aloof from the controversies and political dissensions of their time, alleging that, however important such questions might be, it was not in discussing them that their powers could be employed to most advantage. In the case of Thompson, however, who as yet had not begun to lay claim to the character of a man devoted to scientific pursuits, his countrymen thought, not altogether unreasonably, that they had grounds of complaint. What employment was *he* engaged in, that he ought to be exempted from the duty of a citizen—that of taking an interest in public affairs? So, probably, the most candid and considerate of the American

patriots reasoned; and as for the great mass of the populace, they condemned him in the usual summary manner in which the public judges. Not a name was more detested in Massachusets than that of Benjamin Thompson. He was denounced as a sycophant of the British—a traitor to the interests of the colonies—an enemy of liberty. To such a length did the public hatred of him proceed, that at length, in the month of November 1774, the mob of Concord had resolved to inflict on him the punishment which several other unpopular persons had already experienced—that of being tarred and feathered in the open streets. Receiving intelligence of the design of the mob before it could be carried into execution, Thompson had no alternative but to withdraw from Concord to some other part of the provinces where political excitement did not run so high. Accordingly, he quitted his wife and an infant daughter, who had been born in the previous year, and took refuge first in his native town of Woburn, from which he afterwards removed to Charleston. From Charleston, after a few months' residence, he went to Boston, which was then garrisoned by a British army commanded by General Gage.

Thompson was well received by General Gage and the officers of the British army; and his intercourse with them, while it probably gave him a stronger bias towards the side of the mother country than he had yet exhibited, did not contribute to remove the bad opinion his countrymen had formed of his patriotism. Having returned in the spring of 1775 to his native town of Woburn, where he was joined by his wife and daughter, he again ran the risk of being tarred and feathered. The mob surrounded the house where he resided early one morning, armed with guns and sticks, and but for the interference of his old friend Loammi Baldwin, who arrived at the spot in time to use his influence with the crowd, serious consequences might have ensued.

The commencement of open hostilities between the colonists and the British troops in May 1775 made Thompson's position still more critical. As a major in the militia of the province, he would probably have acted on the side of the patriots, obeying the orders of the Provincial Congress, which had superseded the old government; but the odium attached to his name was such, that his very zeal on the patriotic side would have been misrepresented. In order, therefore, to clear himself of all suspicion, and that he might thenceforth live on good terms with his countrymen, he demanded a trial before the Committee of Correspondence established at Woburn by authority of the new power. The trial was granted; he was put under arrest; and an advertisement was inserted in the newspapers for all who had charges to prefer against his patriotism to come forward. Besides the general allegation of his being a Tory, and a friend and correspondent of Governor Wentworth and General Gage, the only charge made against him on his trial was, that he had been in-

strumental in sending back to their colours two British deserters, having procured their pardon from General Gage during his residence in Boston. This, which ought properly to have been regarded as a mere act of mercy, was construed in a less favourable manner by Thompson's judges; and although, on the conclusion of his trial, the court declared that he had done nothing which could legally be considered as a crime, he was set at liberty without the satisfaction of a full and formal acquittal. Against this treatment he protested in the strongest manner, insisting that he should either be punished as guilty, or declared innocent; but his protests were unheeded.

With a view, apparently, to convince his countrymen of his patriotism by actual service, or possibly because he could enjoy more quiet in the army than the ill-will of his fellow-citizens would allow him in his own house, Thompson, as soon as his trial was over, joined a detachment of the troops of Congress stationed at Chelsea. "In the hopes of obtaining a commission," says his biographer, "he paid great attention to tactics, and assisted at the drills of the yet undisciplined forces. He also took up the study of fortification, which he pursued with his usual ardour. Towards the close, however, of the summer of 1775, his position had become irksome, and even dangerous. Suspicions, which it seemed impossible to allay, shut against him all access to military rank in the continental army. He now could not go from place to place within the lines of the army, without being pointed at as the famous Tory Thompson; and though military discipline sheltered him from actual violence, he was exposed to insults that a man of spirit could not brook, and which his position prevented him from resenting. If thus treated within the army, he might infer what awaited him when he should emerge from the outposts of the camp." In these circumstances, he came to the desperate resolution of leaving his native country. "I cannot any longer," he writes to his father-in-law on the 14th of August 1775, "bear the insults that are daily offered to me. I cannot bear to be looked upon and treated as the Achan of society. I have done nothing that can deserve this cruel usage. And notwithstanding I have the tenderest regard for my wife and family, and really believe I have an equal return of love and affection from them, though I feel the keenest distress at the thoughts of what Mrs Thompson and my parents and friends will suffer on my account, and though I foresee and realise the distress, poverty, and wretchedness that must attend my pilgrimage in unknown lands, destitute of fortune, friends, and acquaintances, yet all these evils appear to me more tolerable than the treatment which I meet with at the hands of my ungrateful countrymen."

Two months after writing the above, he carried his resolution into effect. Paying off his debts, and converting some of his property into cash, with the expressed intention of removing to some of the southern states, where he might live in greater

security, he set out from Cambridge, the head-quarters of the American army, on the 10th of October 1775, accompanied by his half-brother, Josiah Pierce, who took leave of him at the nearest post-town. "From that hour," says his biographer, "until the close of the revolutionary struggle, his friends and relatives were without any positive tidings of his fate." From accounts afterwards received, it appeared that he had reached Newport on the 11th of October, apparently undecided as to his future movements; that there finding a boat belonging to the British frigate *Scarborough*, he went on board that vessel, and was afterwards landed at Boston, which his friend General Gage, as commander of the British garrison, was at that time maintaining against the American forces. Here he remained under the protection of the British till the evacuation of the town in March 1776, when he again embarked on board the Scarborough, and set sail for England, the bearer of despatches from General Gage to Lord George Germain, the British secretary of state for colonial affairs. Thus had he fairly renounced all connexion with his native country, and gone to push his fortunes in the old world.

RESIDENCE AND OCCUPATIONS IN ENGLAND—INVITATION TO MUNICH.

Arriving in England, as he did, the bearer of gloomy despatches, and sustaining the equivocal character of a deserter from the American cause, Thompson soon proved that he was a man who could command his fortune anywhere. The capacity in which he had come over introduced him to various public men, who could not fail to be struck by his abilities, as well as charmed by his manner; and the consequence was, that in a short time after his arrival he was offered a post in the colonial office. Probably the minister was of opinion that none of all the American refugees, who then swarmed in London, was able to render such assistance as Thompson in conducting the department over which he presided.

Of whatever nature were the services which Thompson rendered to the public business, they must have been of considerable value; for in 1780, four years after his arrival in England, he was raised by his patron, Lord Germain, to the post of under-secretary of state for the colonies; an instance of promotion which, considering the circumstances in which the subject of it stood, is almost unexampled. The usual accompaniment of such a situation was, and is, a seat in parliament; and according to the practice of those days, when noblemen had seats in the House of Commons at their disposal, Lord Germain, if he had so chosen, might have conferred a seat on his American protégé; but it was probably imagined that the admission into parliament of a man so unpopular in America would be attended with disadvantages, and that, at all events, Thompson's talents were better fitted for

the desk than the senate. The income and consequence, however, which he derived from his office, gave him admission to the highest metropolitan circles; and he had thus opportunities not only of becoming known, but also of exercising his inventive mind in many pursuits not immediately connected with his official duties. Fertility—a disposition to propose improvements in all departments—seems to have been his most striking characteristic; and it was probably this ready genius for practical reforms in everything which came under his notice, that recommended him so much to public men. A man who, in his general intercourse with society, can drop valuable suggestions, allowing others to grasp at them, and enjoy the credit of carrying them into effect, is likely to be a favourite. Thompson appears to have been such a man—a person who, holding no ostensible post but that of under-secretary for the colonies, could yet, out of the richness of an ever-inventive mind, scatter hints which would be thankfully received by men of all professions.

While concerning himself generally, however, in a variety of matters, Thompson was at the same time following out certain specific lines of scientific investigation. "As early as 1777," says his biographer, "he made some curious and interesting experiments on the strength of solid bodies. These were never published, and would probably have been superseded by more full investigations made by subsequent experiments. In 1778, he employed himself in experiments on the strength of gunpowder, and the velocity of military projectiles, and these were followed up by a cruise of some months in the Channel fleet, where he proposed to repeat his investigations on a larger scale." On this subject Thompson communicated several papers to the "Philosophical Transactions" of the Royal Society, of which he had become a member. Passing over these scientific lucubrations, we hasten to reach that period of Rumford's life at which he found himself in a situation to give full scope to his genius for improvements.

As the war between Great Britain and the colonies proceeded, it became evident that the latter must triumph. The anti-American party in Great Britain lost ground; and on the news of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis reaching England, a division took place in the cabinet, and Lord George Germain found it necessary to resign office. As his policy, however, in American affairs had been agreeable to the wishes of George III., he retired with the honours of a peerage, and was able still to forward the interests of his friends. Not the least distinguished of these was Under-Secretary Thompson, who, whether he had co-operated with his principal in all his measures and views, or whether, "according to his own statement afterwards to Cuvier, he was disgusted at Lord Germain's want of judgment," had at least done a sufficient amount of work to deserve a parting token of regard. Accordingly, by the influence of the fallen minister,

Thompson was sent out to New York, in the year 1781, with the royal commission of major, which was afterwards changed for that of lieutenant-colonel, charged with the task of organising an efficient regiment of dragoons out of the broken and disjointed native cavalry regiments which had been fighting on the royalist side. What were to be the specific uses of this force are now uncertain. The regiment, fortunately, was of no avail.

Peace having been concluded between the United States and Great Britain, Colonel Thompson, shortly after his return, obtained leave of absence, in order that he might travel on the continent. Passing through France on his way to Vienna, he had reached Strasburg on the German frontier, when an incident occurred which changed his prospects, and gave a direction to his life different from what he intended, or could have anticipated. A review of the garrison of Strasburg being held, he presented himself on the field as a spectator, "mounted on a superb English horse, and in the full uniform of his rank as a colonel of dragoons." The French officers were eager to make the acquaintance of the conspicuous stranger, the more so that his attendance at a review of French troops in full English uniform was regarded as an act of courtesy, which deserved a return. Among those who entered into conversation with him was Prince Maximilian, nephew and presumptive heir of the Elector of Bavaria, and who had served as the commander of a French regiment in the American war. So agreeable was the impression which Thompson made on the prince, that on learning his circumstances and intentions, the latter offered him an introduction to his uncle, the Bavarian elector, in case he should be inclined to alter his design of proceeding to Vienna, and make trial of the Bavarian service. The proposal pleased Thompson, and, furnished with the prince's letter of introduction, he set out for Munich. Wherever he went, he seems to have had the art, almost in spite of himself, of conciliating favour; and on his very first audience with the Elector of Bavaria, he was offered an important situation at court. Still clinging, however, to his resolution of visiting Vienna, he did not accept the offer; but after spending some time at Munich, during which the elector's esteem for him increased more and more, he set out for the Austrian capital. The elector, however, continued to send him pressing invitations to enter his service; and learning at Vienna that the Turkish war was likely to be brought to a speedy conclusion, Colonel Thompson at length promised that, provided he could obtain the consent of his British majesty, he would take up his residence at Munich. Proceeding to London, in order to obtain the consent which was required, he was received with great kindness by George III., who conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and gave him permission, while resigning the command of his regiment, to retain the title of lieutenant-colonel, and the half-pay attached to it.

RESIDENCE IN MUNICH—REORGANISATION OF THE BAVARIAN ARMY.

In the close of the year 1784, Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich, filling the posts of aid-de-camp and chamberlain to the elector, and thus connected both with the military and the civil service. Charles Theodore, the ruling prince of Bavaria, was a man of enlightened mind, whose ambition was to elevate the state over which he reigned to a high rank among the various members of the German confederacy. The aristocracy of Bavaria itself not furnishing men of sufficient liberality of view to co-operate with him in his designs of improvement, and the prejudices of the court preventing him from employing able men from among the people, even had there been any such qualified for his purpose, he had judiciously resolved to employ foreign talent in the difficult work of reforming his dominions. The capacity, therefore, in which Sir Benjamin Thompson took up his residence in Munich was that of a man who, unconnected by ties of blood or interest with the people of Bavaria, and furnished only with general ideas applicable to all times and places, was to make it his business, under the auspices of the elector, to take a general survey of the condition of Bavaria, with a view to rectify as much as possible of what was wrong in it. A more noble or responsible situation can scarcely be conceived; and the dignity and responsibility will appear all the greater, when we reflect that the government of Bavaria, being in its nature despotic, the powers of a man in Thompson's position—that, namely, of virtual though not ostensible prime minister—were almost unlimited, seeing that there were no constitutional forms, and nothing but the absolute will of the elector, to check or thwart his proceedings.

Another circumstance which rendered the situation of Sir Benjamin Thompson a peculiarly interesting one, was the position of Bavaria at the time. "Most of those," says Cuvier, "who are called to power by adventitious circumstances, are led astray by the opinion of the vulgar. They know that they will infallibly be called men of genius, and be celebrated in prose and verse, if they succeed in changing the forms of government, or in extending the territory of their sovereign but a few additional leagues. Happily for Count Rumford, Bavaria at this period had no such temptations for her ministers. Her constitution was fixed by the laws of the empire, and her frontiers defined by the more powerful states who were her neighbours. She was, in short, reduced to that condition which most states consider so hard a one—namely, to have her attention confined to the sole object of ameliorating the fortune of her people." The whole attention of Sir Benjamin Thompson, therefore, was necessarily to be concen-

trated on the internal condition of Bavaria—a country about the size of Scotland, but considerably more populous.

The first subject which occupied the attention of the American-born prime minister of Bavaria was the condition of the army. There were three reasons for this early consideration of the state of the army. In the first place, the condition of the continent of Europe at the time rendered the state of the defensive force a matter of extreme importance to so critically situated a state as Bavaria; in the second place, Thompson's own tastes inclined him to take an interest in military matters; and lastly, in a despotic state, where a little physical force might be necessary to compel the people to adopt good sanitary or other regulations, the army was the natural instrument to be employed in all such reforms, and to render this instrument efficient, was but to begin at the right end.

Omitting all the miscellaneous improvements of a minor or mechanical nature which were effected by Thompson in matters connected with the military service—as, for instance, in the construction of cannon, in the uniform of the soldiers, their drill, &c.—let us attend to the moral principle which ruled all his proceedings with regard to the organisation of the army. "I have endeavoured," he says, "in all my operations, to unite the interest of the soldier with the interest of civil society, and to render the military force, even in time of peace, subservient to the *public good*. To facilitate and promote these important objects, to establish a respectable standing army, which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers." To this principle, or at least to the precise form in which it is here stated, different persons will make different objections, according as their sympathies are civil or military; but Rumford's general view, that *soldiers should be treated as men*, cannot be excepted against. The army being essentially the offspring of an age of physical force, it is certainly difficult to organise it conformably to the spirit of an age which repudiates physical force. To do this—in other words, to make the army, as such, a moral agent—is impossible; but it is quite possible to render a large general culture, and much individual freedom, compatible with strict discipline; and at all events, the modern maxim is, that the army is a part of society, employed, it is true, in services of a peculiar nature, which require a peculiar organisation, but not on that account cut off from the general mass of the community. Such was the maxim of the Bavarian minister. Besides what he did to increase the physical comfort of the soldier by superior food, clothing, and accommodation, he adopted means for the intellectual and moral improvement of all connected with the military service. "Schools were established in all the regiments for instructing the soldiers and their children in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Besides these schools

of instruction, others, called Schools of Industry, were established in the regiments, where the soldiers and their children were taught various kinds of work, and from whence they were supplied with raw materials to work for their own emolument. As nothing is so certainly fatal to morals as habitual idleness, every possible means was adopted that could be devised to introduce a spirit of industry among the troops. Every encouragement was given to the soldiers to employ their leisure time when they were off duty in working for their own emolument; and among other encouragements, the most efficacious of all, that of allowing them full liberty to dispose of the money acquired by their labour in anyway they should think proper, without being obliged to give any account of it to anybody."* Besides working at their various trades for such as chose to employ them, the soldiers were employed as labourers " in all public works, such as making and repairing highways, draining marshes, repairing the banks of rivers, &c.; and in all such cases the greatest care was taken to provide for their comfortable subsistence, and even for their amusement. To preserve good order and harmony among those who were detached upon these working parties, a certain proportion of officers and non-commissioned officers were always sent with them, and these commonly served as overseers of the works, and as such were paid."

The particular plan, however, which enabled Thompson, while he was improving the personal condition of the soldier, and turning the peace-establishment to greater account than before for the general good of the country, at the same time to diminish greatly the expense of its support, was that of *permanent garrisons.* The whole army was distributed through the various cities of the electorate, each city being garrisoned by troops drawn from the surrounding district. This plan possessed many advantages. " A peasant would more readily consent to his son engaging himself to serve as a soldier in a regiment permanently stationed in his neighbourhood, than in one at a great distance, or whose destination was uncertain; and when the station of a regiment is permanent, and it receives its recruits from the district of country immediately surrounding its head-quarters, the men who go home on furlough have but a short journey to make, and are easily assembled in case of an emergency." Every encouragement was given to all who could be spared from garrison duty to go home on furlough; an arrangement which was both agreeable to the men—who, during their absence, might be cultivating their little family farms, or otherwise employing themselves at any trade—and economical for the state, because, while the men were on furlough, they received no pay, but only their rations. Thus, while in every garrison town there remained a sufficient nucleus of men to do garrison-duty, and who, while

* Life of Rumford. Sharp's American Biography.

receiving full military pay, were at liberty to earn additional money during their leisure time by extra work, the greater part of the army were distributed through the community, pursuing the ordinary occupations of citizens, but ready to assemble at a few hours' notice, and bound to be in the field at least six weeks every year. The assumed necessity for such a state of military preparation gives one a striking idea of the condition of the continent at this epoch.

Not content with the mere negative achievement of organising the army, so that "it should do the least possible harm," Thompson endeavoured to make it an instrument of positive good. His plan of permanent garrisons and easy furloughs, by establishing a constant flux of men to and from a centre, suggested the somewhat novel idea of making the army the medium for spreading useful improvements of all kinds through the country. Supposing, for instance, that pains were taken to teach the soldiers in garrison any useful art not then known in Bavaria, but which might be naturalised there, it is obvious that when these men were distributed over the country on furloughs, they would carry with them not only their own superior industrial habits, but the art itself. The improvement of Bavarian agriculture by this means was one of Thompson's most anxious wishes. Very few of the recent improvements in that art, he says, such as the cultivation of clover and turnips, the regular succession of crops, &c. had then found their way into general practice; and, above all, the potato was almost unknown in Bavaria. With a view to introduce a better system of agriculture, and especially with a view to naturalise the potato among the Bavarians, Thompson devised the system of military gardens —that is, "pieces of ground in or adjoining to the garrison towns, which were regularly laid out, and exclusively appropriated to the use of the non-commissioned officers and private soldiers belonging to the regiments in garrison." In these gardens every private soldier was assigned a piece of ground, about three hundred and sixty-five square feet in extent. This piece of ground was to remain the sole property of that soldier so long as he served in the regiment; he was to be at liberty to cultivate it in any way, and to dispose of the produce in any way, he chose; if, however, he did not choose to work in it, but wished rather to spend his pay in idleness, he might do so; but in that case the piece of ground was to be taken from him, and so also if he neglected it. Every means was used to attach the soldiers to their garden labour: seeds and manure were furnished them at a cheap rate; whatever instruction was necessary, was given them; and little huts or summer-houses were erected in the gardens, to afford them shelter when it rained. "The effect of the plan," says Rumford, "was much greater and more important than I could have expected. The soldiers, from being the most indolent of mortals, and from having very little knowledge of

gardening, became industrious and skilful cultivators, and grew so fond of vegetables, particularly of potatoes, that these useful and wholesome productions began to constitute a very essential part of their daily food. These improvements began also to spread among the farmers and peasants throughout the whole country. There was hardly a soldier that went on furlough that did not carry with him a few potatoes for planting, and a little collection of garden seeds; and I have already had the satisfaction to see little gardens here and there making their appearance in different parts of the country."

Such is a summary description of the changes introduced by Sir Benjamin Thompson into the organisation of the Bavarian army. It is evident that many of them were adapted expressly for a country like Bavaria, and would be inapplicable in a country like ours, where foreign service is regarded as so great a part of the business of an army: still, the experiment ought to be suggestive to those who take an interest in the state of our army; some of the details even might be adopted; and at all events the general spirit of the attempt was admirable.

MEASURES FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICANCY, AND FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF THE POOR IN MUNICH.

After reforming the army, the next subject which occupied the attention of the Bavarian statesman was one of universal and perpetual interest—the condition of the poor. In order, however, not to be interrupted in our narrative of his measures for the relief of the poor of Bavaria, we shall note a few of the principal events in his personal history during the period of his residence in that country. In 1784, when he commenced his residence in Bavaria, he was thirty-one years of age. The titles which were then conferred on him were, as we have already informed our readers, those of aid-de-camp and chamberlain. Soon afterwards, however, he received the appointments of member of the council of state, and major-general in the army; the elector at the same time procuring him the decorations of two orders of Polish knighthood, in lieu of the Bavarian order, which the rules of German knighthood prevented him from bestowing. The scientific part of the community also showed their esteem for him by electing him a member of the academies of Munich and Manheim. All this took place not long after Thompson had settled in Munich. Every year of his subsequent stay brought him fresh honours. In 1787, when on a visit to Prussia, he was chosen a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin; in Bavaria, to follow the list of dignities given by his American biographer, "he attained the military rank of lieutenant-general, was commander-in-chief of the general staff, minister of war, and superintendent of the police of the electorate; he was for a short time chief of the regency that exercised sovereignty during the absence of the elector; and in the in-

terval between the death of the Emperor Joseph and the coronation of his successor Leopold, the elector becoming vicar of the empire, availed himself of the prerogatives of that office to make him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire." When this last dignity was conferred on him, Thompson chose the title of Count of *Rumford*, in memory of the American village where he had once officiated in the humble capacity of schoolmaster. Although it was not till the year 1790 that this title was bestowed on him, and the measures we are about to detail were for the most part matured before that time, we shall consult our convenience by henceforth calling him Count Rumford.

The condition of the poor, and the mode of treating them, are questions which every country on earth must incessantly be occupied with; but in few countries, probably, was the necessity of coming to some decided practical conclusion on the subject more glaring, more imperious, than in Bavaria at the time when Count Rumford undertook the social survey of that state. Beggary had there become an enormous and apparently ineradicable evil—a weed overgrowing the whole field. The beggars almost ate up the industrious part of the community. "The number of itinerant beggars of both sexes and all ages, as well foreigners as natives, who strolled about the country in all directions, levying contributions upon the industrious inhabitants, stealing and robbing, and leading a life of indolence and the most shameless debauchery, was quite incredible; and so numerous were the swarms of beggars in all the great towns, and particularly in the capital, so great their impudence, and so persevering their importunity, that it was almost impossible to cross the streets without being attacked, and absolutely forced to satisfy their clamorous demands. They not only infested all the streets, public walks, and public places, but they even made a practice of going into private houses; and the churches were so full of them, that people at their devotions were continually interrupted by them, and were frequently obliged to satisfy their demands in order to be permitted to finish their prayers in peace and quiet. In short, these detestable vermin swarmed everywhere; and not only their impudence and clamorous importunity were without any bounds, but they had recourse to the most diabolical arts and most horrid crimes in prosecution of their trade. The growing number of the beggars, and their success, gave a kind of *éclat* to their profession; and the habit of begging became so general, that it ceased to be considered as infamous, and was by degrees in a manner interwoven with the internal regulations of society. Herdsmen and shepherds who attended their flocks by the roadside, were known to derive considerable advantage from the contributions which their situation enabled them to levy from passengers; and I have been assured that the wages which they received from their employers were often regulated accordingly. The children in every country village, and those even of the best farmers,

made a constant practice of begging from all strangers who passed; and one hardly ever met a person on foot upon the road, particularly a woman, who did not hold out her hand and ask for charity."*

Count Rumford determined to grapple with this enormous evil, and, if possible, suppress mendicancy in Bavaria. His sagacity and general knowledge of mankind taught him to believe the achievement practicable, and he had already paved the way by his reform of the army. Other preliminaries, however, were necessary; and, assisted by the genius of the government of Bavaria, where a sudden stroke of benevolent despotism was more in keeping than it would be elsewhere, he resolved first thoroughly to mature his scheme, and then to pounce upon the beggars when he was prepared to receive them. Although he knew that the people of Bavaria would gladly accept any measure which would relieve them from the dreadful scourge which they had so long borne, yet as so many schemes previously proposed had failed, he resolved to carry his plan into successful execution before he asked a farthing from the people in support of it. The elector's treasury was accordingly drawn upon for the amount of money necessary in advance.

Munich was to be the scene of his first experiment. And first of all, a building was necessary to receive the beggars when they should be apprehended. A suitable edifice was found situated in the Au, one of the suburbs of Munich. "It had formerly been a manufactory, but for many years had been deserted, and falling to ruins. It was now completely repaired, and in part rebuilt. A large kitchen, with a large eating-room adjoining it, and a commodious bakehouse, were added to the buildings; and workshops for carpenters, smiths, turners, and such other mechanics, were established, and furnished with tools. Large halls were fitted up for spinners of hemp, for spinners of flax, for spinners of cotton, for spinners of wool, and for spinners of worsted; and adjoining to each hall a small room was fitted up for a clerk or inspector of the hall. Halls were likewise fitted up for weavers of woollens, weavers of serges and shalloons, for linen-weavers, for weavers of cotton goods, and for stocking-weavers; and workshops were provided for clothiers, cloth-shearers, dyers, saddlers; besides rooms for wool-sorters, wool-carders, woolcombers, knitters, seamstresses, &c. Magazines were fitted up, as well for finished manufactures, as for raw materials, and rooms for counting-houses; storerooms for the kitchen and bakehouse; and dwelling-rooms for the inspectors, and other officers. The whole edifice, which was very extensive, was fitted up in the neatest manner possible. In doing this, even the external appearance of the building was attended to. It was handsomely painted without as well as within; and pains

* Count Rumford's Essays.

were taken to give it an air of elegance, as well as of neatness and cleanliness." *

All these preparations having been made apparently without exciting any special degree of public curiosity, New-Year's Day of the year 1790 was chosen as the day for the grand stroke, that being a day when Munich was sure to be unusually full of beggars. The military were posted through the streets, so as to command the whole town, and the neighbouring country was occupied by patrols of cavalry. In the meantime, having assembled at his own residence the magistrates of Munich, and a number of military officers and citizens of rank and dignity, Count Rumford expounded to them his scheme, and requested them to accompany him into the streets where the most difficult part of the work, that of arresting the beggars, was to commence. "We were hardly got into the street," says Rumford in his narrative of the proceedings, "when we were accosted by a beggar, who asked us for alms. I went up to him, and laying my hand gently upon his shoulder, told him that from thenceforward begging would not be permitted in Munich; that if he really stood in need of assistance (which would be immediately inquired into), the necessary assistance should certainly be given him; but that begging was forbidden, and if he was detected in it again, he would be severely punished. I then delivered him over to an orderly-sergeant, who was following me, with directions to conduct him to the Town-Hall, and deliver him into the hands of those he should find there to receive him. Then turning to the officers and magistrates who accompanied me, I begged they would take notice that I had myself, *with my own hands*, arrested the first beggar we had met; and I requested them not only to follow my example themselves, by arresting all the beggars they should meet with, but that they would also endeavour to persuade others, and particularly the officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers of the garrison, that it was by no means derogatory to their character, or in anyway disgraceful to them, to assist in so useful and laudable an undertaking. These gentlemen having cheerfully and unanimously promised to do their utmost to second me in this business, dispersed into the different parts of the town, and, with the assistance of the military, the town was so thoroughly cleared of beggars *in less than an hour*, that not one was to be found in the streets."

The beggars being all taken to the Town-Hall, their names were written down, and they were dismissed to their own homes, with directions to repair next day to the "Military Workhouse," as the new establishment was called, in consequence of its being fitted out with money from the military chest, and destined chiefly to supply the army with clothing, &c. Here they were told they would find comfortable warm rooms, a good warm

* Count Rumford's Essays.

dinner every day, and work for such as were able to labour, with good wages, which should be regularly paid. They might, or might not come, just as they chose, but at all events they were not to beg any more; and if they appeared in the streets, they should be apprehended. The circumstances of them all, they were told, were immediately to be inquired into, and relief granted to such as required it.

The plan met with immediate success. On the next day a great number of the beggars attended at the Military Workhouse; the rest hid themselves; and so vigorous and effective were the measures adopted to apprehend mendicants, that after trying in vain to renew their old practices, these too were obliged at length to yield. The experiment having succeeded so far, it was judged advisable to appeal to the public for their support; and a paper was accordingly drawn up by Professor Babo of Munich, urging the citizens to do their utmost to rid themselves of the scourge of mendicancy, by co-operating in the new scheme. In this paper allusion is made to a practice of the beggars, which may be here mentioned, as a proof of the deplorable viciousness of the whole system. The beggars of Munich, it appears, drove a lucrative trade in communion and confessional certificates, which they obtained from the clergy by attending twice or thrice a-day at the holy sacrament, and at confession, and afterwards sold to such of the citizens as were averse to church-going, and yet desirous of avoiding the inconveniences which neglect of religious observances entailed in a place where the Roman Catholic clergy had so much power.

Professor Babo's address having been circulated, with an outline of Count Rumford's scheme, the citizens of Munich gladly agreed to contribute, to enable the project to be fairly carried out; and indeed, accustomed as they had been to meet the incessant demands of the beggars by as incessant giving, they saw in the new plan not only an immediate moral relief, but a prospect of pecuniary saving. Rumford's principle was, to depend entirely upon the voluntary contributions of the charitable. The city was divided into sixteen districts; the names of all the inhabitants of each district who were willing to subscribe were taken down, with a note of the sum each volunteered to contribute. This sum might be altered at the pleasure of the subscriber—increased, diminished, or even altogether retracted. The sums were to be collected regularly on the last Sunday of every month, by an officer who was to go round on purpose among the subscribers of each district. Arrangements were also made for the receipt of miscellaneous donations, both large and small; and every possible means was adopted to beget a public confidence in the administration of the fund collected, by making the publication of all accounts imperative.

Two distinct things had now been accomplished by Count Rumford—he had established a workhouse, and he had secured a

fund for the relief of the poor. Although the two objects were mixed up together at the commencement, and are of necessity included under the general descriptive head of the "Suppression of Mendicancy," they ought not to be confounded. In seizing upon the beggars, Count Rumford had adopted the most practicable means for arriving at a very desirable end—the discrimination of the merely idle from the really necessitous. To classify these two sorts of persons was his first object. When this was done, his work then divided itself into two parts—the reclaiming of the idle to habits of industry, and the relief of the really necessitous. The modes of operation for the one and for the other were expressly kept independent; indeed it was one of Rumford's most careful provisions that the workhouse should not wear the aspect of an institution supported by charity. We shall describe first the progress of the workhouse by which Rumford meant to suppress idleness, and then the means which he employed for relieving the distress which still remained.

Before the opening of the Military Workhouse, it had been fitted up with looms, spinning-machines, &c. as well as furnished with raw materials, especially hemp, the spinning of which is easily learnt. During the first week 2600 mendicants, of both sexes, and various ages, entered the establishment. "For the first three or four days," says Rumford, "it was not possible entirely to prevent confusion. There was nothing like mutinous resistance among the poor people; but their situation was so new to them, and they were so very awkward in it, that it was difficult to bring them into any tolerable order. At length, however, by distributing them among the various halls, and assigning to each his particular place, they were brought into such order, as to enable the inspectors and instructors to begin their operations. Those who understood any kind of work were placed in the apartments where the work they understood was carried on; and the others being classed according to their sexes, and as much as possible according to their ages, were placed under the immediate care of the different instructors."

Every care was taken to promote the comfort of the people while at work, and to render their work agreeable to them. It being winter, the rooms were well warmed by fires kept regularly burning; the whole establishment was swept twice every day; attention was paid to the ventilation; as far as elegance was possible in halls devoted to work, it was consulted; and the kindest usage was the order of the institution. The people arrived at the establishment at a fixed hour in the morning; they continued at work till the hour of dinner, when they repaired to the dining-hall, where they were furnished with a good dinner of white bread and fine rich soup; and after some hours of further work, they were dismissed, as from any other manufactory, and had all the rest of their time at their own disposal. Besides the dinner-hour, which was allowed as relaxation to all

in the establishment, two additional hours, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, were allowed to the children, during which they were assembled in one of the halls, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a master paid for the purpose; and as the regular hours of labour were not longer than in any other manufactory, neither they nor the adults were overworked. Lastly, every person in the establishment was regularly paid the wages fixed for the sort of labour he was employed in. The main feature of the scheme was, to impress upon those who attended the establishment that they were not necessarily paupers by their attendance there, but workmen entitled to the wages which they received. "The workhouse," says Rumford, "was merely a manufactory, like any other manufactory, supported by its own private capital, which capital has no connexion whatever with any fund destined for the poor." In order to keep this vividly before the workpeople, an inscription, in letters of gold, was placed over the main entrance of the establishment—"No alms will be received here."

It is evident, however, considering the expenses of setting the establishment agoing, considering all the inducements which were held out at first to allure the people to it, especially that of paying them the ordinary rate of wages while they were yet wretchedly bad workmen, in order to keep up their courage—it is evident, in these circumstances, that the institution must at first have been maintained at a loss. Although hemp was selected at first as the material for learners to begin with, as being cheap, yet such was the awkwardness of the beginners, that even in this material a considerable loss was sustained. "By an exact calculation, it was found," says Rumford, "that the manufactory actually lost more than three thousand florins upon the articles of hemp and flax during the first three months. But we were not discouraged by these unfavourable beginnings; and if the establishment was supported at some little expense in the beginning, it afterwards richly repaid the loss." By constant practice, the workmen became expert, so that not only hemp, but much more expensive materials, could be intrusted to them with safety; and in a short time it was no longer a mere benevolent pretence to treat them as men earning their wages by a fair amount of labour, for such became the fact. The bustle and activity of the establishment increased from year to year. In the sixth year of its existence the demand upon it for goods amounted to half a million of florins; and the net profits of the six years were calculated at one hundred thousand florins.

It will readily suggest itself to persons acquainted with the doctrines of political economy, that an objection might be raised to Count Rumford's experiment, from a consideration of what may have been its effects upon the labour market. As all the articles manufactured in the Military Workhouse for the supply of the Bavarian army had formerly been manufactured by other per-

sons, it is evident that the immediate effect of the establishment of the workhouse was to withdraw so much custom from those other persons, whoever they may have been. A moment's consideration, however, of the state of Bavaria, will rob the consideration of whatever threatening look it may wear in the case which we are now concerned with. These persons, now supporting themselves by the labour of their own hands, had formerly been mendicants, living at the expense of the industrious portion of the community; and viewing the matter, therefore, in its pecuniary aspect alone, the question with the people of Munich was, whether they sustained a greater loss by admitting 2600 persons to be competitors with themselves in the labour market, or by supporting the same 2600 persons as mendicants. Add to this, the moral comfort of living in a town where not a beggar was to be seen, and the still more exquisite satisfaction of reflecting that a number of their fellow-creatures, formerly loathsome, vicious, and wretched, were now living in cleanliness, propriety, and happiness. On the merits of the institution in this point of view, hear the words of Count Rumford himself. After alluding to the expertness which the members of the establishment acquired in the various manufactures, he proceeds—"But what was quite surprising, and at the same time interesting in the highest degree, was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners. The kind usage they met with, and the comforts they enjoyed, seemed to have softened their hearts, and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them. The melancholy gloom of misery, the air of uneasiness and embarrassment, disappeared by little and little from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness, rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe. In the infancy of this establishment, when these poor creatures were first brought together, I used very frequently to visit them, to speak kindly to them, and to encourage them; and I seldom passed through the halls where they were at work without being a witness to the most moving scenes. Objects formerly the most miserable and wretched, whom I had seen for years as beggars in the street; young women, perhaps the unhappy victims of seduction, who, having lost their reputation, and being turned adrift in the world without a friend and without a home, were reduced to the necessity of begging to sustain a miserable existence, now recognised me as their benefactor, and with tears dropping fast from their cheeks, continued their work in the most expressive silence. If they were asked what the matter was with them, their answer was, '*Nichts*' ['Nothing'], accompanied by a look of affectionate regard and gratitude so touching, as frequently to draw tears from the most insensible of the bystanders. Why should I not mention the marks of affec-

tionate respect which I received from the poor people for whose happiness I interested myself? Will it be reckoned vanity if I mention the concern which the poor of Munich expressed in so affecting a manner when I was dangerously ill?—that they went publicly in a body in procession to the cathedral church, where they had divine service performed, and put up public prayers for my recovery?—that, four years afterwards, on hearing that I was again dangerously ill at Naples, they of their own accord set apart an hour each evening, after they had finished their work in the Military Workhouse, to pray for me; for me—a private person—a stranger—a Protestant!"

Having thus described the procedure at the Military Workhouse—which, although it was established with a philanthropic design, and had at first the aspect of a charitable institution, was in fact no such thing, but a mere commercial concern, yielding a profit on the capital invested in it—we shall now briefly narrate Count Rumford's plan of dealing with the pauperism of Munich—with the real poverty and destitution which remained after all that could be effected by the Military Workhouse.

The entire management of the poor of Munich was put into the hands of a committee, consisting of four of the principal Bavarian ministers of state—namely, the president of the council of war, the president of the council of regency, the president of the ecclesiastical council, and the president of the chamber of finances; and these four were to choose each a counsellor of his own department to assist him. Neither the presidents nor the councillors were to be paid for their labours in this committee; and the secretary, clerks, and inferior officers required, were to be paid, not out of the fund for the poor, but immediately from the treasury. The mode of reaching the poor was as follows:—The whole town, containing about 60,000 inhabitants, was divided into sixteen districts, the houses being all regularly numbered. In each district, a respectable citizen was chosen to be inspector of the poor within its limits. This inspector, whose services were to be purely voluntary, and unpaid, was to have for his assistants a priest, a physician, a surgeon, and an apothecary. The business of the inspector was to receive applications for relief, to inquire into the circumstances of the applicants, to furnish immediate assistance if it was required, and, where assistance might be delayed, to refer to the committee. Relief was granted, as might be required, in clothing, in medical aid, or in weekly sums of money; but in making the allowance, care was taken to find out how much the applicant was in a condition to earn. If he was able to work, work was provided for him, either at the Military Workhouse, or at home, to be delivered at the workhouse. The fact of his having been industrious, was certified by a government stamp affixed by the overseers of the workhouse every week to a slip of paper, on which also was marked the sum he had earned, and whatever

was necessary for his support over and above this sum was granted. Those who could not work, were of course provided for. The funds out of which all the provisions were made consisted, as we have already said, of the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. There were a few legacies for the poor; certain fines, also, went into the poor's fund; but the great mass of the money required was collected statedly from the citizens in the manner described in a previous page, not by assessment, but by purely voluntary subscription. Besides donations in food and clothing, the sum collected in ready money during five years from the inhabitants of Munich was 200,000 florins, which was found amply sufficient for all purposes. It must be remembered, however, that the peculiar circumstances of the people of Munich, in having just been relieved from the scourge of mendicancy, made them more apt to fall into the habit of voluntary subscriptions than probably might be the case with the inhabitants of other towns not so circumstanced. Indeed the citizens of Munich effected a clear pecuniary saving by the change—a saving amounting in all to more than two-thirds. This saving consisted of two items:—First, an actual diminution of the mass of pauperism, numbers of those who formerly subsisted by charity being now able to support themselves either in whole or in part; and secondly, a retrenchment of all that waste which accompanies a private dispensation of charity, as compared with a system of general management, where, in consequence of the wholesale scale of operations, economy can be studied. The value of this second consideration will appear when we come to speak of Count Rumford's devices for economising food and fuel.

It will now be seen how the Military Workhouse, and the system of management for the poor, worked into each other's hands, although in principle totally independent of each other. No part of the Military Workhouse was under the control of the committee for the poor, except only the kitchen and bakehouse, which, as being supported out of the funds for the poor, were placed under their management.

Having thus described, at considerable length, Count Rumford's measures for the suppression of mendicancy in Munich, it only remains to be added that our description is to be taken rather as an historical account of an interesting and apparently successful experiment, than as a thorough appreciation of its merits as a social scheme. To criticise all the details of Count Rumford's plan, especially as a plan of universal application, would require much space, and would lead to controversy. It may be safely said, however, that while some parts of the scheme may be theoretically objectionable, and others may not be adapted for circumstances different from those in which they had their origin, the general features of the scheme are as sound as the spirit which prompted it was philanthropic.

PLANS FOR ECONOMISING FOOD AND FUEL.

As one of Count Rumford's reasons for preferring a general system for the administration of charity was the superior economy which it admitted, especially in the articles of food and fuel, it is not to be wondered at that he turned his attention to a consideration of the subject of food and fuel itself. In doing so, he opened up a new field for the exercise of his practical genius. What is the cheapest way of feeding large bodies of men? and what is the most economical way of applying heat for the purposes of warmth, of cooking, and of manufactures? These are questions upon which Count Rumford occupied himself more zealously and more successfully than any one had done before him, or, probably, than any one has done since his time. With the former question he was engaged while yet resident in Bavaria —one of his subsidiary schemes for the benefit of the poor there, and in other large towns, being the establishment of public kitchens and dining-rooms, where the poor, or indeed the labouring classes generally, might be supplied with better food at a cheaper rate than in their own houses. As the subject of cookery —of the improvements which are possible in the mode of preparing food for the use of man, whether with respect to economy, or to the gratification of the palate, or to both—is one to which scientific men have not yet applied themselves with sufficient zeal, we will note down such of Rumford's conclusions on it as do not appear to be antiquated. The importance which Count Rumford himself attached to the subject will appear from his extraordinary saying, that "the number of inhabitants who may be supported in any country upon its internal produce, depends almost as much upon the state of its *art of cookery* as upon that of its *agriculture*."

With regard to the materials of food, it needs only to be mentioned that Rumford, besides recommending in Bavaria a larger use of vegetables generally, advocated in a special manner the introduction of the potato, and of Indian corn—the former by cultivation, the latter by importation. In recommending Indian corn, he says, "The common people in the northern parts of Italy live almost entirely upon it, and throughout the whole continent of America it makes a principal article of food. In Italy it is called *polenta;* and it is there prepared in a variety of ways, and forms the basis of a number of very nourishing dishes. The most common way of using it in that country is to grind it into meal, and, with water, to make it into a thick kind of pudding, like what in England is called hasty-pudding, which is eaten with various kinds of sauce, and sometimes without sauce." In America, besides being used for puddings, it forms an ingredient of bread. In testimony to its pleasantness and wholesomeness as an article of food, he mentions the circumstance of the universal

fondness of the Americans for it; and the fact that the negroes, in countries where both rice and Indian corn are grown, invariably prefer it to rice, alleging that "rice turns to water in their bellies," but "Indian corn stays with them, and makes them strong to work."

As to the best mode of preparing food for the purposes of economy, Rumford's grand recipe was—*soup*. "At the time when Rumford entered the service of the elector," says his biographer, Dr Renwick, "the pay of the private soldier was no more than about three cents a-day; under his administration it was raised to about four cents. Out of this he was compelled to purchase every article of food, except bread, of which a ration of little more than two pounds was issued to him. When we compare this scanty allowance with the rations of our own army and navy, we should fancy that the condition of the Bavarian soldiers must have been miserable in the extreme; but so far from this being the case, they are described as 'the finest, stoutest, and strongest men in the world, whose countenances show the most evident marks of health and perfect contentment.' Such was the skill in cookery possessed by the Bavarian soldier, that he was enabled to subsist on two-thirds of his scanty pay, and, in addition, to save five-sixths of his ration of bread, which he sold."* By inquiries and experiments, Rumford became convinced that the cause of the mystery lay in the fact, that the Bavarian soldier used his food almost universally in the form of soup. "What surprised me not a little," he says, "was the discovery of the very small quantity of *solid food* which, when properly prepared, will suffice to satisfy hunger, and support life and health; and the very trifling expense at which the stoutest and most laborious man may in any country be fed. After an experience of nearly five years in feeding the poor at Munich, it was found that the cheapest, most savoury, and most nourishing food that could be prepared was a soup composed of pearl barley, pease, potatoes, cuttings of fine wheaten bread, vinegar, salt, and water, in certain proportions. I constantly found that the richness or quality of a soup depended more upon a proper choice of the ingredients, and a proper management of the fire, than upon the quantity of solid nutritious matter employed—much more upon the art and skill of the cook, than upon the amount of the sums laid out in the market. I found also that the nutritiousness of a soup, or its power of satisfying hunger, and affording nourishment, seemed always to be in proportion to its apparent richness or palatableness." Struck with these remarkable results, Rumford endeavoured to explain them, by supposing that the *water* used in converting solid nutritious matter into soup became of itself nutritious, serving not merely as the vehicle for food, but really constituting a part of the food itself. This sup-

* Life of Count Rumford—Sharp's American Biography.

position of Rumford is now ascertained to be a mistake. "Physiologists, however," says Dr Renwick, "have reached the true explanation. The quantity of matter required to supply the waste of the body at all ages, and furnish the material for the growth of the young, is small compared with the actual capacity of the digestive organ; while the latter is not satiated, nor the appetite satisfied, unless it receive a certain degree of distention. A quantity of warm liquid, holding so much nutritious matter in solution as to render digestion necessary, will fulfil the latter object as well as an equal bulk of solid food; while the necessity of expelling the excess above the actual wants of the system may in the latter case be productive of evil."

With such a decided preference for the soup form of food as Count Rumford had been led to entertain, it is not to be wondered at that soup was an essential feature in all his schemes for the benefit of the poor. Soup was the great article of food employed in his experiments in Munich; and in his contemplated project of public kitchens and dining-rooms for large towns, the necessary condition of success was, that soup should be the staple diet. He even went into the details of the composition of soup; and his essays contain receipts for making various kinds of soup, with and without butcher-meat. The following judicious observations of Rumford's American biographer seem to sum up both the merits and the demerits of these experiments and speculations:—"The only question which admits of doubt is, how the description of food preferred by Rumford is adapted to the circumstances of all countries. Now, to the greater part of the Anglo-Saxon race, soup, if not an abomination, will never be received as the staple of more than one daily meal; while tea and coffee, whose use Rumford reprobates, with their accompaniment of sugar, have become necessaries of life. In Paris, soup, which became for a while the fashionable mode of administering charity, was well adapted to the habits of the people; but in England and America it was received with grumbling, or rejected by all who could in any other mode obtain food. One reason no doubt was, that it was considered sufficient to make the food nutritious, without attempting to make it pleasing to the palate. This defect is far from inherent; for the soups of Rumford, whether containing none but vegetable matter, or a mixture of animal substance, may be easily rendered as delicious as the most costly preparations of the French kitchen."

Besides the general schemes which we have mentioned, Count Rumford was engaged, during his residence in Bavaria, in many minor plans of social improvement; indeed, as we have already said, he acted the part of surveyor-general of the abuses of the electorate. It was not in the nature of things that he should be able to proceed in his various innovations and reforms without provoking some jealousy and opposition among the Bavarian nobles: the support and favour, however, of the elector never

failed him, and with the people at large he was exceedingly popular. In the year 1794, finding his health greatly impaired by his close attention to business, he obtained leave of absence from the elector, and employed sixteen months in travelling through various parts of the continent, especially Italy. During his absence, two very gratifying testimonies of respect and gratitude were borne to him by the Bavarians. The first was, the erection of a monument to commemorate his public services. The other was still more honourable to him: it was the resolution, already referred to, of the inmates of the Military Workhouse, when they heard that he was dangerously ill at Naples, to set apart an hour every evening to pray for his recovery. In 1795 Rumford returned to Bavaria, but left it almost immediately, to proceed on a visit to England. Here he was received with all distinction, and his opinion and advice were asked by all engaged in philanthropic schemes. To save himself the labour thus entailed upon him, he resolved to publish an account of his doings and experiments in Bavaria, and accordingly prepared for the press the two volumes of essays which go by his name. * The only subject of general interest in these essays, apart from the purely scientific disquisitions, which remains to be mentioned by us, is that of *fuel*.

In undertaking to reform chimneys and fireplaces, Count Rumford had three objects in view—the saving of fuel, the prevention of smoke, and the avoidance of the injury to health arising from draughts. The extent of his services in this unpretending but most important department will be better estimated if we consider the state of fireplaces in most European countries fifty or sixty years ago. "The most polished nations of antiquity," says Dr Renwick, "had no other means of providing for the issue of the smoke of their fires than by leaving openings in the roof. They indeed appear, in some instances, to have heated apartments by flues circulating beneath the floors, which must have terminated in a vertical funnel, thus forming an approximation to the chimney; but there appears to be no instance of the arrangement of an open hearth and vertical flue until late in the middle ages. Chimneys and fireplaces of the latter date are still to be seen in the kitchens and halls of baronial mansions; but the hearths were of great size, the arched openings wide and lofty, insomuch that they could be entered by persons standing upright, and admitted seats to be placed on each side of the fire. The latter, indeed, were the only places where the warmth of the fire could be enjoyed without exposure to the currents of cold air continually rushing in to join the ascending column in the

* Essays Political, Economical, and Philosophical; by Benjamin, Count of Rumford, Knight of the Orders of the White Eagle and St Stanislaus; Chamberlain, Privy-Counsellor of State, and Lieutenant-General in the service of his most serene Highness the Elector Palatine, reigning Duke of Bavaria, &c. &c. &c.

chimney. Even when an increasing scarcity of fuel compelled less extravagant modes of applying it to be sought, the arched opening remained of a large size, the fireplace of a depth equal in extent to its front, and the walls were carried back perpendicularly to the latter. In England, where coal had come into almost universal use as a fuel, the grates in which it was burnt were almost exact cubes, and were lined with cast-iron on the sides and back. The evils of these fireplaces may be recollected by all whose age reaches fifty; and they are remembered with feelings in which shuddering and scorching are strangely combined, but which are almost unknown, and scarcely to be imagined, by the present generation. Chimneys which did not smoke were the exception to the general rule; and the exposure of the surface of the body to cold currents generated the acute pains of rheumatism, while the frequent alternations of an increased and checked perspiration caused colds, to be followed, in regular course, by pulmonary complaints. In this state of things Rumford undertook to remedy the manifold evils of the open fireplace."

Observing that the heat of a mass of blazing fuel in a grate consisted of two parts—that which radiated into the room, and served the purposes of warmth; and that which, by heating the column of air in the chimney, caused it to ascend, Rumford saw that an enormous saving could be effected by diminishing the size of the grate. Instead of a cubical mass of fuel, such as was generally used, he proposed to employ a grate of ordinarily broad front, but not deep backward, and with the sides not perpendicular to the front, but inclining. The effect of this was to limit the fire to the single function of warming the room by radiation from its front, while the mass of coal which had formerly been consumed without any benefit to the apartment was saved. In order, however, to prevent the smoking of the chimneys which would have arisen from this diminution of the burning mass, another change was necessary, and this was the narrowing the throat of the chimney, so as to allow no more air to pass through it than the precise quantity required to maintain the combustion. "The immoderate size of the throats of chimneys," says Rumford, "is the great fault of their construction. It is this fault which ought always first to be attended to in every attempt which is made to improve them; for however perfect the construction of a fireplace may be in other respects, if the opening left for the passage of the smoke is larger than is necessary for that purpose, nothing can prevent the warm air of the room from escaping through it; and whenever this happens, there is not only an unnecessary loss of heat, but the warm air which leaves the room to go up the chimney being replaced by cold air from without, draughts of cold air cannot fail to be produced in the room, to the great annoyance of those who inhabit it."

Such is a general description of Count Rumford's alterations in fireplaces. The subject, however, was pursued by him to its

minutest details, and illustrated by numerous and specific plans for curing smoky chimneys under all possible circumstances. He likewise invented various forms of stoves and grates, intended to exhibit the model perfection of an apparatus for heating rooms, or for cooking victuals. So thorough and complete was his investigation of the subject, that little remained afterwards to be added to his conclusions; and it may be said, that any case of the continuance of a smoky chimney after the publication of his essays, arose from a neglect or misapplication of the principles there developed.

The investigation of the subject of the construction of grates and fireplaces led Rumford to researches on heat, which ultimately assumed an almost purely scientific character. It is indeed a feature worthy of remark in Count Rumford's life, that, unlike the greater number of eminent scientific men, he did not begin by attention to the abstract doctrines of science, and carry these out into practical application, but he was led originally to a consideration of the doctrines through his desire of practical improvement. Always exhibiting scientific tendencies and talents, the circumstances of his life were such as to demand constant practical activity and a sacrifice of his purely scientific aspirations to present utility; and it was only in the latter part of his life that his inquiries and studies assumed an abstract character. The most important of these inquiries were in relation to heat, light, and the projectile force of gunpowder; but as an enumeration of Rumford's scientific discoveries, or an examination of his claims to be considered a scientific discoverer, would be beyond the scope of the present Tract, we shall only mention that Count Rumford is entitled to the honour of having been the first to explain the manner in which heat is propagated in fluids, having demonstrated that the boiling of water over a fire takes place not in consequence of the travelling of the heat upwards through the fluid by conduction, but in consequence of the perpetual circulation of the particles of the fluid themselves, the heated particles rising, and the cooler descending.

QUITS THE BAVARIAN SERVICE—RESIDENCE IN LONDON AND PARIS—DEATH AND CHARACTER.

To return to Count Rumford's life. After some stay in Great Britain, he returned to Munich in 1796, accompanied by his daughter, who had come over from America at his request, her mother having died in 1792. What were Count Rumford's relations with America during the long interval of his absence from it, we have no means of ascertaining; as far as can be inferred, however, he seems to have maintained little correspondence with his former friends in the United States till after his wife's death; and one cannot help remarking the unpleasing circumstance, that while on one side of the Atlantic the husband was enjoying an honourable position, and filling a large

space in the public eye, the wife and daughter continued during the life of the former to reside on the other.

Rumford, on his return to Munich, was occupied in very important affairs. The advance of the French republican army under Moreau obliged the elector to quit the capital, leaving a council of regency, with Rumford at its head. Rumford succeeded in the arduous task of freeing Bavaria from the invasion, and his conduct on this occasion increased his reputation with the elector and with the people. Among other tokens of the elector's gratitude for his services, he was permitted to settle one-half of the pension which he enjoyed on his daughter, to be paid during her lifetime. In 1798 the elector, partly with a view to gratify him with an honour which he knew he desired, and partly to afford him another opportunity of relaxation for the improvement of his health, appointed him his ambassador at the court of Great Britain. On arriving in London, however, Rumford found, that in consequence of the English legal fiction, by which a born subject of the country is declared incapable of ever alienating his allegiance, he could not be received as the Bavarian ambassador. Mortified as he must have been by this circumstance, and still more deeply grieved by the loss of his friend and patron, the Elector Charles Theodore, who died in 1799, Rumford contemplated returning to spend the remainder of his life in the land of his birth. In compliance with a formal invitation which he received from the United States government, he was making preparations for his return, and had written to a friend to secure a cottage in the vicinity of Boston, as a "quiet little retreat," when he was led to change his design, and remain in London, in the society of which he occupied a conspicuous place. During several years, a great part of Count Rumford's time was devoted to the interests of the Royal Institution, of which indeed he may be considered the founder. The objects of this institution, now one of the recognised scientific establishments of the world, and which can boast of having given employment to such men as Young, Davy, Brande, and Faraday, were "to diffuse the knowledge and facilitate the general introduction of useful mechanical inventions and improvements, and to teach, by courses of philosophical lectures and experiments, the application of science to the useful purposes of life." Such an institution was precisely the one which Rumford was qualified to superintend; and in its early history, the influence of his peculiar habits of thought is discernible in the choice of subjects for investigation by the members. Subsequently, the institution assumed the high scientific character which it yet holds.

In 1802, Count Rumford left England, and spent some time in travel. Revisiting Munich, he found the workhouse which he had planned, and which had been instrumental in producing so much good, abolished, and the new elector, Maximilian, friendly indeed, but indisposed to follow the footsteps of his predecessor.

Accordingly, after assisting in modelling a Bavarian academy of sciences, he took farewell of his adopted country, and went to reside in Paris, retaining an income of about £1200 from the Bavarian court. At the same time his daughter returned to America, her father having abandoned his intention of returning along with her. In Paris, Count Rumford appears at first to have gained that good-will and esteem which had attended him so remarkably during his previous life; and not long after he began his residence there, he contracted a second marriage with the widow of the celebrated Lavoisier, put to death during the French Revolution. From 1804 to 1814 he resided with his wife at Auteuil, a villa at a short distance from Paris, the property of Madame Lavoisier, and the scene of many of her former husband's discoveries. Here Rumford employed himself in scientific pursuits of a miscellaneous nature. The union of the American-born citizen of the world with the widow of the illustrious Frenchman does not appear to have been a happy one; and there is evidence that, towards the end of his life, Rumford had become unpopular in Parisian society. Cuvier attributes this to a certain coarseness and want of urbanity of manner; possibly, however, the fault was less in the person criticised than in the Parisian standard of criticism, for the charge seems inconsistent with the tenor of Rumford's life.

Rumford's death took place at Auteuil on the 21st of August 1814, in the sixty-second year of his age. He left some bequests for the promotion of science in America; the rest of his property, which does not appear to have been great, he left to his relatives. His only daughter inherited the title of Countess of Rumford, with the continuation of her father's Bavarian pension. She is, we believe, still alive (1847), and has long resided in Paris.

Rumford, whose memoirs we have now detailed, was not a faultless character, or a person in every respect exemplary; but making due allowances for circumstances in which he was at the outset unfortunately placed, and keeping in mind that every man is less or more the creature of the age in which he lives, we arrive at the conclusion, that few individuals occupying a public position have been so thoroughly deserving of esteem. The practical, calm, and comprehensive nature of his mind, his resolute and methodical habits, the benevolence and usefulness of his projects, all excite our admiration. Cuvier speaks of Rumford as "having been the benefactor of his species without loving or esteeming them, as well as of holding the opinion, that the mass of mankind ought to be treated as mere machines." A remark this which is applicable to not a few men who have been eminent for labours of a humane description, and which naturally gives rise to this other remark—that a good intellectual method, directed to practical ends, is often of more value to mankind than what is called a good heart.

THE CRUSADES.

AFTER the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus in the year 70 of the Christian era, Palestine continued for upwards of two centuries in the condition of a miserable Roman province, inhabited by a mixed population of Pagans, Jews, and Christians. In Jerusalem, temples of Venus and Jupiter were erected on the most sacred spots of Christian history; and heathenism triumphed in the possession of the Holy City of two religions. On the establishment of Christianity in the Roman empire by Constantine in the year 321, this state of things was changed. Palestine and Jerusalem became objects of interest to all Christians, and crowds of pilgrims went to visit the localities celebrated by the Evangelists. Splendid churches were erected on the ruins of the Pagan temples, and every spot ascertained by historical evidence, or pointed out by vague tradition, as the scene of any of the memorable events in the life of Christ and his apostles, was marked by a chapel or a house of prayer. Jerusalem and the Holy Land became the resort of numerous bodies of clergy, who, residing in the churches and monasteries which the piety of the wealthy had founded for them, made it their occupation to point out to pilgrims the various localities which they had come to see, and to exhibit holy relics connected with the Saviour's life and sufferings, into the authenticity of which the eager and craving superstition of the pilgrims did not permit them to inquire.

In the end of the fourth century the gigantic Roman empire, already near its final dissolution, was broken up into two—the

Western Empire, the capital of which was Rome; and the Eastern, the capital of which was Constantinople. It was to the latter of these that Syria and Palestine were attached. Before the end of the fifth century the Western Empire had been completely destroyed by the irruption of the German races, and the beginnings of a new European civilisation were rising from its ruins. Meanwhile the Eastern, called also the Greek or Byzantine Empire, remained entire. Its dissolution, however, was near at hand. About the year 630 the Arabs, burning with the spirit of conquest infused into them by the religion of Mohammed, poured into its provinces, as the Huns and Vandals had formerly poured into the provinces of its sister empire of the west. Egypt, Syria, and Palestine were detached from the Byzantine empire, and annexed as dependencies to the great Arabic empire of the caliphs. Thus the religion of Mohammed became dominant in the Holy Land of the Christians, and the temples and chapels of Jerusalem were converted into mosques.

PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY LAND—CRUELTIES OF THE TURKS—PETER THE HERMIT.

Scarcely were the foundations of a new civilisation laid in the west of Europe—scarcely had the German races been absorbed into the bosom of the old Roman population—when, under the influence of the Latin church, then rearing itself above the universal wreck, the spirit of religious pilgrimages began to revive.

Annually, numbers of pilgrims from Italy or the remote west wended their way through Asia Minor, and southwards along the shores of the Levant; or, as was very common, conjoining the spirit of piety with that of commerce, they were carried in trading-vessels along either shore of the Mediterranean, extending a voyage undertaken originally for trading purposes, so as to embrace also the great object of a visit to the Holy Land. The treatment of these pilgrims, as well as of the Christian residents, the relics of the old population of Palestine, by the Mohammedan masters of the soil, varied according to the general aspect of the times, and the disposition of the reigning caliph. In return for a certain tribute, the earlier caliphs permitted the Christians of Jerusalem to have a patriarch and an ecclesiastical establishment according to their own forms. Of all the caliphs, the celebrated Haroun al Raschid was the most tolerant, and under him the Christians enjoyed perfect peace.

Under the Fatimite caliphs of Egypt, who conquered Syria about the year 980, a different policy was pursued, and the Christian inhabitants of Palestine, as well as the pilgrims to the Holy Shrine, were treated with the utmost cruelty. The pilgrims were robbed, beaten, and sometimes slain on their journey; the Christian residents oppressed by heavy impositions, and their feelings outraged by insults against their religion, and by the

violation of their domestic ties. Rumours of these cruelties of the Fatimite caliphs toward their Christian subjects and the Latin pilgrims reached the west of Europe, and excited a strong feeling of indignation in the breasts of the pious.

The sufferings of the Christians of Palestine under the Fatimite caliphs were insignificant compared with those which they endured after the invasion and conquest of Palestine by the Turkish hordes in 1065. But recently converted to Moslemism, and therefore more rude and fanatical than the other Mohammedans, these Turks wreaked their vengeance on all alike—Christians, Jews, and even the native Mohammedans. "No description," says the Abbé Vertot, in his History of the Knights of Malta, "can give a conception of all the cruelties which they committed. Numbers of the Christians were butchered; the hospital of St John, founded for the relief of pilgrims about seventeen years before by some pious Italian merchants, who had obtained a piece of ground for the purpose, was plundered; and these barbarians would have destroyed the Holy Sepulchre, had not their avarice restrained them. The fear of losing the revenues raised upon the pilgrims of the west preserved the tomb of our Saviour. But, to gratify at once their avarice and their hatred to all who bore the name of Christians, they loaded them with heavier tributes; so that the pilgrims, after having spent all their money in the course of so long a voyage, or having been stripped by robbers, and worn out with hunger and miseries of all sorts, at last, for want of money to discharge such excessive tributes, perished at the gates of Jerusalem, without being able to obtain the consolation of seeing, before they died, the Holy Sepulchre—the only object of their vows, and the end of so tedious a pilgrimage."

The news of the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks in Jerusalem produced a deep sensation over the whole of Christendom, as well among the Latin Christians—as the Roman Catholic nations of the west of Europe were called—as among the Greek Christians—the name given to the population of what still remained of the old Byzantine empire. The latter, however, were more deeply and immediately interested; for they had reason to dread, from their geographical situation, that if the Turks were not checked, Constantinople, the capital of their own empire, would soon share the same fate as Jerusalem. Accordingly, about the year 1073, the Greek emperor, Manuel VII., sent to supplicate the assistance of the Great Pope Gregory VII. against the Turks, accompanying his petition with many expressions of profound respect for his holiness in particular, and the Latin church in general. Till now, there had prevailed a spirit of antagonism between the Latin and Greek churches; the Roman Catholics regarding the Greek Christians as heretics and schismatics, and the latter yielding spiritual obedience to their own patriarch, and refusing to

acknowledge the pope of the west as the universal head of the church. Gregory VII., therefore, eagerly received the application of the Greek emperor for assistance against the Turks, seeing in the career thus opened up for himself and his successors the prospect of a final subjection of the Greek to the Latin church. He resolved, therefore, to give the enterprise his countenance; nay, to march himself at the head of an army raised to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidels.

Gregory was prevented from ever carrying his designs into execution, and the idea of a crusade died gradually away. Meanwhile the Turks were extending their victories at the expense of the Greek empire. Before the accession of the celebrated Alexius Comnenus to the Byzantine throne in the year 1081, the whole of Asia Minor was in the possession of the Turks; and the Greek empire, shorn of its Asiatic provinces, was reduced so as to include only Greece, Macedonia, Thrace, and Illyria. Asia Minor was broken up into various Turkish kingdoms, the sultans of which soon began to quarrel among themselves—a circumstance which was fortunate for Alexius, as it arrested the progress of the Turks, and retained them on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The disturbed state of Asia Minor, however, only increased the sufferings of the pilgrims who continued to flock from Europe to the Holy Land. Not one out of three returned to recount his hardships, or to thrill the hearts of his relatives and fellow-villagers at home with descriptions of Jerusalem and its environs—the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, the place of Crucifixion, and the Holy Sepulchre.

Among those who undertook the pilgrimage to Jerusalem when the dangers attending it were greatest, was a native of Amiens in France, named Peter; of whose life up to this period all that we know is, that he had served as a soldier in his youth; had afterwards married a lady of rank, but poor and old; and had finally abjured the world from religious motives, and become a monk and an ascetic, obtaining from those who knew him and his solitary manner of life the name of Peter the Hermit. To atone for some crime which haunted his conscience, or for the sins of his youth in general, Peter resolved on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Of the particulars of his journey thither we have no record; we only know that he arrived at Jerusalem in safety, and visited all the scenes sacred in a Christian's eyes. His, however, was not a mind to be contented with the mere refined enjoyment of having seen what others had not seen—with the mere pleasure of having walked in the streets and suburbs of Jerusalem. No: as he walked along these streets and suburbs, gazing at this and that holy spot, insolent and contemptuous Turks looking on and mocking, his spirit burned and grew bitter within him, and his hand clenched itself convulsively, as if longing for a sword. At night his discourse with the Latin Christian in whose house he lodged was about Jerusalem—its ancient glory, its present degra-

dation, the hopes of its future restoration; and on the same theme he descanted much with Simeon, the pious Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, in whom, although heretical in many points which Peter, as a Latin Christian, deemed important, he found in the main a congenial spirit. In reply to Peter's questions and propositions, the patriarch explained that nothing was to be expected from the Greek empire in behalf of the Holy Land; that the court of Constantinople was so dissolute and corrupt, that a holy enterprise, such as the rescue of Palestine from the Turks, would be the last it would be likely to think of or undertake; and that the only hope was, that the Latin princes might be persuaded to form a league for the grand purpose which had already been entertained by Gregory VII. "This proposal," says Abbé Vertot, "startled the hermit; but, far from abating his zeal, though he foresaw all the difficulties attending it, he persuaded himself that they might be got over by the assistance and protection of the pope." "Write," he said to the patriarch, "to the pope and to all the Latin Christians; and seal your letters with the signet of your office as patriarch of Jerusalem. As a penance for my sins, I will travel over Europe; I will describe everywhere the desolate condition of the Holy City, and exhort princes and people to wrest it from the profane hands of the infidels." The letters were accordingly written, and the hermit set sail with them from Joppa. Arrived in Italy, he presented the patriarch's letters to the pope, detailing at the same time his own observations with respect to the wretched condition of Jerusalem, and urging his holiness to use his authority, as the head of Christendom, to commence an enterprise, the noblest, he said, ever suggested by the Spirit of God to man.

Urban II., who was then pope, was an able and humane man, and both by natural character and by education, as the pupil and protegé of his predecessor Gregory VII., quite prepared to enter into a scheme so favourable to the dominance of the papal power as the Crusades. The state of Europe, however, and of Italy in particular, was such as to make it desirable that he should sound the sentiments of Christendom with regard to the enterprise before he actually appeared as its head. In other words, he resolved that the Crusades should be preached from the pulpits of the church before they were commanded by a papal bull. Calling the Hermit, therefore, he applauded his zeal, expressed his sympathy with his views, and exhorted him to travel through Europe, and stir up the enthusiasm of the people in behalf of the great enterprise to which he had devoted himself. Thus encouraged, the Hermit departed, going from town to town, and from village to village; and, in the language of the chroniclers, "traversing the whole of Europe in less than a year's time." His strange and wild aspect, his glittering eye, his shrill and unearthly eloquence, the grandeur of his theme, his pathetic descriptions of the state of Jerusalem and the Christians there,

produced everywhere the most extraordinary sensations. Diminutive, and even mean in personal appearance, he seemed like one inspired and beyond himself when, from the steps of some church door, he harangued the crowd which gathered to hear him. "He set out," says a contemporary historian, "from whence I know not, nor with what purpose; but we saw him passing through the towns and villages, everywhere preaching, and the people flocking round him, loading him with gifts, and praising his sanctity with such eulogiums, that I never remember having seen so great honours paid to any other man. He was very generous, however, in distributing what was given him. He brought back to their homes women who had left their husbands, and, with wonderful authority, restored peace among such as were living unhappily together. In whatever he said or did there was something divine, insomuch that people went to pluck hairs from his mule, and kept them afterwards as relics. Out of doors he generally wore a woollen tunic, with a brown mantle which descended to his heels. His arms and feet were bare: he ate little or no bread; but lived on fish and wine."

Such being the success of the Hermit's mission, the pope announced his approbation of the projected Crusade; and in the year 1095 summoned two councils, where the subject was discussed. At the first of these, held at Placentia in March 1095, ambassadors from the Greek emperor Alexius appeared to petition for aid against the Turks; and those who were present pledged themselves to give it: and at the second, the famous Council of Clermont, held at the town of that name in Auvergne in the month of November, the Crusade was definitively resolved on. Ascending the pulpit, Pope Urban II. addressed an enormous multitude of clergy of every order, and laymen from all parts of the world, expounding to them the scheme in which, as head of Christendom, he wished to engage their thoughts, their prayers, and their labours. An outline of this memorable speech has been preserved to us. After alluding to the various perplexing topics with which, for the last seven days, they had been occupied—the crimes and errors which, as an ecclesiastical assembly, they had been taking cognisance of—the chaotic and disorderly condition of the church in general—he holds out the Crusade to their view as "a haven of rest," an enterprise in which they may all engage, enthusiastic co-operation in which will atone for their crimes, make them forget their differences, and weld them together again as one true church. After dilating on the power and tyranny of the Turks, he goes on to prove, by a curious physiological observation, that the Turks may be conquered. "It is plain," he says, "that every race of people born in the southern regions, being scorched with the intense heat of the sun, abounds more in reflection than in blood; and therefore they avoid coming to close quarters, because they are aware how

little blood they possess. Whereas the people who are born amid polar frosts, and distant from the sun's heat, are less cautious indeed; but, elate with their copious and luxuriant flow of blood, they fight with the greatest alacrity." "Remember," he says, "the saying of God—'Narrow is the way which leadeth to life.' Place before your imagination, if you shall be made captive, torments and chains; nay, every possible suffering that can be inflicted. Expect even horrible punishments, that so, if it be necessary, you may redeem your souls at the expense of your bodies. Do you fear death, ye men of courage? Know you not 'that for men to live is wretchedness, and to die is gain?' Death sets free from its filthy prison the human soul, which then takes flight for the mansions fitted for its virtues; death accelerates their country to the good; death cuts short the wickedness of the ungodly. By means of death, the soul, made free, is either soothed with joyful hope, or is punished without further apprehension of worse." On, and still on, he spoke in the same strain, swaying the whole assembly with his fervour till the mass of congregated human beings began to heave to and fro beneath him like a sea. At length, as, turning from the difficulties of the enterprise, he urged them to undertake it, the pent-up emotions of the crowd burst forth, and cries of "*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*"—"God wills it! God wills it!" rose simultaneously from all parts of the square. Hushing the joyous tumult with a wave of his hand, the pontiff proceeded—"Lo, dearest brethren, the fulfilment of the Scriptural promise, that wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there he will be with them. The Spirit of God alone can have caused this unanimity of sentiment among you. Let the very words, then, which his Spirit has dictated to you, be your cry of war. When you attack the enemy, let the words resound from every side—'*Deus vult! Deus id vult!*' The old, the infirm, the weaker sex altogether, must remain in Europe. They would be an impediment rather than an assistance. In this holy undertaking the rich should succour their poorer brethren, and equip them for war. The clergy must not depart without the license of their bishops; for, if they should, their journey would be fruitless. The people must not go without a sacerdotal benediction. Let every one mark, on his breast or back, the sign of our Lord's cross, that the saying may be fulfilled, 'He who takes up the cross, and follows me, is worthy of me.'" Tears, groans, and shouts were the replies of the crowd. The whole multitude knelt, while one of the cardinals made confession to God of their sins; and when they rose, crosses of red cloth were to be seen on the shoulders of many a priest and many a warrior.

THE FIRST CRUSADE.

The Crusades were precisely the enterprise to enlist the sympathies of Europe in the end of the eleventh century. The power

of the church, the feeling of reverence for everything ecclesiastical, was at its height; the might of physical force, the brawling fierceness of a time when splitting skulls with battle-axes was the most exciting and applauded of human occupations, were overawed and attempered by respect for spiritual symbols; the mail-clad knight bowed low before the cross, and could be made to tremble in the presence of a lean and decrepit priest. Moreover, the love of adventure, that mystic, compound, indescribable something which we denominate the spirit of chivalry; the desire of wandering through the world a faithful and true knight, waging deadly war with falsehood and guile, and assisting everywhere the weak and oppressed against the strong and tyrannical —this fine passion, the particular form at that time of a feeling which has inspired all noble souls since ever the world began, had begun to exert its influence over European society. The Crusades appealing, then, as they did, to the two most powerful feelings of the time—reverence for the church, and the spirit of adventure—absorbed and drank up all the enthusiasm and all the intellect of the age. As soon as the Council of Clermont had risen, the preparations for invading the Holy Land began in almost every country of Europe. The clanging of the smith's hammer, making or repairing his lord's armour, was heard in every village; and in hundreds of castles, through the long winter evenings, the fair hands of mothers, wives, sisters, and lovers were employed in embroidering the banners which their dear ones were to carry into the holy fields—pride and hope mingling in their gentle bosoms with sighs and forebodings as their fingers rustled amid the silken folds. "The poor themselves," says a contemporary historian, who gives us a lifelike description of the preparations for the Crusade in Germany and France, "caught the flame so ardently, that no one paused to think of the smallness of his wealth; but each set about selling his property, at as low a price as if he had been held in some horrible captivity, and sought to pay his ransom without loss of time. There was a general dearth at the time; but no sooner had Christ inspired the multitudes of people to seek a voluntary exile, than the money which had been hoarded up was instantly put in circulation, and articles which had been horribly dear were on a sudden sold for nothing. In the meantime, most of those who had not determined to go on the journey themselves, were busy joking and laughing at those who were thus selling their goods at such a loss, and prophesied that the expedition would be disastrous, and the return home worse. Such was their language to-day; but on the morrow, lo! seized with the same enthusiasm as the rest, the mockers abandoned all they had for a few crowns, and set out with the very persons they had laughed at. Who can count the children and the infirm who hastened to the war! Who can count the old men and the young maidens who hurried forward! '*You* warriors,' they cried, 'shall vanquish by the

the other three put together. This terrible horde, consisting of about 200,000 wretches from France, England, Flanders, and Lorraine, had swept along through Germany, committing horrible ravages, especially against the Jews, whom they murdered without mercy in many of the towns through which they directed their route. Of the character of this savage multitude, and the views of those who led it, we know little, except that they declared their intention to be to rescue the Holy Sepulchre, and that they were accused of blasphemously worshipping a goat and a goose, which they carried with them, asserting that they were filled with the Divine Spirit. As the rabble advanced, the Hungarians gave themselves up for lost; the king and his nobles were preparing to fly; when the mass fell asunder of its own accord, and the panic-stricken fragments were hewn to pieces by the enraged people whose country they were invading. Some escaped to the north, and a few of the stragglers ultimately joined the succeeding bands of the Crusaders; but the vast majority perished.

Thus, within a few months, upwards of a quarter of a million of human beings had been swept out of existence. Of the 20,000 who had marched under Walter the Pennyless, the 40,000 who had followed under Peter the Hermit, the 15,000 Germans whom the priest Gottschalk had led, and the 200,000 savages who had composed the fourth and last division, making in all 275,000, certainly not 25,000 survived. And this quarter of a million of individuals had spent their lives without one important result having been accomplished, without one glorious feat having been achieved.

These multitudes, however, were the mere dregs and refuse of the age—poor wretches who had been hurried on by a kind of mania into the enterprise, without forethought or preparation of any sort, and whose main anxiety had been to be the first to reach the Holy Land. In the meantime the real chivalry of Europe was mustering for the Crusade; not mere fanatical masses under the influence of priests and unknown adventurers, but the gentry, yeomanry, and serfs of feudal Europe, under chiefs of the first rank and renown. These were the true Crusaders. Drawn together from all parts, from city and country, from the islands and coasts of northern Europe, as well as from France and Germany, they ranged themselves individually under the banners of the particular chief whom they preferred, or whom they considered themselves feudally bound to follow. Altogether they formed six armies, marching separately, and at considerable intervals of time. First came the army of Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the pride of his age for all noble and knightly virtues; immortalised by the poet Tasso, and in speaking of whom even the chroniclers become poetical. He had risen from a sick-bed to join the Crusade, had sold his lordship to raise the necessary money; and the fame of his character had assembled many

of the best knights of the age around his standard, exclusive of his brother Baldwin, and many other relations. In the month of August 1096 he commenced his march at the head of a great army. Not long after his departure, there set out, by a different route, the second army of Crusaders under Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, brother of Philip I., king of France—a brave and accomplished leader, inferior, however, to Godfrey of Bouillon in piety and those peculiar qualities summed up by the old romancists in the word "gentle." After Hugh of Vermandois, and probably acknowledging him as their feudal chief, came the potent French baron, Stephen, Count of Blois, a shrewd and sagacious commander; and the boisterous and good-tempered, but weak and irresolute, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, the son of William the Conqueror, and brother of William Rufus, king of England, to whom he had mortgaged his duchy in order to raise money for the Crusade. Under the duke's banners were ranged most of the Norman and English Crusaders, among whom were Stephen, Earl of Albemarle, and Odo of Bayeux, Earl of Kent. Next followed Count Robert of Flanders, who also, though marching at the head of a separate army, acknowledged the brother of the French king as his chief. The fifth band of Crusaders consisted of 10,000 horse and an immense multitude of foot, who marched from Italy under the command of Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, the son of the famous Guiscard. Bohemond was able, ambitious, enterprising, and, withal, wary and crafty—the Ulysses of the Crusade. With him, and second in command in the army, came Tancred, the favourite hero of all the historians of the Crusade—so young, so valiant, so enthusiastic, so modest. "There was not among them all," says Tasso, "a greater warrior, nor any one of more courteous behaviour or finer countenance, or of loftier and more intrepid heart: if any shadow of a fault dimmed the lustre of his fame, it was only his folly in love." The sixth and last crusading army consisted of the flower of the gay chivalry of Provence, Gascony, and Auvergne, led by the haughty and resolute Count Raimond of Toulouse.

To detail the progress of the various armies on their way to Constantinople is unnecessary. Suffice it to say, that, pursuing the route through Hungary and Bulgaria, Godfrey of Bouillon and his army reached Philippopoli, a city in the Greek emperor's dominions, where they were holding their quarters, when they heard that Hugh of Vermandois, who, preceding the main body of his army, had set sail from an Italian port, and landed with a small train at Durazzo, also in the Greek emperor's dominions, had been arrested by the emperor's orders, and carried a prisoner to Constantinople. This insult offered by Alexius to so prominent a chief of the Crusaders requires some explanation. The Greek emperor, it may be remembered, had been so anxious to receive assistance from the Latin powers against the Turks, that he had sent ambassadors to the Council of Placentia to

spear and the sword; but let us at least conquer Christ by our sufferings.' At the same time one might see a thousand things springing from the same spirit—some astonishing, some laughable: the poor shoeing their oxen as we shoe horses, and harnessing them to two-wheeled carts, in which they placed their little stock of provisions and their young children, and proceeding onward, while the babes, at every town and castle they saw before them, demanded eagerly if that was Jerusalem."

This description applies more particularly to France and Germany; but similar scenes were enacted in all countries whither the news of what had taken place at the Council of Clermont had been carried. "There was no nation," says the historian William of Malmsbury, "so remote, no people so retired, as not to respond to the pope's wishes. This ardent passion inspired not only the continental provinces, but also the most distant islands and savage countries. The Welshman left his hunting, the Scotchman his fellowship with vermin, the Dane his drinking-party, the Norwegian his raw fish." By the spring, therefore, of 1096—the time appointed by the pope for the setting out of the expedition—masses of the European population were in motion from all quarters, directing their course towards Asia. Slowly at first they began to roll, but as the stream continued, it became larger and more rapid by the accession of new enthusiasts, till at last it swept onward like a flood. Robbers, murderers, and all sorts of criminals joined the bands of Crusaders as they marched along, resolved to purchase by their services in the Holy Land that salvation which their crimes had made them despair of till now. The Crusade! the Crusade! was the one all-absorbing thought of Europe; and not a meteor shot athwart the sky that was not interpreted as an omen and an encouragement from Heaven to persevere in the enterprise. It is calculated that, in the spring of 1096, the various masses in motion towards the Holy Land amounted to six millions of souls. This, however, appears to be an exaggeration.

It does not seem that any definite arrangements had been made as to the organisation of the multitudes who should engage in the Crusade, their order of march, or the leaders whose banners they should follow. These matters were left to arrange themselves. The general assertion of historians is, that the first who marched to the Holy Land consisted of a body of 20,000 foot, with only eight horsemen, commanded by a Burgundian gentleman, named, from his poverty, Walter the Pennyless. They were followed by a rabble of 40,000 men, women, and children, led by Peter the Hermit—a medley of all nations and languages, kept together by no other organisation than that of their own wild enthusiasm. Next followed a band of 15,000 men, mostly Germans, under a priest named Gottschalk. These three multitudes led the way in the Crusades, marching in the order in which we have named them, and pursuing the same

route; that, namely, which leads through Hungary and Bulgaria towards Asia Minor. A word respecting the fate of these three bands before proceeding with the general history of the Crusade.

Walter the Pennyless and his band accomplished a large part of their journey with no other casualties than those inevitable on such a march. They traversed even the marshes and rivers of Hungary with little loss. It was different, however, when they entered Bulgaria. The natives, indignant that their country should be used as a thoroughfare by a multitude of vagrants from the west, marching they scarcely knew whither, and eating up enormous quantities of provisions as they went, did everything in their power to harass and annoy them, and at length commenced a declared war against them. The consequence was, that the Crusaders, in fighting their way through Bulgaria, were dispersed, and all but exterminated—part of the survivors retracing their steps; the rest, among whom was Walter himself, reaching Constantinople with difficulty, where, by the permission of the Emperor Alexius, they remained waiting for the arrival of the Hermit and his companions. Peter, who had had the same difficulties to contend with as his predecessor in marching through Hungary and Bulgaria, at length reached Constantinople with his army greatly reduced, and in a most wretched condition. Here he and Walter the Pennyless joined forces, the Hermit assuming the superior command. The riotous conduct of the pilgrims soon wearied out the patience of Alexius, and he was glad to listen to the proposal of the Hermit to furnish them with the means of passing at once into Asia. The rabble, accordingly, with Peter the Hermit and Walter the Pennyless at their head, crossed the Bosphorus, and took up their quarters in Bithynia. Here they became perfectly ungovernable, ravaging the country round, and committing incredible excesses; and at length Peter, utterly disgusted and despairing, left them to their own guidance, and returned to Constantinople. After his departure, the Crusaders broke up into separate bands of marauders, and became an easy prey to the Turks. The bravest of them were annihilated in a battle fought not far from Nice, the capital of Bithynia, Walter the Pennyless falling with seven mortal wounds. Between two or three thousand alone escaped; these were brought back to Constantinople by some troops despatched by Alexius, at the earnest solicitations of the Hermit, to rescue them from the Turks. Alexius bought their arms, and dismissed them, with orders to return home; and thus ended the expeditions of Walter the Pennyless and Peter the Hermit, consisting jointly of about 60,000 men.

The 15,000 Germans led by Gottschalk never reached Constantinople, being slaughtered or dispersed during their passage through Hungary. Hungary was also fatal to another army of Crusaders—the fourth in order, but greatly exceeding in numbers

Alas! the Holy City was yet far distant. Not much more than half their journey, in point of space, had been accomplished, and, in point of peril and difficulty, their march had little more than begun; for they had just entered on the countries inhabited by the infidel. Months had to roll over, and many a bloody field had to be fought, ere the pinnacles of the Holy City should greet their longing eyes.

The route of the crusading armies lay in a south-easterly direction through Asia Minor, and then southward to Jerusalem, along the shores of the Levant. Their march along this route—counting from the time of their crossing from Constantinople into Asia Minor (May 1097), to the time when they came in sight of Jerusalem and laid siege to it (June 1099)—occupied upwards of two years; including of course their various halts and encampments, and the time spent in fighting battles and besieging towns on the way. We must leave it to the imagination of our readers to conceive all the toils and distresses to which the Crusaders were subject in this two years' march through the countries of the Mussulman. Two actions only deserve particular notice—the siege of Nice, and that of Antioch.

The siege of Nice, the capital of the provinces of Bithynia and of the Turkish kingdom of Roum, was the first exploit in which the crusading armies were engaged. The siege began on the 8th of May 1097, and terminated on the 24th of June. During these six weeks the slaughter of the Christians by the arrows of the Turkish garrison, and the bolts and large stones which they discharged from mangonels and catapults, was immense. "Nothing was to be seen on the highways, in the woods and the fields," says an eye-witness, "but a crowd of tombs, where our brethren lay buried." The city surrendered at last; not, however, to the Latin chiefs, but to an envoy whom the Greek emperor, Alexius, maintained in the crusading camp, and who contrived to enter into communication with the besieged, and induce them to capitulate. Angry and dissatisfied at this conduct of Alexius, the Crusaders left their encampment under the walls of Nice, and resumed their march, not in one mass, but in various bodies—the armies of Soliman or Kilidge Arslan, the sultan of Roum, hovering on their track. A terrible battle took place at Doryleum between Soliman's forces and those of Bohemond and Tancred, assisted at the close by Godfrey of Bouillon; and the Christians gained a great victory. The march was then continued through Phrygia and Lycaonia. On and still on they toiled, their numbers diminishing every day—thinned by famine, thirst, fatigue, disease, and the attacks of the Turks. Variety and adventure, even pleasure and enjoyment, were not, however, wanting. Deviating from the main line of march, the various chiefs led their forces hither and thither in quest of plunder and fame. One of them, Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey, even crossed the Euphrates, and pushed into Mesopotamia, where he obtained the

principality of Edessa—the Greek inhabitants of the town compelling their king, Thoros, who was weak and old, to elect the valiant Crusader his successor. At length the main forces had traversed Lycaonia and Celicia, and turned the north-eastern angle of the Mediterranean. The scattered armies now assembled for another joint enterprise—the siege of Antioch, the capital of Syria, surrounded by massive walls, and amply provided with all the means of resistance.

The Crusaders commenced the siege of Antioch towards the end of October 1097. All the known means of attack were put in operation; movable towers were constructed from which to discharge missiles into the city, the walls were battered, and the sallies of the besieged bravely met; still without any effective result. At length the country round was drained of its stores, and the Crusaders began to suffer the extremities of want. The famine increased to such a degree, that men were seen eating the dead bodies of those who had been slain by the enemy. Pestilence joined its ravages; and instead of the brave array of chivalry which had sat down before Antioch, was to be seen a crowd of gaunt and famishing wretches, with scarcely a thought but that of procuring food. Multitudes died; and many, once the most zealous and enthusiastic in the army, were heard cursing their own folly in quitting their homes on such an expedition. Desertions became numerous. The envoy of the Greek emperor made a pretext for returning to Constantinople; the Count de Melun, a distinguished warrior, was detected making an attempt to leave the army with his followers; Stephen, Count of Blois, pretended illness, and withdrew from the Crusade, retreating towards Europe; and, most disgraceful of all, Peter the Hermit turned his back upon his own enterprise, and had actually fled several miles on the way home, when he was overtaken by the soldiers of Tancred, and brought back to undergo a public reprimand. Poor enthusiast! Accustomed to think of himself as the soul of the enterprise, his strength depended on the feeling of his own importance; and when he was deprived of this feeling, when he found himself a mere unit in the army, without voice or influence, his spirit grew galled and listless, and he who could have borne up a host, became liable, in his own case, to all the infirmities of ordinary men.

At length, after infinite sufferings on the part of the besiegers, Antioch was taken on the 3d of June 1098, by means of the treachery of an Armenian captain, whom the Turks had intrusted with the command of one of the towers, and who admitted a number of the Crusaders during a dark and stormy night. The slaughter was immense. In the usual words of the historians, neither age nor sex was spared; the victors seemed to regard mercy to the infidel as a crime against their oaths to the Crusade. Luxury and licentiousness succeeded to cruelty; and, forgetting their past miseries, the Christians revelled in the possession of

solicit it. He had not calculated, however, on *such* assistance as was now offered. Here was army after army mustering in the west of Europe, all proposing to march through Thrace. Unless something could be done to stop their progress, the corn-fields of his country would be trampled under foot, his subjects impoverished by having to supply food to hordes of strangers, and his capital, Constantinople, itself would become a mere porch for the Latins into Asia Minor. Scarcely knowing what to do, Alexius conceived the project of demanding the feudal homage of the chiefs of the Crusade, as a condition of permitting them to pass through his dominions. It was with this view, apparently, that he had given orders for the arrest of Hugh of Vermandois, arguing that, if he could prevail on the brother of the French king to yield him homage, the other Crusading chiefs would have less scruple in doing so. Godfrey of Bouillon, however, on hearing of the apprehension of his fellow-Crusader, hurried on through the Greek territory to Constantinople. For six days he ravaged the country round the capital, till at length the emperor was obliged to yield. Hugh of Vermandois was released, and the Latin armies were received with respect and kindness. The aim of Alexius was now to persuade Godfrey to yield him that homage voluntarily which he could not exact from him. With Hugh of Vermandois he had experienced little difficulty; but for a long time Godfrey of Bouillon peremptorily refused to accede to the proposal. At length, however—convinced, probably, that to continue obstinate would be to delay the progress of the Crusade on account of a mere punctilio—he gave his consent, and a meeting took place, where Godfrey declared himself the liegeman of Alexius, and engaged to restore to him whatever Greek places he should recapture from the Turks; while in return, the emperor, by a curious ceremony of honour, adopted Godfrey as his son. Thus an alliance was formally concluded between the Crusaders and the Greek emperor; and after several days spent in feasting and relaxation at Constantinople, the Latin armies crossed the Hellespont, and encamped at Chalcedon, where they waited for the arrival of the other Crusading troops.

By pursuing the same policy as he had adopted in the case of Hugh of Vermandois and Godfrey of Bouillon—that is, by harassing the armies as they marched through his dominions, at the same time corresponding with their leaders—the Greek emperor obtained an acknowledgment of feudal allegiance from the other commanders as they successively came up. Tancred and Count Raimond of Toulouse were the only leaders who escaped without having come under the obligation. Raimond was so resolute in his opposition, that Alexius was glad to accept from him a mere oath of friendship: Tancred crossed the Hellespont before the emperor was aware of his intentions, and thus eluded a submission which was repugnant to his chivalrous soul. Alexius, seeing that the Crusades were inevitable, and that he would be obliged

to perform a part in them, consoled himself by thinking that he had at least established a nominal influence over the crusading chiefs before sending them into Asia; and that, while they bore all the toil and hardships of the enterprise, fighting their way through the Turks to the Holy Land, he, remaining safe in his own capital, would be able, by his skill and prudence, to reap for himself and his subjects all the advantages resulting from the victories of the Latin armies, or even from their disasters.

And now the Crusade was fairly on foot. Upwards of 600,000 warriors of the west, besides a multitude of priests, women, and children, were actually encamped on the Asiatic soil. It was literally a moving nation, in which all languages were spoken, and all costumes worn. There was the fair-haired son of the north, with broad open forehead, mild blue eyes, sanguine complexion, and large frame; there the dark-visaged southern, with his flashing glance and fiery soul; there was the knight in his armour, the priest in his robes, the foot soldier in his tough jerkin, the unkempt serf with his belt of rope. There were pawing horses, swearing grooms, carts full of provision sacks, groups of gossipping women, and crowds of merry children. Under the bright sun of Asia all was gaudy and brilliant. Spear points glittered; breastplates and helmets gleamed; thousands of targes displayed their painted glories; pennons of blue, purple, and white streamed from every tent, while heavier flags flapped their sullen folds; and everywhere, on shield, flag, helmet, tunic, and coat of mail, was seen blazoned the holy sign of the red cross. Walking through all these, threading his way through groups of soldiers and crowds of playing children, heedless of the looks cast upon him, and hearing not the oft-repeated bugle-blasts from all parts of the camp, might be seen a man of small stature, thin, emaciated, and coarsely clad, with downcast face, wild, unsettled eye, and timid nervous gait. It was the man who had created it all—Peter the Hermit. He had crossed from Constantinople with Godfrey of Bouillon; and now, walking once more on the Asiatic soil, over the bones of those whom he had already led to perish there, he could look around and see in the hundreds of thousands of human beings who surrounded him the creatures and implements of his own enthusiasm, the monster-result of that grief and rage of soul which had filled him as, but a few short months before, he found himself creeping along, a solitary and derided pilgrim, in the streets of Jerusalem. His revenge was near! He, a poor and feeble monk, was about to hurl such a thunderbolt against the power of the Moslem as no potentate on earth had ever handled; these myriads of enthusiasts whom he had brought from their homes he would dash against the walls of Jerusalem; and every groan of his own spirit under Turkish insult would be repaid by the dying shrieks of a hundred infidels—every Turkish laugh at the expense of his religion by a huzza from the Christian armies. On—on, then, to the Holy City!

band of survivors, consisting of warriors, priests, women, and children, were recompensed for all their toils by a sight of Jerusalem. They had passed Emmaus, that place of sacred associations, when the Holy City burst upon their view, revealing itself at once and goldenly in the swift-rising sun of the East. The name "Jerusalem" escaped from every lip; some leaped and shouted; some knelt and prayed; some wept; some threw themselves prostrate, and kissed the earth; some gazed, and trembled; "all had much ado," says the quaint and emphatic Fuller, "to manage so great a gladness."

The siege of Jerusalem, which commenced on the 7th of June 1099, and terminated on the 15th of July, did not differ essentially from that of Antioch. The besiegers, who had gained skill by their former attempts, employed all the methods of attack that experience could suggest or courage execute; while the garrison of 40,000 Turks, who maintained the city for their master, the caliph of Egypt, resisted with determined obstinacy. At length, after a confession of sins by the whole army, and a penitential procession round the walls, a simultaneous assault was made with battering-rams, mangonels, and all manner of besieging engines. At one quarter a huge wooden tower was wheeled close to the walls, a movable bridge was let down, and, bounding across it, a soldier named Lutold was the first man to stand upon the battlements. Godfrey of Bouillon and a number of knights sprang after him; and the Christians were within Jerusalem. Meanwhile, at another part of the wall, Tancred and Robert of Normandy had shattered open a gate, and rushed in with their men; while, at a third part of the city, Raimond of Toulouse effected an entrance for himself and his followers by the help of scaling ladders. The carnage was terrific. "Never," in the language of the contemporary chroniclers, "was there so great a massacre of the Gentiles;" the birthplace of the religion of peace was won amid the shrieks and blasphemies of gashed and dying men; and the work of blood being brought to an end, "the clamour of thanksgiving among the victors was loud enough to have reached the stars." On the 15th of July 1099 the banner of the cross floated on the walls of Jerusalem. What tears and rejoicings succeeded; what visits to the holy places of the Saviour's life and passion; what confessions of past sin; what vows of future sanctity; what prayers and imprecations against the infidel! And then the pride of having had a part in so glorious an achievement! Oh, who now would grudge the pains and toils of their long and weary march; the loss of friends and relatives by the way; the agony of broken ties and sickening home-remembrances! To return to Europe with the glory of having been one of the captors of Jerusalem; to clasp once more—the father his wife and little ones, the son his mother and sisters, the lover his long-lost bride! Oh, was not this worth all that had been endured by the way! Such

were the feelings of the victorious Crusaders. The Hermit was once more the idol of the army; his weakness at Antioch was forgotten or forgiven, and nought remembered but his merits and his enthusiasm. From this moment, however, we lose sight of him. That he shared the triumphs of the capture of Jerusalem we know for certain; but how long afterwards he lived, or where he died, are points respecting which we have no information.

Eight days after the capture of the city, the Latin chiefs unanimously, and with the enthusiastic consent of the whole army, elected Godfrey of Bouillon king of Jerusalem. A new Christian state was thus founded in Syria, consisting at first of little more than the mere city of Jerusalem, but which was extended, by subsequent battles and conquests, until it included the whole of Palestine. A language resembling Norman-French was established in this new kingdom, and a code of feudal laws drawn up for its government. The clergy also obtained their share of the conquest. Jerusalem was erected into a patriarchate, and Bethlehem into a bishopric; and the first bad outbreaks of human nature among the Crusaders after conquering Jerusalem, were the cabals of the clergy respecting these new ecclesiastical dignities. The foundation of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem in July 1099 was the conclusion and consummation of the first Crusade.

HISTORY OF THE LATIN KINGDOMS IN ASIA FROM THE FIRST TO THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The Crusades are usually reckoned seven in number; and as the first began in 1096, and the last was brought to a termination in 1291, the entire history of the Crusades may be said to occupy a period of two centuries. We have sketched the history of the first Crusade with sufficient fulness to give a general conception of the true spirit of the Crusades, and of the toils and difficulties which the soldiers of the cross had to contend with. All that we can attempt more, is to give such a historical outline as may exhibit the connexion of the last six Crusades with the first and greatest one, and put our readers in possession of the facts necessary to enable them to view the Crusades as a whole.

Godfrey of Bouillon, the first king of Jerusalem, died in July 1100, after having reigned but one year. He was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, Prince of Edessa, who reigned eighteen years; and was in turn succeeded by Baldwin du Bourg, or Baldwin II., also one of the original Crusaders. After him the dignity of king of Jerusalem was held by Fulk of Anjou, who ascended the throne in 1131, and who was succeeded in 1148 by his son, Baldwin III. Under these successive princes the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem was extended and consolidated. Many battles were fought with the Saracens of Syria and Egypt, who exerted themselves to the utmost to crush the infant principality founded by the Crusaders. The result of all these battles was but to

their dearly-purchased wealth. Suddenly they were roused from their sloth and pleasure by the appearance before the walls of Antioch of an immense army, which the Persian caliph, hearing of the progress of the Christians through Asia Minor, had despatched, under the command of his favourite emir, Kerboga, to attack and repulse them. Kerboga had delayed some time at Edessa, otherwise he might have arrived in time to save Antioch. Now, however, his object was to recover it from the possession of the Christians. Having been joined by Kilidge Arslan, his army amounted to upwards of 200,000 men. Great was the alarm of the Christians when they saw this splendid host encamp around the walls of Antioch. The corn and wine which they had found in the city were soon exhausted; and all the horrors of a second famine began—horrors aggravated by the semblances of wealth by which they were themselves surrounded—the silks and spices, which they would fain have bartered for any sort of provisions; and still more by the appearances of plenty which they saw in the camp of the besiegers outside the walls. Many deserted and escaped over the walls, carrying the news of the sad condition of the Christians back towards Europe. The worst consequence of these desertions was, that the Greek emperor, Alexius, who, hearing of the successes of the Latins, was on his march to assist the Crusaders, was deterred from advancing, and driven back to Constantinople. As earthly hopes died out, however, Heaven itself appeared to send down help and inspiration. Men who lay down faint and starving, roused themselves, after a few hours' slumber, with flushed faces and excited gestures, and declared that they had seen visions of the Saviour and his apostles beckoning them kindly. These dreams were repeated and interpreted into encouragements to perseverance, vouchsafed by God himself. A feverish fervour spread through the town. One morning the excitement was more than usually intense. A clerk of Provence had dreamt, he said, that St Andrew appeared to him in the night, and informed him that underneath a certain spot in the floor of the church of St Peter was buried the identical lance with which the Roman soldier had pierced the side of Christ as he hung on the cross. This relic, said the apparition, was to be the guarantee of God's presence with the Crusaders, and their guide to victory. There were various opinions as to the propriety of believing in the clerk's story so far as to search for the lance; at length, however, the sceptics, among whom was Adhemar, bishop of Puy, yielded to the general voice, and it was resolved to dig for the relic. Twelve persons were chosen to conduct the search within the chapel, while the multitude remained anxiously without. A whole day was spent in vain; the workmen were tired out, and still no lance was found. It was evening when Peter Barthelmy, the clerk who had seen the vision, descended into the pit, and began to

rake the loose earth. Who so likely to discover the relic as the man who had dreamt of it? Still Peter raked the earth at the bottom of the pit, and the men who had for some time hung over to look down at him had lost hope of his success, and began to move away, when all at once a cry of joy was heard, and, stretching himself to his full height, Peter handed up into the eager fingers of those above an actual rusty lance-head. In an instant it was noised abroad through the city that the holy relic had been found. What remained now but to issue from Antioch and discomfit the infidel host?

The infidel host *was* discomfited. On the 28th of June 1098, 200,000 Turks, in the full flush of health and strength, were routed outside the walls of Antioch by a half-famished Christian army! Sixty-nine thousand Turks were slain, and the booty was immense. Antioch, now a Christian principality, was bestowed on Bohemond of Tarentum; and it was resolved that the Christian army should remain there to recruit during the hot autumn months, not advancing towards Jerusalem till the beginning of October. In the meantime Hugh of Vermandois, with some other chiefs, were despatched to Constantinople to remonstrate with Alexius, and remind him of his engagements to assist the Crusaders. Hugh arrived safely at Constantinople, and delivered his message; but finding himself so near his native country, he became home-sick, and continued his journey to France, abandoning an enterprise the pains of which had already been too severe for him.

During their stay at Antioch the Crusaders were visited by a plague incident to the climate, which cut off many of their number, among others Adhemar, bishop of Puy. Somewhat later than the time appointed they commenced their march to Jerusalem by Tripoli and Acre, at the former of which towns they first saw the sugar-cane, and tasted its sweets. We need not detail their various actions on this march, their sufferings from the usual cause of famine, their disputes and reconciliations. The only incident which need be mentioned is the tragical death of Peter Barthelmy, the discoverer of the sacred lance. Out of hostility to Barthelmy's patron, Raimond of Toulouse, many of the Crusaders had begun to call the genuineness of the relic in question; and, in order to silence their expressions of doubt, Peter was prevailed upon to submit to the ordeal of fire. A great fire was kindled in the presence of the assembled army; Peter, with the lance in his hand, walked into the flames, where, becoming frightened, he was burnt to death. From that moment the story of the relic lost credit with all, except a few whose faith could not be shaken.

It was on a lovely morning in the summer of 1099 that the 40,000 Crusaders, who were all that remained of the vast army of more than 600,000 which, two years before, had laid siege to Nice—it was on a lovely summer morning that this devoted

and heiress of Bohemond, on Raymond of Poitiers. A new claimant then appeared for the sovereignty of Antioch in the person of the Greek emperor John Comnenus, who succeeded Alexius; and at the breaking out of the second Crusade, Antioch was actually in the condition of a Greek dependency.

Edessa, as our readers already know, was a Mesopotamian sovereignty, to which Baldwin, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, had been elected during the advance of the crusading armies out of Asia Minor into Syria. On the death of Godfrey, Baldwin was transferred to the principality of Jerusalem, and Edessa was conferred on Baldwin du Bourg; who, being also transferred to Jerusalem at a later period, left the inferior Mesopotamian dignity to Joscelyn de Courtenay, a distinguished Crusader. From Joscelyn the sovereignty of Edessa descended to his son, whose incapacity enabled the Moslems to gain successes which they had not dared to hope for under his predecessors. In the year 1144 Emad-Eddin Zenghi, emir of Aleppo and Mosul, a brave and able Turk, who had already given proofs of his prowess, advanced against Edessa while its effeminate prince was amusing himself on the other side of the Euphrates, and, after a siege of eighteen days, effected an entrance, and made himself master of the city with immense slaughter of the inhabitants.

This capture of Edessa, the first conspicuous success of the Turks against the Latin power in Asia, was the immediate cause of the second Crusade. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since the victorious Crusaders had entered Syria; and all the brave heroes of the first Crusade—the Godfreys, the Tancreds, the Baldwins, the Bohemonds—had gone to their peaceful resting-places. The very spirit of the Crusade seemed to have died out. Those scenes which, to the eyes of pilgrims, were sacred and impressive, had become necessarily familiar to men born amidst them, or at least accustomed to regard them only as an emigrant regards the spot where he has chosen his new abode. The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem had become, like any other kingdom of the period, a country in which men built houses, ploughed land, made bargains, gave feasts, ate, drank, laughed, talked, quarrelled, and went to law. The fall of Edessa, therefore, came like a surprise upon the Latin population of Syria. A temporary gleam of hope was afforded them by the sudden death of Zenghi, whose empire was divided between his two sons—Saphaddin, who became emir of Mosul; and Noureddin, who became emir of Aleppo. An attempt was made by the Latins at this juncture to recover Edessa, which, however, was foiled by the activity of Noureddin, who, marching in haste to the city, defeated the Latin force which was besieging it, and razed the fortifications to the ground, thus laying the frontier of Syria open to invasion from the east.

THE SECOND CRUSADE.

The fall of Edessa, and the petitions of the people of Palestine

for aid, produced a great sensation throughout Europe, and especially in France. There, Palestine was still the land of wonders, towards which the imagination of the devout was ever carrying them. Nor was an apostle wanting worthy to fill the place of Peter the Hermit, and to summon the chivalry of Europe to a second Crusade. Commissioned by Pope Eugenius for that purpose, the famous St Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux in Champagne, travelled through France and Germany, exerting the powers of his marvellous eloquence in recruiting the armies of the cross.

The chiefs of the second Crusade were two of the most powerful princes of Europe—Louis VII., king of France; and Conrad III., emperor of Germany. Under their command upwards of 1,200,000 men, collected from all parts of Europe, marched towards Palestine in two great armies early in 1147. Notwithstanding the vastness of the preparations, the expedition was a total failure. The events of the last fifty years had rendered the policy of the Greek princes hostile to the Crusades. Manuel Comnenus, the grandson of Alexius, who now occupied the throne, suffered both armies to pass into Asia Minor, where, purposely misled by the Greek scouts, the army of Conrad was all but destroyed by the Turks near Iconium; while the army of Louis, after undergoing infinite hardship, was wrecked in the defiles of the Pisidian mountains. The relics of the two armies uniting, made their way to Syria, where they co-operated with forces of the princes of Jerusalem and Antioch in laying siege to Damascus; but without effect, being compelled, by the activity of Saphaddin and Noureddin, the two sons of Zenghi, to raise the siege. In 1149 Conrad and Louis returned to Europe, and the second Crusade was at an end, having consisted in nothing more than the useless expenditure of more than a million of lives. Hundreds of poor pilgrims, who had accompanied the armies with the intention of visiting the Holy Sepulchre, were left to languish in Turkish captivity.

RISE OF SALADIN—RECONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE TURKS—THE THIRD CRUSADE.

A period of forty years elapsed before Europe fitted out another Crusade for the preservation of the Christian power in Palestine. Meanwhile the struggle between the Christians and the Turks in Syria was carried on without intermission. Noureddin, the son of Zenghi, displayed a superiority of genius which astonished his neighbours, both Turks and Christians. Keeping possession of Edessa, he aimed at extending his conquests at the expense of the Christians still farther. For some time he was kept in check by the abilities of Baldwin III., king of Jerusalem, who, availing himself of the services of many of those private adventurers who were continually arriving in Palestine from Europe, sometimes in considerable bands, still maintained the integrity of his king-

strengthen the Latin state. The towns and villages of the Mussulmans throughout the Holy Land submitted one after another, purchasing the protection and toleration of the Latin sovereigns by the payment of tribute. The Christians and the Turks of Palestine were thus thrown more together, and began to constitute a mixed population. The constant influx of pilgrims and adventurers from Europe tended to maintain the preponderance of the Christians. No fewer than 500,000 persons set out from Europe for Syria, incited by the news of the success of the first Crusade; and year after year fresh accessions were made to the population of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa, by the arrival of bands of soldiers, priests, and merchants from the different countries of Europe. Twenty years after the capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, the condition of Palestine may be conceived as resembling that of Spain after the Moorish conquest. As in Spain, in the year 740, there was a mixed population of Mohammedans and Christians, in which the Mohammedans were politically dominant, so in Syria, in the year 1140, there was a mixed population, consisting likewise of Christians and Mohammedans, but in which the Christians were politically dominant. Indeed, as an eminent historian has remarked, the irruption of the Europeans into Asia during the Crusades, and the foundation of a Latin kingdom in Palestine, may be regarded as a sort of revenge and compensation for the irruption of the Arabs into the Spanish peninsula four centuries before.

The three centres from which the Christian power sought to spread itself through the Mussulman possessions were Jerusalem, Antioch, and Edessa. These three towns were, in fact, the capitals of three distinct principalities; and to fill up the gap between the first and second Crusades, would be to detail the history of each of them, of their internal progress as states, and of their struggles against the Turks. With regard to Jerusalem, in addition to what we have already said, we need only allude to the foundation there of those two celebrated military orders—the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars. At the commencement of our narrative, we incidentally mentioned the institution, in the year 1048, of an hospital in Jerusalem for the relief of pilgrims. This hospital, founded by some pious Italian merchants, had weathered all the storms of the Turkish invasion of Palestine; and a monastery having been attached to it, dedicated to St John the Almoner, the monks of which made it their business to attend to sick and poor pilgrims, it became in those troubled times a most valuable institution for the Christians who visited Jerusalem. On the advance of the Crusading army, the monks of St John, along with the principal Christians of the place, were thrown into prison. Released by the conquerors after the capture of Jerusalem, the good monks made themselves conspicuous by their kind offices to the wounded Crusaders. In gratitude for their pious services, endowments and immunities

were conferred on them by Godfrey of Bouillon; the Hospitallers of Jerusalem became rich and famous, and monastic institutions bearing their name were founded in various cities of Europe. On the death of their abbot, a Frenchman named Gerard, in 1118, a Crusader named Raimond Dupuy, who had been wounded at the siege of Jerusalem, and had experienced the benefits of the hospital, was chosen his successor. Raimond, combining his old profession of a soldier with his new duties as head of an ecclesiastical corporation, conceived the idea of changing the monks Hospitallers into a military body. The order of the Knights Hospitallers of St John was accordingly founded; the declared objects of the institution being to make war upon the infidels, and to afford relief and comfort to pilgrims to the Holy Land. The origin of the Knights Templars was not very dissimilar. Even after the conquest of Palestine by the Crusaders, pilgrims from Europe were frequently plundered and robbed by the Turks on their way to Jerusalem. To defend travellers from the attacks of these roving bands of infidels, some French knights who had taken part in the first Crusade formed an association of a religious character, abjuring worldly possessions, vowing implicit obedience to their elected chief, and renouncing every end in life except the defence of the Christian faith against the infidel. The nine knights who were the first members of the association had quarters assigned them in Jerusalem near the temple; hence the name of the order.

The sovereignty of Antioch, it will be remembered, had been conferred on Bohemond of Tarentum. After some years spent in war with the Turks on the one hand, and the Greek emperor, Alexius, who had given him reason of offence, on the other, as well as in dissensions with the king of Jerusalem, with whom he maintained a kind of chivalrous rivalry, Bohemond returned to Europe, where he married Constantia, daughter of the French king. Tancred, who, by his marriage with Cecilia, the sister of Constantia, became Bohemond's brother-in-law, remained as his deputy in Antioch; and on Bohemond's death, which took place in Italy in 1109, as he was making preparations to return to Syria, Tancred succeeded him. Three years afterwards, however, this, the gentlest and most chivalrous of all the Crusaders, except Godfrey of Bouillon, was also laid in the tomb. After some years, during which the government was in the hands of Roger, a kinsman of Tancred, the sovereignty of Antioch was annexed to that of Jerusalem by Baldwin II. In 1126, however, Bohemond, son of Bohemond and Constantia, arrived in Syria, and claimed his father's territories. The claim was acknowledged, and Bohemond assumed the government of Antioch. On his death, a contest began between his widow and Fulk, king of Jerusalem, respecting the dependence of Antioch on Jerusalem. Fulk succeeded in gaining his point, and conferred the government of Antioch, along with the hand of Constantia, daughter

dom. On the death of Baldwin, however, in 1162, Noureddin's ambition found larger scope, Baldwin's brother and successor, Almeric, being by no means his equal in talent.

At this crisis, while Noureddin the sultan of Aleppo, and Almeric the Christian king of Jerusalem, were the rival powers in Syria, occurred a circumstance which exercised considerable influence on the subsequent course of events, and to understand which it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance.

At the time of the first Crusade, Palestine was the scene of a violent contest between the Turks, who had poured down from the north in 1055, conquering as they went, and the Fatimites of Egypt, who had possessed Syria for nearly a century. The Turks had at first been irresistible. The Fatimites, however, had been so successful as to recover Jerusalem out of the hands of their enemies at the very instant when the Crusade was preached; and, as will be remembered, it was a vizier of the Egyptian caliph who had defended the Holy City against the Christians. Interrupted in their conflict with each other for the sovereignty of Palestine by the sudden apparition among them of the chivalry of Europe, the Fatimites of Egypt and the Turks of Syria turned their arms with one accord against the new invader. For fifty years, as we have seen, the Christian power had maintained and extended itself at the expense both of the Turks and the Fatimites. In the person of Noureddin, however, the Turkish power was now increasing. With the simple title of Sultan of Aleppo, and nominally dependent on the caliph of Bagdad, he already shared Syria with Almeric, the Christian monarch of Jerusalem, when a circumstance opened up to his ambition a prospect of still more extensive power. The Fatimite dynasty of Egypt had long been showing symptoms of decay, the caliphs having become mere tools in the hands of their viziers and high military officers. In 1163, one of these viziers, named Shawer, finding himself expelled from his post by a rival named Dargham, sought refuge at the court of the sultan of Aleppo, from whom he asked assistance. Noureddin, a Turk, and therefore the hereditary enemy of the Fatimites, eagerly embraced the opportunity of obtaining a footing in Egypt, and sent two Curdish adventurers in whom he placed confidence—Assad-Eddin Chyrkouh, and his nephew Salah-Eddin, or Saladin—to displace the usurping vizier, and re-establish Shawer. This was no sooner effected than Shawer, finding himself treated as a mere subordinate by the emissaries of Noureddin, invited Almeric, king of Jerusalem, to assist him in expelling them. Almeric, in his turn, sought to compensate himself for his services in driving Chyrkouh and his nephew out of Egypt, by retaining his influence in that country. Again, at Shawer's request, the officers of Noureddin entered Egypt, and the Christian forces were expelled. The vizier, however, paid the penalty of his fickleness by losing his head; and his post was immediately

occupied by Chyrkouh, who, while ruling Egypt as the vizier of the Fatimite caliph, was in reality the lieutenant of Noureddin. On the death of Chyrkouh in 1169, his nephew, Saladin, was appointed to the viziership; the caliph imagining that with such a vizier as the young and pleasure-loving Curdish chief he might again have some power in his own dominions. Saladin, however, was no ordinary character; his daring mind soon gave him the supremacy; and, instructed by Noureddin, whose lieutenant he acknowledged himself to be, he effected a revolution in Egypt, declared the Fatimite dynasty at an end, and subjected the country once more to the nominal authority of the Bagdad caliphs, whom Noureddin professed to reverence as the supreme heads of the Mohammedan empire. Nor did he stop here. Once lord of Egypt, he soon showed a disposition to shake off his allegiance to Noureddin; and the sultan of Aleppo was preparing to march into Egypt, to vindicate his authority, when he was cut off by death in the year 1171.

The death of Noureddin was an important event both for Almeric, king of Jerusalem, and for Saladin, viceroy of Egypt. The former seized the opportunity of making an incursion on the Turkish territories; the latter saw the great obstacle to his ambition removed, and began to aim at realising those schemes of sovereignty which Noureddin himself had projected. The state of the Christian kingdom during the ten or twelve years which followed, was such as directly to favour the rising fortunes of the young Curdish chief. In 1173 Almeric died, and was succeeded by his son, Baldwin IV., the seventh monarch of Jerusalem. Baldwin, who was a leper, did not reign long. When he found his death approaching, he appointed Raymond II., Count of Tripoli, to be regent during the minority of his nephew Baldwin, who was to succeed him on the throne. The death of this young prince, however, shortly after that of his uncle, left the kingdom in a state of the utmost confusion. Guy de Lusignan and his wife Sybilla, the uncle and aunt of the deceased prince, usurped the throne with the assistance of a large party, including the patriarch of Jerusalem, the Grand-Master of the Templars, and other influential men; while, on the other hand, their claims were disputed by another strong party, at the head of which were the Count of Tripoli and the Grand-Master of the Hospitallers.

Meanwhile the keen eye of Saladin had discerned the weakness of his Christian neighbours in these civil dissensions; and, already master of all Syria, he resolved to complete his greatness by the conquest of Palestine. Brave, daring, experienced, and a resolute enemy of the Christians, Mohammedanism had as yet produced no chief so fitted to be its champion against the chivalry of Christendom as Saladin appeared to be. Accordingly, when, in the year 1187, it was known that he was on his march against Jerusalem with an army of 50,000 horse and a vast multitude of

foot, the Christian leaders saw the necessity of abandoning their dissensions, and uniting cordially against the invader. Their exertions, however, were in vain. Assisted, it is said, by the treachery of the Count of Tripoli, Saladin gained a great victory over their army at Tiberias, killing an immense number of the Latins, and taking the king, the Grand-Master of the Templars, and many other persons of distinction prisoners. Town after town surrendered to the victorious Saracen; and in October 1187, Jerusalem itself, after fourteen days' defence, was obliged to submit to his mercy. The conduct of Saladin on this occasion was more generous than might have been expected. A moderate ransom was fixed for every individual in the population, on the payment of which he should be at liberty to remove with his goods to whatever place he chose. To the prisoners of rank, especially the Christian ladies, Saladin's conduct was courteous in the extreme; so that it became a remark among the Latins of Palestine that Saladin was a barbarian only in name. Nevertheless, the Moslems displayed their sense of triumph in manifestations which grieved and shocked the feelings of the vanquished. The great cross erected by the church of the Holy Sepulchre was taken down, and dragged in contempt through the streets; the bells of the churches were melted; and the mosque of Omar was purified from the pollutions to which, in the opinion of the Mohammedans, it had been subjected, by copious sprinklings of the walls and floor with the rose-water of Damascus. Thus, after ninety years, was the Holy City again inhabited by the infidel, and all the fruits of the first Crusade lost, as it seemed, to the world. The title of King of Jerusalem was solemnly abdicated by Guy de Lusignan in favour of the conqueror, who now possessed the whole of Palestine, with the single exception of the city of Tyre, which was gallantly defended by Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat.

Ho! Europe once more to the Crusades! Such was the cry raised among the nations of Christendom; not now by Peter the Hermit, for the anchorite's bones had for nearly ninety years been laid in the earth; nor by St Bernard, whose eloquence had for half a century been dumb; but by William, archbishop of Tyre, one of the best historians of the Crusades, who, sorrowing and downcast at the calamities of Palestine, had left his see to proceed to Rome and demand help against the Saracen. The intelligence of the loss of Jerusalem is said to have caused the death of Urban IV., who then occupied the papal chair; but under his successor, Gregory VIII., preparations were begun for a third Crusade—a Crusade not undertaken, as the first had been, to defend the right of pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre—for Saladin allowed Christian pilgrims free access to Jerusalem—but to recover the lost kingdom of Jerusalem. To meet the expenses of the enterprise, a tax was imposed by the pope on all classes, including even the clergy, to the amount of one-tenth of their property, landed or personal.

The princes of Europe exhibited the utmost alacrity in preparing for the Crusade, each within his own dominions. Frederick I. of Germany, Philip-Augustus of France, and Richard I. of England, immediately announced their intention of leading armies into Palestine, and the example of these powerful monarchs was followed by many lesser Italian and German potentates. The first to take the field was the illustrious German emperor. Marching from Ratisbon at the head of a magnificent army in the spring of 1189, he fought his way through the Greek dominions, where the treachery of the eastern emperor tried to arrest him, advanced through Asia Minor, conquering as he went, and was already on the borders of Palestine, when, imprudently bathing while heated in the waters of the Orontes, he was cut off in the seventieth year of his age. His army now suffered greatly from the difficulties of their march, and the attacks of the Saracens. The wrecks of it, however, under Frederick's son, the Duke of Suabia, proved a most valuable reinforcement to the Christians in Syria, who had by this time rallied and combined themselves against the domination of Saladin, laying siege to the city of Acre on the sea-coast—a town of so much importance, that the possession of it was considered almost equivalent to being master of the whole country. Upon this siege, commenced in August 1189, was concentrated all the force at the command of the Christians in Palestine—the remnants of the two great military orders the Templars and the Hospitallers, the survivors of Frederick's army, together with such bodies of Crusaders as were successively arriving from Europe by sea, pressing on in advance of the main armies which Philip of France and Richard of England were to bring. Guy de Lusignan was the commander of the besieging forces; and so skilfully was his camp fortified, that Saladin was unable to dislodge him. For two-and-twenty months the siege had continued, and many engagements had taken place between the Christian army and that of Saladin, which occupied the mountains to the south, but still without any visible advantage on either side.

Such was the position of affairs when, early in the summer of 1191, the French and English monarchs, after longer delay than had been anticipated, arrived with their fleets. Their presence produced an immediate change in the Christian camp at Acre. "All the chivalry of Europe," says Mr James, "were now upon the sandy plain between Acre and the mountains of Carouba—the Templars, the Hospitallers, the knights of France, of England, of Germany, of Italy, of Flanders, and of Burgundy. On the inland hills lay the millions of Saladin, with every accessory of eastern pomp and luxury." Such were the armies opposed to each other in the months of June and July 1191 at the city of Acre. On the 12th of July 1191 Acre surrendered to the Christians. Had the Crusaders been united among themselves, the fall of this city might have been but preliminary to the recovery of the whole

country. The rivalry of the kings of France and England, however, was such as to prevent their cordial co-operation; and not long after the capture of Acre, Philip ruined the cause of the Crusade by returning to Europe. After gaining many important successes against Saladin, and earning for himself the reputation of the most valiant knight of the age, Richard, involved in disputes with the other chiefs of the Crusade, and anxious to revisit England, where his presence was becoming daily more necessary, was glad to conclude an honourable peace. Saladin, on his side, was equally willing to end a struggle which had cost him so much. At a personal interview, says Mr Mills, "the Christian king and the sultan of Egypt interchanged expressions of esteem; and as the former avowed his contempt of the vulgar obligation of oaths, they only grasped each other's hands in pledge of fidelity. A truce was agreed upon for three years and eight months; the fort of Ascalon was to be destroyed; but Jaffa and Tyre, with the country between them, were to be surrendered to the Christians. The people of the west were also to be at liberty to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem, exempt from the taxes which the Saracen princes had in former times imposed." The Saracen monarch even permitted the establishment of societies of Latin priests in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Thus at length the Crusading armies left Palestine, applauding the knightly virtues of their foe Saladin; while perhaps the strongest impression which the Crusade left on the Saracens, was admiration for the valour of *Melech Ric*, as they named Richard of England. On the 25th of October 1192 Richard set sail for Europe. Forced, by stress of weather, to land at Zara, and attempt his journey home through the continent, Richard was arrested in passing through the dominions of his enemy and former fellow-crusader, the Archduke of Austria, and remained in a prison near Vienna for several months. He returned to England in March 1194, and died in 1199. His great antagonist, Saladin, had died in 1193, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, not long after the Crusaders had left Palestine.

FOURTH, FIFTH, SIXTH, AND SEVENTH CRUSADES.

Thus fruitlessly ended the third Crusade; the others were still greater failures, and need be noticed but with the utmost brevity. After Saladin's death, his brother, Saif-Eddin, seized upon Syria, and hostilities recommenced between him and the Christians of Palestine, to whose assistance Europe was constantly despatching bodies of adventurers. On the whole, however, the condition of the Christians was prosperous enough, and no Crusade was necessary. The spirit, however, which prompted to war with the infidel was still powerful in Europe; and in the year 1203 a new Crusade was set on foot, under the auspices of Pope Innocent III., and commanded by several of the most powerful nobles of Italy and France. Instead of marching at once against the in-

fidels, the Crusaders suffered themselves to be drawn aside into a contest with the Greek empire. The occasion of this change of purpose was as follows:—The Greek emperor, Isaac Angelus, having been deposed and deprived of his eyes by his own brother, his son Alexius fled to Europe, and petitioned for the assistance of the Latin princes against the usurper, promising, in return, to use his endeavours to promote an incorporation of the Greek with the Latin church, and to employ all the resources of the Greek empire against the infidels of Syria. The temptations of such a prospect could not be resisted; the Crusaders marched into Greece, took Constantinople, and established themselves so thoroughly in the empire, that for fifty years it was ruled over by the Franks. The whole force of the fourth Crusade was, therefore, spent on an object foreign to that for which it had been levied.

The fifth Crusade, which was commanded by Frederick II., emperor of Germany, began in 1228, and terminated in a treaty between the German monarch and the sultan of Egypt, by which the latter, who placed no great value on Palestine, willingly surrendered the greater part of it in exchange for Frederick's friendship. After crowning himself king of Jerusalem, Frederick returned to Europe, leaving Palestine in a state of tranquillity.

The irruption, however, in 1244, of a new race of Turks, placed the Holy Land once more in the possession of the infidel; and a new Crusade was undertaken under the leadership of Louis IX., or St Louis of France, for the purpose of delivering it. The Crusade terminated in the total defeat of the Latins, and the capture of Louis himself by the Egyptian sultan. By the payment of a large ransom, the French king obtained his own liberty and that of the other prisoners, and returned to Europe with the glory of having been a sufferer for his pious enthusiasm. Sixteen years afterwards he resolved on a second Crusade, and actually set out for the Holy Land; but landing in Africa on his route, he died at Tunis in the year 1270.

England furnished the last great Crusading chief in the person of Prince Edward, son of Henry III., and grandson of Cœur de Lion, and who afterwards ascended the throne as Edward I. The young English prince had intended to place himself under the command of Louis IX. of France in his last Crusade; but hearing that the French king had turned aside to make war on the Moors in Africa, he altered his intention, and proceeded at once to Palestine, where his rank and reputation in arms gathered round him all who were willing to fight for the cross. Nothing of consequence, however, was accomplished; and Edward soon returned to England, the last of the Crusaders. Acre, Antioch, and Tripoli still continued in the possession of the Christians, and were defended for some time by the Templars and other military knights; but in 1291 Acre capitulated, the other towns soon followed the example, and the knights were glad to quit the country,

and disperse themselves over Europe in quest of new employment, leaving Palestine in the undisturbed possession of the Saracens. For two centuries and a half after the last Crusade, Palestine continued, with one or two interruptions, to be governed by the Mameluke sultans of Egypt. Early in the sixteenth century, however, it was conquered by the Turkish sultan, Selim, under whose successors it remained for three centuries, divided, like the other Turkish territories, into provinces, each governed by a pasha. In 1799 Palestine was invaded by the French forces under Bonaparte; and the famous Acre was again besieged, but without effect, the French troops being defeated by the British and Turks under Sir Sidney Smith. Syria and Palestine were wrested, in 1832, from the government of the Grand Seignior by Ibrahim Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali, the present ruler of Egypt; but in 1840 the European powers compelled their restoration; and at present the country, for which the chivalry of Europe contended for two centuries, has scarcely any government at all.

EFFECTS OF THE CRUSADES.

It would be a mistake to suppose that because the Crusades failed in their immediate object, because they were conducted at an immense expense of human labour and human life, therefore they were without beneficial influence on modern society. By no writer have the effects of the Crusades, their design and function in modern civilisation, been more beautifully explained than by M. Guizot in his admirable "Lectures on European Civilisation." "To the first chroniclers," says M. Guizot, "and consequently to the first Crusaders, of whom they are but the expression, Mohammedans are objects only of hatred; it is evident that those who speak of them do not know them, or judge them upon proof, but consider them only with the blindness of the religious hostility which exists between them; we discover no trace of any mutual social relation. The historians of the later Crusades speak of the Mussulmans quite differently: although engaged in combating them, it is clear that they look upon them no longer as monsters; that they have, to a certain extent, entered into their ideas; that they have lived with them; and that relations, and even a sort of sympathy, have been established between them.

"Here was the first and main result of the Crusades—a great step towards the enfranchisement of the mind, and a considerable advance towards more extended and unprejudiced ideas. Besides, the Crusader came into relations with two civilisations, not only different, but more advanced—namely, the Greek society on the one hand, and the Mussulman on the other. There can be no doubt but that the Greek society, although its civilisation was emasculated, corrupted, and expiring, had on the Crusaders the operation of a society in a more advanced state, more polished

and enlightened than theirs. The Mussulman society offered to them a spectacle of the same nature. It is curious to perceive in the chronicles the impression that the Crusaders produced upon the Mohammedans: the latter regarded them upon their first approach as barbarians, as the most brutal, ferocious, and stupid mortals it had been their lot to behold. The Crusaders, on their side, were struck with the exhibition of wealth and the refinement of manners amongst the Moslems. Frequent relations between the two people soon succeeded this first impression. The east and the west came to know, to visit, and to mingle with each other.

"Another circumstance deserves to be mentioned. Multitudes of laymen thus enjoyed an opportunity of more narrowly inspecting the policy and manners of the papal court, and of discriminating how much of personal interest was mixed up with religious discussions. There can scarcely be a doubt that this new species of knowledge inspired numerous minds with a hardihood previously undreamt of.

"The social state also had suffered an alteration of an analogous nature. Many proprietors of fiefs were reduced to the necessity of selling them to the kings, or of granting charters to the boroughs for the purpose of raising money and going to the Crusades, and by their mere absence, many lords lost a considerable portion of power. The Crusades, therefore, greatly diminished the number of small fiefs, of petty domains, and of small proprietors, and concentrated property and power into a less number of hands. It is subsequent to the Crusades that we find the great fiefs, the great feudal formations, spread over the face of the country. And even when the small proprietors preserved their fiefs, they ceased to live so isolated as formerly. The possessors of large fiefs became centres, around which the small ones flocked and passed their lives.

"As to the burghers, a result of the same nature is instantly perceptible. The Crusades were the means of creating large towns. Petty inland commerce and industry had been insufficient to form boroughs such as the great towns of Italy and Flanders. Their rise was owing to commerce upon an extensive scale, maritime commerce, and particularly that between the east and the west. Thus it was the Crusades which gave to maritime commerce the strongest impulse it had ever received.

"Upon the whole, when we look to the state of society at the conclusion of the Crusades, we find that that tendency to dispersion and dissolution, that movement to universal localisation, if I may be permitted so to speak, which had preceded that epoch, had ceased and been replaced by a tendency of a contrary nature, by a movement to centralisation. Everything was disposed for junction and amalgamation. The smaller existences were absorbed in the greater, or grouped around them. In this direction society marched—to this object were its advancements pointed."

WOMEN'S TRIALS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

STORY OF PEGGY DICKSON.

WHAT a neat-looking girl Peggy Dickson was when we first saw her, a great many years ago: active, sprightly, and obliging, everybody thought well of her, and said she deserved to be happy. Peggy was brought up as a domestic servant from about her twelfth year, when she had the misfortune to lose both her parents, and in the course of time she went through a number of respectable places.

Peggy had received little or no education, but she possessed good principles, and was liked by her employers. In more than one of her situations she might have lived for any length of time in a state of comfort, being kindly treated, and receiving the highest wages that were paid; but, like many others in her class, Peggy was a little too fond of changes. She never liked to stay long in any place; fidgetted about from term to term, always seeking better situations, or leaving those she was in, from the most trifling excuses. In one house she was not allowed to let a number of acquaintances call upon her; in another she was scolded for spending time needlessly when sent on errands; and in a third she was only allowed to have every alternate Sunday evening, not the whole day, to herself. These, and the like of these, she considered sufficient reasons to shift her situation, with a view to bettering her condition. Peggy's fate verified the old proverb, that "an unhappy fish often gets an unhappy bait." By one of these luckless removes, she got into

a situation where she had the liberty of going out every alternate Sunday from morning till night; this seemed to her a most delightful arrangement, for it permitted her to carry on a more extensive system of gossiping with persons in her own rank of life at houses where servants are in the habit of meeting each other, to talk over their own affairs and those of the families with whom they are connected; by which practice a steady-flowing under-stream of scandal is kept up through society. Whatever may have been the pleasure derived at the time from these gossipings, they paved the way to a very serious disaster, which was neither more nor less than Peggy's marriage with a workman in the town, Peter Yellowlees by name. This would have been a commendable and prudent enough step, had she taken a little care to ascertain beforehand that her proposed husband was a man of steady industrious habits and sound moral principles. But this never entered into her mind; like too many women in humble life, she persuaded herself that it was her *fate* to marry the person who thus addressed her, and therefore neither sought advice, nor made any kind of investigation whatever.

Behold Peggy Dickson now transformed into Mrs Yellowlees, and her residence in a gentleman's family exchanged for a house of her own, consisting of a single apartment in an upper storey in one of the meaner kind of back streets! Peggy was, however, a girl of some taste and tidiness; and although her domicile was humble, she did everything in her power to make it agreeable and acceptable to her husband. To the small stock of furniture she made some useful additions, and both by her exertions and her good-will, promised to make a really excellent housewife with the limited means at her command. But most unfortunately she had married a person who in no respect appreciated her efforts. Her husband was a man not decidedly bad; he would do nothing that would bring him within the scope of judicial punishment. But a man may be an utter wretch, and yet avoid the chance of coming under the hands of even the police. Peter was one of this description. He was addicted to indulge with companions in taprooms, and to loiter away his time with associates at the corners of the streets, or in anyway that did not involve anything like steady labour. In short, he was an idle, dissolute person, who married Peggy for what he considered a tolerably large fortune—something that would minister to his abominable gratifications. Peggy's dowry was, alas! but a small affair to have tempted any one to destroy her comfort for life. It consisted of about twelve pounds sterling, saved from her half-yearly wages, besides a blue painted trunk containing a tolerable wardrobe, not to speak of a brown silk bonnet with a veil worth five-and-twenty or thirty shillings. All this appeared an inexhaustible mine of wealth to Peter, who was not long in developing his real character.

For two or three weeks all went smoothly on, and he attended pretty regularly to his employment; but towards the end of the fourth week, his propensities could no longer be restrained. On the pretence of purchasing some articles necessary for their personal comfort, he wheedled Peggy out of the remains of her little savings. He went forth with some seven or eight pounds in his pocket—more riches than he had ever before had in his possession at one time—and did not make his appearance for a fortnight. This was a dreadful blow to Peggy's expectations of happiness in wedded life. It opened her eyes to the horrors of the condition she had brought herself into; but it is somehow difficult for a woman all at once to give up her attachment to the object who has gained her affections. A good and discreet wife will submit to a lengthened repetition of contumelies and ill-usage before she can think seriously of parting from a husband whom she has vowed to love, cherish, and obey, whatever may be his errors, however great may be his crimes. The idea always predominates in her mind, that his follies are but temporary, that he will repent of his misdeeds, and again be the worthy being which she once pictured him to be in her imagination. This is a delusion—a hope that is rarely realised. Few badly-disposed husbands are ever altogether reclaimed, or become better than they have been. Such at least was the case in the present instance. Peggy's silent tears, and bosom heaving with distress, her pitying and beseeching looks, or her few words of remonstrance, were alike disregarded. In a short space of time her husband abandoned all regular employment, abstracting from her little household any portable article he could carry off from time to time, to pledge at the nearest pawnbroker's for an insignificant sum, and which he squandered on liquor in the company of his reckless associates. In the meantime want pressed upon the humble dwelling, and Peggy only saved herself from starvation by making her necessities known to some of the families whom she had previously served, and who commiserated her deplorable fate. At length, in the midst of her distresses, she brought an infant into the world, to share in her sufferings, and to call upon her to put forth additional exertions for the family's support. But for the kindness of a lady who had known her in better days, she must now inevitably have sunk under her calamities; this benevolent individual, however, interested herself so far, as to procure some employment for her, for which she expressed her thankfulness in terms of untutored eloquence. Poor Peggy, however, still clung to her home, miserable and desolate as it was; and still, in the warmth and sincerity of her unfortunately-placed affections, continued to hope that her heartless husband would see the folly and wickedness of his ways, and would return to her and her child a penitent and reclaimed man. Vain hope! Idle anticipation!

One evening, as she was sitting by her little carefully-econo-

mised fire nursing her little one—on whom, to add to her misery, the hand of sickness was pressing heavily—sometimes reflecting on the painful contrast which her present and former condition presented, sometimes brooding over disappointed prospects and vanished dreams of happiness, mingled—for when will hope desert us?—with visions of future felicity, grounded on a fond anticipation of her husband's amendment—one evening, as we said, while thus employed, she was startled by a loud and boisterous knocking at the door. Her heart leaped from its place with terror, and in an instant her face grew deadly pale. She knew who it was that knocked—she knew it was her husband; but this, instead of allaying, only served to increase her fears; for she knew also, from the rudeness with which the wretched man assailed the door, that he was in that state when neither reason nor sympathy can reach the brutalised heart; she knew that he was intoxicated. The unhappy woman, however, obeyed the ruffian's summons. She opened the door, and Peter staggered into the middle of the apartment. Partly through fear, and partly from a feeling of affection for the lost man, which even his infamous conduct towards her could not entirely subdue, Peggy addressed him in the language of kindness, and endeavoured to soothe and allay the sullen and ferocious spirit which she saw gleaming in his reeling eye; for he was not in the last helpless stage of drunkenness, but just so far as to give energy and remorselessness to the demon spirit which the liquor he had swallowed had raised within him. "Peter," she said kindly, and making a feeble attempt to smile as she spoke—"Peter, you're all wet, my man; sit down here near the fire," and she placed a chair for him with one hand, while she supported her child with the other, "and I'll put on some more coals," she went on, "and bring you dry clothes, and get some supper ready for you, for I'm sure you must be hungry. Poor little Bobby's very unwell, Peter," she added.

"I don't care whether he's well or ill," roared out the drunken wretch; "nor do I want clothes from you, nor a supper either! I want money," he shouted out at the top of his voice; "and money I must have!"

"Money, Peter!" replied the terrified wife in a gentle tone; "you know I have no money. There's not a farthing in the house, nor has there been for many a day."

"Well, though you have no money, you have a shawl, which we can soon turn into money." Saying this, he forthwith went to a chest of drawers, and endeavoured to pull out that in which he knew the article he wanted was deposited; but the drawer was locked. This, however, was but a trifling obstacle. He seized a poker, smashed in the polished mahogany front of the drawer, and in an instant had his prey secured beneath his jacket, and was in the act of leaving the house with it, when his unfortunate wife, having laid her sick child down on the bed for

a moment, flew towards him, flung her arms about his neck, burst into a flood of tears, and imploringly besought him to think of her and her infant's condition, and not to leave the house, or deprive her of the only remaining piece of decent apparel that was left to her. And what was the reply of the monster to this affecting appeal? His only reply was a violent blow on the breast, by which he stretched his unfortunate wife senseless on the floor! Having performed this dastardly and villanous feat, he rushed out of the house, hastened to a pawnbroker's shop, and from thence to the taproom, to rejoin the abandoned associates whom he had left there, until, as he himself said, he should "raise the wind."

Leaving the heartless ruffian in the midst of the fierce debauch which the basely-acquired means he now possessed enabled him to resume, we return to his miserable wife. Extended on the floor by the hand that ought to have protected her, the unhappy woman lay for a considerable time without either sense or motion, until recalled to consciousness by the piercing cries of her helpless infant, who lay struggling on the bed where she had placed him. But the consequences of the cowardly blow did not terminate with the restoration of her faculties. On the day following, she became alarmed by the acutely painful sensations she felt in the breast on which the ruffian's blow had alighted. This pain gradually increased from day to day, until it at length became so serious, and exhibited symptoms so alarming, that the unfortunate woman, urged by her neighbours, submitted her case to a surgeon at one of those friendly medical dispensaries which are established in different parts of the town. But it was too late—not, however, to save her life, but to save her from mutilation; for a dangerous cancer was already at work on her frame. Unwilling to expose her husband, she had delayed too long. Cancer had taken place, and had already made fearful progress in her breast.

The surgeon who attended her recommended her instant removal to the infirmary, whither she accordingly went; and in two or three days after she entered that beneficent institution, the unfortunate woman, as the only means of saving her life, was subjected to the appalling operation of having her breast amputated. In six weeks afterwards, Peggy, with a dreadfully shattered constitution and emaciated form, left the infirmary, and returned to her own cold and desolate home, now ten times more desolate than it was before; for the callous brute, to whom in an evil hour she had united her destiny, instead of soothing her bed of affliction, had availed himself of her absence to strip the house of every article of the smallest value it contained, and with the money thus raised, had continued in an uninterrupted course of dissipation during the whole time of his wife's confinement in the infirmary. During all that time, too, he had never once visited her, or ever once inquired after either her or his

child. His days, and the greater part of his nights likewise, he spent in public-houses, and only visited his home to commit some new act of robbery.

When Peggy left the infirmary, her first care was to visit the kind neighbour who had taken charge of her child during her confinement, and it was some alleviation to her misery to find, as she now did, that her little innocent had been carefully tended, and was at that moment in excellent health. But the unfortunate woman was not yet aware of the state of utter desolation to which her home had been reduced by her worthless husband; when, therefore, she saw its bare walls, its naked apartments, and comfortless hearth, her heart sunk within her, and she wept bitterly. It was now that she felt the full extent of her misery, and saw, with unprejudiced eyes, the melancholy and striking contrast between her present and former condition. She could no longer conceal from herself the appalling fact, that she was now fast verging towards the last stage of destitution, and was absolutely without a morsel of bread. Even hope threatened to desert her, and leave her a prey to a distracted mind and broken spirit. Poor Peggy, however, determined to make yet another effort for the sake of her child, and on his account to endeavour to fight her way a little farther through the world. With this view she sought for, and at length, though not without great difficulty, succeeded in obtaining employment as a washerwoman. But here a serious obstacle presented itself. How was she to dispose of her child? She could not both work and nurse; yet work she must, or both must inevitably starve.

From this painful predicament she extricated herself by determining on putting the child out to nurse, and devoting to its maintenance whatever portion of her little hard-earned gains that duty should demand. Poor Peggy, however, did not come to the resolution which stern necessity imposed upon her, of parting with her infant, without feeling all that a tender and affectionate mother must always feel in taking such a heart-rending step. It is true that she knew she could see her child at any time; for she resolved that, wheresoever she placed it, it should be near her; but then she foresaw, also, that she must necessarily be often many hours absent from it, and a mother's fears pictured to her a thousand accidents which might befall the infant, when she was not near to save or protect it. It was, however, impossible for her to do otherwise with the child than put it out to nurse, and she accordingly began to look out for a suitable person for that duty; and such a one, at least she thought so, she at length found; but she did not resign her infant to the charge of this person without having previously made the most minute and strict inquiries regarding her character, and being perfectly satisfied, or at anyrate so far satisfied as the testimony of those who knew the woman could make her; but, as the sequel will show, she was, after all, cruelly deceived, and so

probably were those who had spoken to her good name. Having made arrangements with this woman regarding her child, and having put the latter under her care, Peggy commenced the laborious life to which she was now doomed: for her husband appeared to have wholly deserted her, as he had never looked once near the house after he had completed its spoliation.

For about twelve months after this, nothing occurred in Peggy's obscure and humble life worth recording. She toiled early and late with unwearying assiduity to support herself and her child, and felt a degree of happiness which she had not hoped ever again to enjoy, from the consciousness of being in the discharge of a sacred duty, and from a belief that her infant was sharing in the benefits of her exertions, by receiving all those attentions which the dearly-won earnings she appropriated to its maintenance were meant to procure for it. But at the end of the period above-named, a circumstance occurred which showed how basely and wickedly she was deceived in the latter particular. One day, when washing in a gentleman's house where she was frequently employed, Peggy, in the temporary absence of the household servants, happened to answer a knock at the door, when a beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, wrapped closely up in a wretched cloak which she wore, presented herself, and solicited charity. Peggy, partly urged by curiosity, and partly by her parental feelings, gently removed the cloak to have a peep of the mendicant's child; but what was her amazement, her horror, on discovering that the child was her own! She uttered a scream of mingled surprise and terror; distractedly tore her infant from the wretch who had possession of it; and pressed it to her bosom with an energy and vehemence that seemed to indicate a fear of its being again taken from her. The mendicant in the meantime endeavoured to make her escape, but was seized and conveyed to the police-office upon a charge of child-stealing. From the examination which followed, however, it appeared that the child had not been stolen, but borrowed, or rather hired at so much per day, by the infamous woman in whose possession it was found, from the still more infamous person to whose care it had been confided by its mother; and it further appeared that the latter wretch had long been in the practice of *letting out* poor Peggy's child in the way just mentioned, which, we need not add, is a method frequently adopted for exciting charity and imposing upon the humane. Peggy of course lost no time in seeking out another guardian for her child, and was at length fortunate enough to find one on whom she could place full reliance. With this person the child remained a twelvemonth, at the end of which period Peggy succeeded, though not without great difficulty and much pleading, in procuring her little boy to be admitted into an orphans' hospital.

During all this time her worthless husband never once looked

near her, or took the smallest interest either in her own fate or that of her child. She indeed for a long time did not know even where he was, or what he was about, but at length heard that he was working in a quarry in the neighbourhood; and she was soon made aware of his vicinity, by his frequently coming to her in a state of intoxication to demand money of her; and she was often compelled to give it to him, to prevent him affronting her, or probably depriving her of her employment by his obstreperous conduct. Such torments, however, cannot last for ever. Peter was at length found to be somehow implicated in a drunken scuffle at Cramond, in which one of the parties was deprived of or lost a few shillings. Whether Peter was guilty or not in this affair, is of little consequence. He was seized by a sheriff's officer, and removed to the county jail at Edinburgh. Up to this point of Peter's career he had been simply a worthless wretch, and perhaps not past being reclaimed; but being now lodged in one common receptacle with twenty villains more or less criminal, for a period of about three months previous to trial, he embraced the opportunity of becoming a thoroughly confirmed blackguard. A notorious swindler, who happened to be confined in the same ward, acted as instructor in crime to the party, and Peter was a most apt scholar. On his trial, he was not convicted, and was therefore set at liberty; but his excellent schooling in jail soon led him into a desperate affair of housebreaking, for which he was in due time tried and despatched to Botany Bay.

In the midst of these troubles and trials, something like better fortune smiled on poor Peggy. A respectable elderly gentleman, a bachelor, to whom she had been warmly recommended by one of the ladies who were in the habit of employing her, took her into his service: and here for two years she found a peaceful and comfortable home: but at the end of this period the old gentleman died, and Peggy was again thrown upon the world, friendless and houseless; and to add to her misfortune, the changes which even a very short period rarely fails to bring about, had, during the two years of her service, effected such alterations in the families by which she was formerly employed, that they were no longer open to her. It is true she had saved a few pounds during her service; but this sum, she felt, would soon disappear; and before it was all gone, she fortunately obtained some employment in the way of washing shop-floors, three of which she cleaned out at sixpence a-week each, and a writer's office at a shilling, and this was now pretty nearly all she had to live upon.

Inadequate as these means were, Peggy was thankful of them. Half-a-crown, however, was but a miserable sum to live upon for an entire week, to clothe her, feed her, and pay house-rent. It could procure her none of those comforts to which she had been accustomed when in service, and it was a sum on which she

would not then have placed much value: but times were changed with her, and poignantly did she feel this, and bitterly did she regret the unhappy step which had at once taken her from a comfortable and happy position, and plunged her into that misery with which she was now struggling. As she thought on these things, poor Peggy's heart sunk within her, and she began to despair of ever again enjoying happiness in this world. Reflections such as these preyed so much on the unfortunate woman's mind, as nearly to unfit her for the little work she had to do, and threatened to lay her on a bed of sickness; and added to all this, what a change had taken place in her personal appearance! Her once neat and well-shaped form was now thin and emaciated: her dress, though still clean and tidy, bore but too evident indications of the extreme poverty which had overtaken her; and her once ruddy and cheerful countenance was pale, haggard, and deeply marked with the grave melancholy lines of thought. No one, in short, could now have known the once pretty Peggy—the little, lively, handsome servant girl. But although poor Peggy had now begun to despair of ever being better, Providence had not deserted her.

On passing through the market-place of the city on a day when it is frequented by people from the country, Peggy was suddenly accosted by a decent elderly man in such a dress as is generally worn by the smaller order of farmers. This person was Peggy's uncle. He was in easy circumstances, but having been highly displeased with his niece's marriage (against which he had remonstrated in vain), in consequence of his having heard very unfavourable but too well-founded reports regarding the character and habits of her husband, he had withdrawn his countenance from her, and she, aware of this, had never once thought of seeking his assistance in her distress. Although of a somewhat stern temper, Peggy's uncle was yet a worthy and kind-hearted man, and his unfortunate niece's sadly altered appearance, which his keen eye at once detected on thus accidentally meeting her, instantly excited his sympathy, and banished all his resentment, and determined him in the step he now took.

"How are ye, Peggy?" said the old man, taking her by the hand, and looking earnestly but kindly in her pale emaciated face. "Dear me, lassie," he went on, "what's the matter wi' ye? Ye're sairly changed sin' I saw you last; ye're no like the same woman. Are ye well enough?" Peggy made no reply, but burst into tears. "Come away, lassie," said her uncle; "this is no a place for giein' vent to feelings o' that kind; come in by here, and tak some kind o' refreshment, and we'll speak owre things at leisure, and away frae the public eye." Saying this, he led Peggy into an adjoining public-house, and there learnt the whole story of her wedded life.

The old man's feelings gave way before the recital of the humble but affecting tale; a tear started into his eye; he took

Peggy by the hand, and told her that his house was open to her whenever she chose to enter it; and added, that he thought, under all the circumstances, the sooner she did this the better. In short, before the uncle and niece parted, it was fixed that Peggy should, on the very next day, repair to Braefoot, her uncle's farm; which she accordingly did; and as he was a widower, and without any daughters of his own, she soon showed herself to be worthy of all the kindness shown her by her relative, by the activity she displayed in the superintendence of his dairy and household affairs, of which she obtained the sole and uncontrolled management, and thus once more found herself in the enjoyment of comfort, and of, at least, comparative happiness.

With a due consideration for her maternal feelings, as well as for the "credit of the family," Peggy's uncle speedily removed her child from the charitable institution in which he had been placed, and brought him home to his own house, greatly to the delight both of mother and son. Only one cankering care now preyed on Peggy's mind, and that arose from the possibility of her husband returning to his native country to blight her prospect of future quietude. Even from this unlikely occurrence, however, she was at length happily relieved, by intelligence of Peter's death. For repeated misdemeanours in the family of a respectable settler near Sidney, he underwent summary transportation to the penal settlement at Macquarrie's Harbour. Here, among a gang of desperate felons, loaded with chains, and labouring ten hours a-day to the knees in water, he was not long in sinking under the effects of a broken moral and physical constitution. The report of her husband's unhappy death was not unfelt or unwept by our humble heroine, but the load of uneasiness which was now removed from her mind, soon led her to be grateful for the relief; and she was with little difficulty brought to agree with her uncle and the sympathising neighbours around, that her loss was, on the whole, "a light dispensation."

Such is the story of Peggy Dickson; but let it be recollected by those of her class who may read it, that while all of them are liable to the miseries which she endured, by entering into a rash and inconsiderate marriage, few have such an uncle to rescue them from the last consequences of that unhappy step as she had the good fortune to be blessed with.

STORY OF ISBEL LUCAS.

A NUMBER of years ago, a woman of the name of Isbel Lucas kept a small lodging-house in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh. She was the daughter of a respectable teacher in the city, who, at his death, had bequeathed to her, as his sole sur-

viving relation, about three hundred pounds, together with the furniture of a house. The latter part of the legacy suggested to her the propriety of endeavouring to support herself by keeping lodgings, while the part which consisted in money promised to stand effectually between her and all the mischances that could be expected to befall her in such a walk of life. She accordingly, for several years, let one or two rooms to students and other persons, and thus contrived to live very decently, without trenching upon her little capital, till at length she attained the discreet age of two-and-forty.

Isbel had at no period of life been a beauty. She had an iron-gray complexion, and a cast of features bespeaking rather strength of character than feminine grace. She was now less a beauty than ever, and for years had tacitly acknowledged her sense of the fact, by abandoning all those modes and materials of dress which women wear so long as they have any thoughts of matrimony. Where, however, is the woman at that, or any more juvenile period of life, in whose bosom the spark of love lies dead beyond recall? If any such there be, Isbel's was not of the number.

Among her lodgers was an individual of the name of Fordyne, who kept a grocer's shop of an inferior order in the neighbourhood. This person gave himself out for a native of the Isle of Man, and stated that he had made a little money as mess-man to a militia regiment, by which he had been enabled to set up in business. He was a large, dark, coarse man, of about five-and-thirty, with a somewhat unpromising cast of face, and a slight twist in his left eye. Fordyne seemed to be a man of great industry and application, and used to speak of his circumstances as agreeable in every respect, except that he wanted a wife. This, he said, was a great want. There were many things about his shop which no one but a female could properly attend to. Without such a helpmate, things were continually going wrong; but with her, all would go right. One point, however, he must be clear about: she who should be his wife would require to bring something with her, to add to his stock, and buy the necessary house-furniture. He cared little about good looks, if there was good sense; and indeed a woman of some experience in the world would answer his purpose best.

Honest Isbel began in a little while to turn all these matters in her mind. She one day took a steady look at Fordyne, and discovered that he had a good upright carriage of body, and that though his mouth was of the largest, yet his teeth were among the best she had ever seen. Next time she visited his shop, she took a glance at the room behind, and found that it had a nice out-look upon Salisbury Crags. Fordyne, observing that she glanced into his back-shop, invited her to come in and see what a fine house he had, for such in reality it was, though unfurnished. Isbel very quickly saw that there was one capital

bedroom, a parlour, a kitchen, and a vast variety of closets, where things could be "put off one's hand." One press, Mr Fordyne showed, was already furnished, being tenanted by a huge dram-bottle, and a server full of shortbread, which, he said, had been lately required to treat his customers, on account of the New-Year. Of this he made Isbel a partaker, drinking in his turn to her good health, and a good man to her before the next recurrence of the season. This exchange of compliments did not take place without some effect. Isbel ascended the stair in a kind of reverie, and found herself entering the next door above, instead of her own, before she was aware. In a month thereafter the two were married.

Three days after the nuptials, Mrs Fordyne was sitting in her little parlour, waiting supper for her husband, and reflecting on the step she was about to take next day—namely, the transference of her household furniture to the apartments behind Fordyne's shop, and the surrender of her little fortune into his hands. Her eye happened, in the course of her cogitations, to wander to a portrait of her father, which hung opposite; and as she gazed on it, she could hardly help thinking that its naturally stern and even sour features assumed an expression still sterner and sourer. No doubt this was the mere effect of some inward pleading of conscience, for she could not but acknowledge secretly to herself that the step she had taken was not of that kind which her parent would have approved. She withdrew her eyes with a disturbed mind, and again looked musingly towards the fire, when she thought she heard the outer door open, and a person come in. At first she supposed that this must be her husband, and she began, therefore, to transfer the supper from the fire to the table. On listening, however, she heard that the footsteps were accompanied by the sound of a walking-cane, which assured her that it could not be Fordyne. She stood for a minute motionless and silent, and distinctly heard the sound as of an old man walking along the passage with a stick—sounds which at once brought to her recollection her departed father. She sunk into her chair; the sounds died away in the distance; and almost at that minute her husband came in to cheer her, calling to the servant as he passed, in his loud and boisterous way, that she had stupidly left the outer door open.

Though Isbel Lucas had committed a very imprudent action, in marrying a man who was a perfect stranger to her, nevertheless the predominating feature of her mind was prudence. The impressions just made upon her senses were of a very agitating nature; yet knowing that it was too late to act upon them, she concealed her emotions. There could be no doubt that she had received what in her native country is called a "warning;" yet conceiving that her best course was to go on, and betray no suspicion, she never faltered in any of her promises to her husband. She was next day installed in Mr Fordyne's own house, to whom,

in return, she committed a sum rather above four hundred pounds; for to that extent had she increased her stock in the course of her late employment.

For some time matters proceeded very well. Her husband professed to lay out part of her money upon those goods which he had formerly represented himself as unable to buy. His habits of application were rather increased than diminished, and a few customers of a more respectable kind than any he had hitherto had began to frequent the shop, being drawn thither in consideration of his wife. Among the new articles he dealt in was whisky, which he bought in large quantities from the distillers, and sold wholesale to a number of the neighbouring dealers. By and by this branch of his trade seemed to outgrow all the rest, and he found himself occasionally obliged to pay visits to the places where the liquor was manufactured, in order to purchase it at the greatest advantage. His wife in a little while became accustomed to his absence for a day or two at a time, and having every reason to believe that his affairs were in a very prosperous state, began to forget all her former misgivings.

On one occasion he left her on what he described as a circuit of the Highland distilleries, intending, he said, to be absent for at least a week, and carrying with him money to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds, which he said he would probably spend upon whisky before he came back. Nothing that could awaken the least suspicion occurred at their parting; but next day, while his wife superintended matters in the shop, she was surprised when a large bill was presented, for which he had made no provision. On inspecting it, she was still further surprised to find that it referred to a transaction which she understood at the time to be a ready-money one. Having dismissed the presenter of the bill, she lost no time in repairing to the counting-house of a large commission-house in Leith, with which she knew her husband to have had large transactions. There, on making some indirect inquiries, she found that his purchases, instead of being entirely for ready money, as he had represented to her, were mostly paid by bills, some of which were on the point of becoming due. It was now but too apparent that the unprincipled man had taken his final leave of her and his creditors, bearing with him all the spoil that his ingenuity could collect.

Isbel Lucas was not a person to sit down in idle despair on such an event. She was a steady Scotchwoman, with a stout heart for a difficulty; and her resolution was soon taken. She instantly proceeded to the Glasgow coach-offices, and ascertained, as she expected, that a man answering to the description of her husband had taken a place for that city the day before. The small quantity of money that had been collected in the shop since his departure she put into her pocket; the shop she com-

mitted to the porter and her old servant Jenny; and having made up a small bundle of extra clothes, she set off by the coach to Glasgow. On alighting in the Trongate, the first person she saw was a female friend from Edinburgh, who asked, with surprise, how she and her husband happened to be travelling at the same time. "Why do you ask that question?" asked Isbel. "Because," replied the other, "I shook hands with Mr Fordyne yesterday, as he was going on board the Isle of Man steamboat at the Broomielaw." This was enough for Isbel. She immediately ascertained the time when the Isle of Man steamboat would next sail, and, to her great joy, found that she would not be two days later than her husband in reaching the island. On landing in proper time at Douglas, in Man, she found her purse almost empty; but her desperate circumstances made her resolve to prosecute the search, though she should have to beg her way back.

It was morning when she landed at Douglas. The whole forenoon she spent in wandering about the streets, in the hope of encountering her faithless husband, and in inquiring after him at the inns. At length she satisfied herself that he must have left the town that very day for a remote part of the island, and on foot. She immediately set out upon the same road, and with the same means of conveyance, determined to sink with fatigue, or subject herself to any kind of danger, rather than return without her object. At first the road passed over a moorish part of the country; but after proceeding several miles, it began to border on the sea, in some places edging on the precipices which overhung the shore, and at others winding into deep recesses of the country. At length, on coming to the opening of a long reach of the road, she saw a figure, which she took for that of her husband, just disappearing at the opposite extremity. Immediately gathering fresh strength, she pushed briskly on, and after an hour's toilsome march, had the satisfaction, on turning a projection, to find her husband sitting right before her on a stone.

Fordyne was certainly very much surprised at her appearance, which was totally unexpected; but he soon recovered his composure. He met her with more than even usual kindness, as if concerned at her having thought proper to perform so toilsome a journey. He hastened to explain that some information he had received at Glasgow respecting the dangerous state of his mother, had induced him to make a start out of his way to see her, after which he would immediately return. It was then his turn to ask explanations from her; but this subject he pressed very lightly; and, for her part, she hardly dared, in this lonely place, to avow the suspicions which had induced her to undertake the journey. "It is all very well," said Fordyne, with affected complaisance; "you'll just go forward with me to my mother's house, and she will be the better pleased to see me since I bring

you with me." Isbel, smothering her real feelings, agreed to do this, though it may well be supposed that, after what he had already done, and considering the wild place in which she was, she must have entertained no comfortable prospect of her night's adventures. On, then, they walked, in the dusk of fast-approaching night, through a country which seemed to be destitute alike of houses and inhabitants, and where the universal stillness was hardly ever broken by the sound of any animal, wild or tame. The road, as formerly, was partly on the edge of a sea-worn precipice, over which a victim might be dashed in a moment, with hardly the least chance of ever being more seen or heard of, and partly in the recesses of a rugged country, in whose pathless wildernesses the work of murder might be almost as securely effected. Isbel Lucas, knowing how much reason her husband had to wish her out of this world, was fully alive to the dangers of her path, and at every place that seemed more convenient than another for such a work, regarded him, even in the midst of a civil conversation, with the watchful eye of one who dreads the spring of the tiger from every brake. She contrived to keep upon the side of the road most remote from the precipices, and carried in her pocket an unclasped penknife, though almost hopeless that her womanly nerves would support her in any effort to use it. Thus did they walk on for several miles, till at length, all of a sudden, Fordyne started off the road, and was instantly lost in a wild, tortuous ravine. This event was so different from any which she had feared, that for a moment Isbel stood motionless with surprise. Another moment, however, sufficed to make up her mind as to her future course, and she immediately plunged into the defile, following as nearly as possible in the direction which the fugitive appeared to have taken. On, on she toiled, through thick entangling bushes, and over much soft and mossy ground, her limbs every moment threatening to sink beneath her with fatigue, which they would certainly have done very speedily, if the desperate anxieties which filled her mind had not rendered her in a great measure insensible to the languor of her body. It at length became a more pressing object with her to find some place where she could be sheltered for the night, than to follow in so hopeless a pursuit; and she therefore experienced great joy on perceiving a light at a little distance. As she approached the place whence this seemed to proceed, she discovered a cottage, whence she could hear the sounds of singing and dancing. With great caution she drew near to the window through which the light was glancing, and there, peeping into the apartment, she saw her husband capering in furious mirth amidst a set of coarse peasant-like individuals, mingled with a few who bore all the appearance of sea-smugglers. An old woman, of most unamiable aspect, sat by the fireside, occasionally giving orders for the preparation of food, and now and then addressing a complimentary expression to Fordyne, whom Isbel

therefore guessed to be her son. After the party seemed to have become quite tired of dancing, they sat down to a rude but plenteous repast; and after that was concluded, the whole party addressed themselves to repose. Some retired into an apartment at the opposite end of the house; but most stretched themselves on straw, which lay in various corners of the room in which they had been feasting. The single bed which stood in this apartment was appropriated to Fordyne, apparently on account of his being the most important individual of the party; and he therefore continued under the unsuspected observation of his wife till he had consigned himself to repose. Previous to doing so, she observed him place something with great caution beneath his pillow.

For another hour Isbel stood at the window, inspecting the interior of the house, which was now lighted very imperfectly by the expiring fire. At length, when every recumbent figure seemed to have become bound securely in sleep, she first uttered one brief, but fervent and emphatic prayer, and then undid the loose fastening of the door, and glided into the apartment. Carefully avoiding the straw pallets which lay stretched around, she approached the bed whereon lay the treacherous Fordyne, and slowly and softly withdrew his large pocket-book from beneath the pillow. To her inexpressible joy she succeeded in executing this manœuvre without giving him the least disturbance. Grasping the book fast in one hand, she piloted her way back with the other, and in a few seconds had regained the exterior of the cottage.

As she had expected, she found the large sum which Fordyne had taken away nearly entire. Transferring the precious parcel to her bosom, she set forward instantly upon a pathway which led from the cottage, apparently in the direction of Douglas. This she pursued a little way, till she regained the road she had formerly left, along which she immediately proceeded with all possible haste. Fortunately, she had not advanced far, when a peasant came up behind her in an empty cart, and readily consented to give her a lift for a few miles. By means of this help she reached Douglas at an early hour in the morning, where, finding a steamboat just ready to sail, she immediately embarked, and was soon beyond all danger from her husband.

The intrepid Isbel Lucas returned in a few days to Edinburgh, with a sufficient sum to satisfy all her husband's creditors, and enough over to set her up once more in her former way of life. She was never again troubled with the wretch Fordyne, who, a few years afterwards she had the satisfaction of hearing had died a natural death of an epidemic fever in the bridewell of Tralee, in Ireland.

STORY OF NELL FORSYTH.

Nell Forsyth was in our young days a handsome and good-looking lass, who acted as only servant to a small family in a country town, and was well known beyond the circle of her master's home for her discreet and steady character. Like all other lasses, Nell had had sweethearts of various orders; but it did not happen that she came within the danger of matrimony with any of them till about her thirtieth year. She was then courted by a man named Smail, who had recently inherited a little property, and though of vulgar manners and appearance, was looked upon by individuals in Nell's rank of life as a rather eligible match. This man had not been remarkable in his early years for industry, or good conduct of any kind. While it was generally admitted that his prospects were such as to have entitled him to enter into society a little higher than that in which he had been reared by his parents, he coveted rather the distinction which his little patrimony of old houses gave him in the eyes of those who had no such advantages, and liked nothing so much as to sit smoking and drinking for whole evenings with low wretches, who, in addressing him, would use the term "laird," and, for the sake of a free share in his base indulgences, did not scruple to applaud everything he said as the height of wisdom. When it was understood that Laird Smail was to get Nell Forsyth, the general feeling was that Nell was a fortunate lass; but one or two, who reflected more deeply, expressed their dissent from that conclusion. Smail, they allowed, had almost enough to support him without work; but then his habits were not good; and if he should run in debt, and require to sell any part of his property, as was by no means unlikely, there was little reason to expect that he should be able to supply the deficiency by his labour. Nell, they thought, though apparently the humbler of the parties at present, was likely to be the soonest to complain of the bargain.

Nell, who in this alliance had rather yielded to the advices of a few ordinary-minded relations than acted from her own good sense, soon found that five or six old thatched cottages, producing a rent of from two to four pounds each, were but a poor compensation for the decent behaviour which was wanting in her husband. The very second evening of his married life he spent in a low hovel in the neighbourhood, with a few coarse companions, from whom he did not part till near midnight. It may be conceived with what feelings poor Nell saw the maudlin wretch enter the home which she had that night spent two hours in burnishing and arranging for his comfort. There are many erring natures which it is possible to correct, many uncultivated natures which may be improved, and a vast number which are neither particularly good nor particularly bad, and to which the wife may,

without great difficulty, accommodate herself. But with a truly low and ungenerous nature, all the feminine merits on earth are of no avail. Such was Smail's. The man was utterly incapable of feeling that he was doing wrong; he could neither perceive nor appreciate the force of his wife's remonstrances; he neither cared for her love nor for her anger. "Will *you* speak to me?" such was his answer to every rebuke; "*you* who had nothing, and whom I have made a lady! You are the last person on earth that should complain." He seemed to think that gratitude for his having married her was the only sentiment she was entitled to entertain.

Not long after his marriage, the branch of manufacture in which Smail had been engaged began to decline, and he deemed it expedient to enter into trade. He therefore converted his property into about four hundred pounds of ready money, and set up a grocery shop and public-house. For this line of life his wife was well qualified; and if success had depended upon her alone, it would have been certain. Smail, however, marred all by his irregular and absurd habits. He only appeared in the shop to give offence to customers, to consume, to break, and to spoil. Into every festive company he would intrude, whether the individuals might be above or beneath him; and all alike he displeased by his behaviour. It soon became almost the sole business of the wife to keep her husband from doing harm; and notwithstanding all her exertions, much, it may well be believed, was done. He delighted in her occasional in-lyings, for then, without the least feeling for her situation, he would indulge for a week in unrestrained debauchery; while "the lass," the only surviving minister of good, would vainly endeavour to keep matters square in the shop, and at the same time pay some attention to her mistress. To every complaint, his only answer was, "What! isn't it all mine—all my property? Didn't I make you Mrs Smail, Nelly?" The monster had fixed the idea in his mind that his half-dozen old houses, inherited from an industrious father, had given him a perpetual immunity from all labour, as well as all control; and nothing could convince him of the contrary. Even when ruin came, and the whole proceeds of "the property" were found dissipated, he had the hardihood to tell his forlorn wife that she was well off in having connected herself with a man so much superior to herself in station. He had *been* "the laird," he said, and nothing could divest him of the title, or her of the respectability of being his wife.

With the wrecks of their little stock, and some small assistance from Nelly's friends, they removed to a small village a few miles off, and commenced the same line of business in a humbler way. Smail was full of promises of well-doing. He was to work at whatever came in his way, while his wife should attend to the business. He would also make all her markets. As for his drinking any more, that was entirely out of the question. He

had hitherto been led away solely by his acquaintances; and as he had none at the place where they were to set up, he would be quite free from temptation. In fact, taking everything into account, they would be better now than ever. The place was on a much frequented road, and he should not wonder but they would do more business there than even in a town. The fellow had a sanguine way of looking at things, and a plausible, boasting manner of speaking of them, which was very apt to impose on those who did not know him well. Nell was quite aware of his temperament, but nevertheless could not help encouraging a hope that poverty would work some change in him for the better. Whatever might have been her thoughts, she knew that there was no alternative. She already had four children, who, wanting her protection, would have wanted everything; and for their sake she felt that she must still struggle on, let her husband behave as he might.

For a short time Smail did seem a little steadier in his new situation. As soon, however, as the first difficulties were over, he grew as bad as ever. Old acquaintances found him out, and he was at no loss in forming new ones. Even the passing vagrant found a friend in Laird Smail. It was, by the way, one of his peculiarities, that he liked the company of vagrants. Under the pretence of studying men and manners, he would descend to the society of the most vicious, and many a person whom others would have passed by as an outcast wretch, *he* respected as "a man who had seen something of the world," and would entertain gratuitously with the best he had. "They often cheat me," he would say carelessly; "but then it is always seeing life." The man was, upon the whole, more absurd than wicked, and his principal faults seemed to arise from a kind of intellectual imperfection, which prevented him from seeing his duty to his family and to the world. Even when his wife was working like a slave amidst a complication of household and mercantile duties almost sufficient to overturn her reason, he—who was sitting coolly all the time with his tankard, enjoying a newspaper or a friend—would remark, in reply to any complaint she might make, "Nelly, you know I am the *head* of the concern. I think for you, you know. You're a very active woman; but it would be all in vain, if you had not some one to *plan* for you. You can sell; but it is I who buy, lass. I meet with the merchants, you know."

"Ay," she would remark—for the poor woman was not above making a tart reply—"you like to get among the samples—fient else you're fit for."

"Nelly," he would say quietly, "you are very wrong to disrespect the *head* of the concern. This gentleman here"—and here he would turn to his crony, perhaps a poor travelling Irish labourer—"this gentleman here will tell you that, without the head, the hands—that's yourself—are useless."

"Tut, sit about till I put on the pot," she would say, "or faith the hands will come owre the head wi' the ern tangs!"

Such violence on Nelly's part may seem derogatory to her character, and take away some of the sympathy which would otherwise be felt for her situation. If we were to pursue the usual practice in fictitious writing, we would represent her all submission and gentleness, while her husband was all wickedness. In the actual world, however, characters are invariably found composed of many various and perhaps hardly consistent properties. Nelly was a most worthy, respectable, assiduous woman, devoted to the interests of her children, and who executed every duty of life in a creditable manner; but her temper had been broken a good deal by her husband's conduct and its consequences—and no result could be more natural. A constant mild submission to a series of harrowing wrongs and troubles was not to be expected of a woman of her education and habits.

The Smails spent several years in this situation, without making matters any better. Their debts grew larger, their family more numerous, the habits of the father more indolent and self-indulgent. Nelly's heart was almost broken. "Oh, ma'am," said she one day to a lady who took some interest in her circumstances, "I daresay, if it werena for the bairns, I would just lie down at some dike-side and die. Mony a time, when I gang to rest, I wish that I may ne'er waken again; but yet when I do waken, and hear their little voices spunking up in the morning about me, this ane for a piece, and that ane for his claes, and another ane, maybe, gaun yoving and lauchin through the house wi' mere senselessness, I just get up and begin again, and think nae mair about it." They at length lost their license, through the ill-will of a neighbouring gentleman, who had seen Smail carrying the bag for a shooting customer, and enjoying the sport with too much of the appearance of a practised relish. Hereupon their creditors, finding there was to be no more traffic, seized upon their furniture and stock, and sold off the whole by auction, leaving them with seven helpless children to seek a new habitation. They took the course which is generally pursued by destitute and ruined people—they hid themselves and their shame in one of the dens of the neighbouring city. Smail commenced labour at a public work, but soon tired and withdrew. The mother was then compelled to come forward once more as the breadwinner. By the recommendations of some individuals who knew her, she obtained employment in washing. She also got her eldest son, as yet a very tiny creature, hired as an errand-boy at a small salary, the whole of which he brought every week, and placed in his mother's lap. For another series of years she persevered in this course of life, suffering inconceivable hardships of almost every kind, and daily struggling, whether well or ill, through a quantity of hired labour and domestic drudgery, under which the strongest constitution might

have been expected to sink. Smail would occasionally work a little, but he invariably spent his earnings on the indulgence of his own base tastes. Nelly made many ingenious attempts to wile a little of his money from him, but seldom with any considerable success. She had instructed one of her children, who was a favourite with him, to watch his movements on the pay-day, and try to save a little from the general wreck. This child would follow him to all his haunts, and use every kind of expedient that could be devised for bringing him home with a pocket not altogether exhausted. The little shivering creature was heard one night saying to him—and it was the pure language of nature—"Oh, father, get fou as fast as you can, and come away, for mammy will be wearying for ye!" Nothing, however, could melt the hardened heart of this man. His selfish and uncontrollable desire for exciting liquors had deadened every good feeling within him, if any such ever existed. He could, without the slightest sympathy, see his wife work sixteen hours a-day within a week of her confinement. If a shilling of his own gaining could have spared her the necessity of such exertion, it would not have been given—to the tavern it must go. She, on one occasion of exigency, was obliged to employ him on an errand for some medicine, which was necessary for herself; and instead of hastening back with what was wanted, as it is to be hoped the most of husbands would have done, he spent the money on the gratification of his own base appetite, and did not reappear till next day. Under every humiliation, and though living the life of a very dog, or worse, he would still talk loftily of *his* house, *his* wife, and *his* children; and still he kept up his visionary title of "the laird." He would take his seat as majestically at a meal as if he had provided it himself; and if anything of an irritating nature was said by his wife, he would, with one sweep of his arm, drive every article that stood upon the table into the fire. This he esteemed a grand discovery for the exaction of civility, and no consideration of the deplorable poverty of his household could prevent him on any occasion from putting it in practice.

One of the very few things which the unfortunate woman had saved from the last wreck of her household was a hen, which she designated Peggy Walker, out of respect for the person who had given it to her. Peggy was a remarkably decent, orderly, motherly-looking hen, of uncommon size, and so very good a *layer*, that for whole seasons she would produce one egg a-day, and on some occasions two. Even in the straightened purlieus of a low suburb, Peggy found it possible to pick up a livelihood: the neighbours indeed had a kind of respect for the creature. They knew of what service she was to Mrs Smail, in enabling her to support her family, and not only would abstain from hurting or persecuting her, but would throw many crumbs in her way, which they could not well spare. It was seldom that Peggy

Walker did not contribute a shilling in the fortnight to the poor family who owned her; and the value of a fortnightly shilling, in such a case, who can estimate! Many a time did Nelly acknowledge that, if it were not for "that dumb creature," she did not know what would come of her family; for it was almost the only source of income upon which she could depend.

The laird was one day on the ramble, as he called it, with some of those low abandoned acquaintances in whom he took so much delight. The party had exhausted all their pecuniary resources, but not their appetite for that base fluid upon which they fed their own destruction. Already they were a sixpence short of the reckoning, and till that was settled, the landlord told them peremptorily they could get no more. What was to be done?

"I say, laird," quoth one of the wretches, "haven't you a fine chucky at hame? What's to hinder you to thraw its neck and sell't in the market there? Ye'll get at least eighteenpence for't. That wad answer finely."

"What! Peggy Walker?" said Smail, not relishing the idea much at first. "Man, the gudewife wad never stand that—it wad break her very heart."

"Gae wa'," said the other; "aren't ye master? isn't the hen yours?"

"Oh yes, everything's mine," cried the tipsy fool. "Nelly must not get everything her own way. Od, I'll do it." And away he went, seized the meritorious Peggy as she was stalking in her usual quiet respectable manner up the close, and in half an hour rejoined his companions, having sacrificed, for another hour of infamous enjoyment, what would have helped, for years to come, to put bread into the mouths of his children.

The loss of Peggy Walker was a severe blow to Nelly, but it was nothing to another tragedy which soon after took place. During one of Smail's rambles, and after he had been absent for rather more than a week, his favourite child, the youngest but one, was seized with a severe illness, under which he quickly sunk, notwithstanding all the exertions of the mother. This fair-haired child was the first that Nelly had ever lost, and notwithstanding the distressing number of her family, she could not see him stretched out in the miserable bed where he had died, without the usual bitterness of a bereaved mother's grief. It was not her least distress, however, that her husband was absent, and would neither see his darling before the interment, nor render the assistance in that ceremony which was so nearly indispensable. A poor sick joiner, who lived next door, rose out of his bed to make a coffin, which he gave her upon credit—for he was poor. The gravedigger required his fee, but she contrived to obtain it. A sum would have also been necessary to hire a man to carry the infant to the grave; but this she could not furnish. She was therefore obliged, after dressing herself in something like mournings, to take the coffin in her apron, and,

with fainting steps, proceed with it through the crowded streets of the city towards the place of sepulture. Many an eye turned with wonder to follow her, as she pursued her melancholy walk —for in Scotland women are never seen in funereal matters—but the bustle of a large city teaches the eye to treat every extraordinary thing with only a transient curiosity. No one interfered to help her, or to procure her help. She passed on with the coffin in her lap and the tear in her eye, and laid her child in a grave where none was present besides herself and the sexton, to do honour to the common form of humanity, as it was consigned to kindred dust. When the mournful duty was done, she was seen returning through the same crowded streets, bearing, amongst the figures of the gay and unreflecting, as sad a heart as ever beat in mortal bosom.

Three days after the burial Smail came home—quite sober, for a wonder—and had no sooner sat down, than he called as usual for his darling son. "Where is the dear boy? Bring my sweet Harry!" such were his exclamations; and the rest of the children stood aghast at what they saw and heard. "Dinna tak the name o' the deid, Johnie," said his wife at length; "your Harry is lying in the kirkyard, puir lammie, these three days past." Smail, who at the same time saw confirmation of the words in the black ribbon she wore in her cap, and in the tear which was beginning to glisten in her eye, was struck speechless by the intelligence. He covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly, while his wife, in as gentle terms as possible, related the circumstances of the child's death. From that day he was an altered man. He sat pining by the fireside, apparently without an aim in life, or a power of action, only now and then asking his eldest daughter to read a "chapter" to him—it is needless to say out of what book. He survived his child little more than a month, and truly was his death described by a neighbour as "a light dispensation."

When relieved from the oppression of her husband, Nelly became comparatively prosperous. By dint of incredible exertions, she gathered enough to buy a mangle, and furnish a room as a lodging for a single man; in both of which concerns she was successful to admiration. Her children also, as they grew up, got into employment, and contributed to their own and her support. Nothing, however, can compensate the twenty prime years of her life spent in utter misery, or repair the damage which sorrow and poverty have wrought upon her frame. She is evidently one of those beings—alas, how numberless are they! —who seem born only to the worst that life can give, who spend the whole of their days in bearing ills through and for others, and are unusually blest if they can only find a little quiet space at last, to enable them to prepare for another, and, it is to be hoped, a happier state of existence.

JERRY GUTTRIDGE,

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.*

"WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log hovel from a neighbouring grog-shop about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

"Oh, pick up something," said Jerry; "and I wish you would be spry and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over by an' by to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round: I can't wait."

"We haven't got anything at all in the house to eat," said Mrs Guttridge. "What shall I get?"

"Well, *cook* something," said Jerry; "no matter what it is."

"But, Mr Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook."

"Well, well, pick up *something*," said Jerry rather snappishly, "for I'm in a hurry."

"I can't make victuals out of nothing," said the wife: "if you'll only bring anything in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast neither."

"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon," said Jerry, "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr Whitman's and borrow some meal?"

"Because," said Mrs Guttridge, "we've borrowed meal there three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again till that was paid. And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to 'tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"Then you a'n't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?" said Jerry with a reproachful tone and look. "I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"

"Why, Mr Guttridge," said his wife with tears in her eyes, "you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted anything but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand."

* This half-serious half-comic tale appeared in the Knickerbocker, an American monthly magazine, for May 1839. Slightly abridged, we have thought that it will form an appropriate conclusion to the subject of the present sheet—sufferings from imprudent marriages.

"Always a-grumblin'," said Jerry; "I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this boy snivelling about?" he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy—a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old—at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. "Now get up!" said Jerry, "or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry fretfully.

"Why, Mr Guttridge," said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, "the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothin' to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half-starved."

At this moment their neighbour, Mr Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labour in his haying-field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavour to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was, Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbours of late years with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighbourly visitors calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word; and the first address of Mr Frier was to little Bobby.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said he in a gentle tone; "come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter."

"Go, run, Bobby; go and see Mr Frier," said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

"I want a piece of bread!" said Bobby.

"And wont your mother give you some?" said Mr Frier tenderly.

"She han't got none," replied Bobby; "nor 'taters too." Mrs

Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he, "Neighbour Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half-bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry; "I've got something else to do."

"Oh, well," said Mr Frier, "if you've got anything else to do that will be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was scant of provisions."

"Do, pray go, Mr Guttridge!" said his wife with a beseeching look; "for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that wont do no good; you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothing, and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray go, Mr Guttridge; do!"

"I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!" said Jerry; "you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I *shall* go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you're too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say."

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr Frier addressed him as follows:—"Now I must say, neighbour Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over at the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbour Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty."

Upon this Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr Frier full in the face, and grinning horribly, he said, "You old meddling vagabond! who made *you* a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own children, and let your neighbours' alone!"

Mr Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face without uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to "pick up something" if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs Guttridge really loved her

husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

"Poor cre'tur!" said Mrs Frier; "why, he's half-starved! Betsy, bring him a dish of bread and milk; that will sit the best on his poor empty starved stomach."

Betsy ran and got the bowl of bread and milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on with pity and surprise until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread and milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said, "Mrs Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so."

Accordingly a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsy ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, "so that the poor starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good?"

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit of cheese with it. I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, yes," said Mr Frier; "and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin' to last till pumpkins come again." So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on the top, and George was despatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer they would starve. He told his wife he "had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in' Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. The court sits at Saco to-morrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?"

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr Frier said he "could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be of the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court."

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, "that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger rising up in his stomach!"

He sat and looked on until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread and meat and vegetables enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs Guttridge. He told her the neighbours could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs Guttridge began to cry. She said "she didn't know what they should do: she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his natur' to work."

"Well, Mrs Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?" said Mr Frier solemnly.

"I'm sure I do," said Mrs Guttridge; "I believe all there is in the Bible."

"And don't you know," said Mr Frier, "the Bible says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat?'"

"I know there's something in the Bible like that," said Mrs Guttridge with a very serious look.

Mr Frier now represented to Mrs Guttridge the impropriety of her husband's behaviour—cruel towards her and her family, and unjust towards her neighbours. In short, though some-

what against her will, he reconciled her to a plan he had in view for bringing Jerry to his senses; namely, that of suing him before the court.

Mr Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent, that he postponed his visit to the court till next morning. Accordingly, next day, as soon as breakfast was over, he wended his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

"Well, Mr Frier, what do *you* want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand jury," replied Mr Frier, taking off his hat.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman. "I didn't think he had life enough to do anything worth complaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do anything," said Mr Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr Foreman, he's a lazy idle fellow, and wont work, nor provide nothing for his family to eat; and they've been half-starving this long time; and the neighbours have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep them alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr Frier; has anybody ever talked to him about it in a neighbourly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get anything for it?"

"I'm sorry to say," replied Mr Frier, "that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family almost a week; but I couldn't get him to; and he went off to the grog-shop to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him calmly I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old meddling vagabond!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury. "Who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a wretch!" exclaimed another.

"Well," said the foreman, "there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if anybody in this world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs Sally Guttridge and Mr Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honourable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following; namely:—"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness."

"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry; "and here's my wife can tell you the same any day. Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs Guttridge; "I don't know but you have as well as——"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness; "stop, Mrs Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward and hold up their right hands. Mr Frier advanced with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her careworn features, which, though sunburnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs Guttridge," said the judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband anything more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time," said Mrs Guttridge, trembling; "but I don't know but Mr Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr Guttridge don't work much; but I don't know as he can help it: it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time: the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in the matter—"well, well, perhaps the court will be able to *put* the natur' in him."

Mrs Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the

point—clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:—"Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes with the cat-o'-nine tails upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith by the constables at the whipping-post in the yard adjoining the court-house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colours, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leant his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed. All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well-nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good-by, he made for home as fast as he could.

Mrs Guttridge met him at the door with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied for dinner; for Mrs Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something," that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits; and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterwards, Mrs Guttridge was heard to say, that "somehow, ever since that trial, Mr Guttridge's nature seemed to be entirely changed!"

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

THE only way, not many years ago, of reaching India from England, was by sailing vessels, which, touching at St Helena or the Cape of Good Hope, made the voyage in about four months. Now, the journey is usually performed partly by sea, and partly by land, in from thirty-five to forty days. This overland journey, as it is called, admits of variation. Some travel across France to Marseilles, and then proceed by a steamer to Alexandria; and this is undoubtedly the quickest way of reaching Egypt, through which it is necessary to pass. The greater number of travellers, however, prefer proceeding by steamer from Southampton direct to Alexandria, because this saves much fatigue, shifting of luggage, and also some expenses. For the acceleration of the mails, the indefatigable Mr Waghorn has latterly proposed a third route to India, through Germany, by Trieste and Venice; and by which he anticipates making the journey from England to Bombay in three weeks.

Having spent a few months in England in the latter part of 1845, it became necessary for me to decide on returning to my official duties in Bombay.* Of the different modes of making the journey, I preferred that by steam vessel from Southampton. Occupied till the last moment with business in London, I did not find it possible to leave town till the morning of the 3d of December. Packing having been got through rapidly enough,

* The present Tract has been drawn up chiefly from notes furnished by Dr Buist, of the *Bombay Times*, who has several times performed the Overland Journey.—Ed.

I found myself on my way to the South-Western Railway station, at half-past six—an unpleasant time to start on a long journey, but travellers learn to accommodate themselves to all sorts of inconveniences. The distance from London to Southampton was traversed in little more than three hours. I found various friends and acquaintances about to be my companions on the journey to India, and a more pleasant and agreeable party than that turned out to be which left Southampton in the *Tagus*, on the 3d of December, no one need desire to travel with.

It is sad to witness the parting of relatives with those about to leave for India; doubly sad to those who know the sickness, the suffering, the sorrow, and the disappointment too often awaiting the young who quit home with visions of the East flitting before them in their brightest hues. The looked-for return—the bright future—the hopes of happy meetings—all how rarely realised!

We quitted our moorings at three o'clock P.M., and lost sight of England in the darkness while yet very close to it. We steered down the Channel during night. Next day the weather was thick, and the land invisible. The Bay of Biscay, which opens after passing Ushant, has, by means of steam, been divested of half its terrors.

We sighted Cape Finisterre on the morning of the 7th—the first land we had seen since leaving Southampton. We continued to make good progress, though latterly we had had a rough wind and heavy sea to contend with.

The vessel, in general, approaches tolerably near to the Cape. The outlines of the landscape are bold, varied, and beautiful; but a heavy swell, which commonly rolls in, is apt to interfere with the voyager's contemplations.

From this on running down the coast of Portugal, the steamer on most occasions keeps pretty close in-shore, so that the land is for the most part visible. The first places of note that present themselves are Oporto and Vigo Bay. The appearance presented here by the mainland is exceedingly picturesque. The coast seems rocky and precipitous, jagged and irregular. There are lighthouses on certain small islands, and on more than one of the headlands; and white-walled dwellings and villages everywhere present themselves.

The heights of Torres Vedras, close on shore, present nothing to the eye that is marvellous or attractive, though rich in the most striking historical associations. The magnificent pile at Mafra is generally distinctly visible without the aid of a telescope. It is of enormous extent, containing a palace, convent, and superb church. The lines of Byron here recur to remembrance:—

> "The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
> The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain-moss by scorching skies embrowned,
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,

The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

The ridge, on the highest pinnacle of which the convent of our Lady of the Rock is situated, is wild, rugged, and precipitous, ascending to an elevation of about two thousand five hundred feet. A low cliff skirts the sea-shore, and singular masses, apparently of drift sand, make their appearance, stretching for some miles along and inland.

A very picturesque appearance is often presented by the fishing boats when the breeze is fresh. They have a drag-net attached to the extreme end of a long outrigger, stretching some thirty or forty feet beyond the vessel, and hundreds of sea-birds follow the net, with the view, apparently, of picking up any stray fish they can extract from it.

The Rock of Lisbon, a huge, unshapely, but striking mass, indicates the approach to the Tagus. The river opens up magnificently from the sea. The spires and lofty buildings of Lisbon are distinctly visible, with the vessels at anchor off the quay. Cape Espartel, a remarkable headland, with a lighthouse upon its extremity, becomes visible a little to the south of the debouchure of the Tagus. The cliff is obliquely stratified, and marked like those of Alum Bay, Isle of Wight. The land now recedes, and is in a considerable measure lost sight of, till, rounding close in upon Cape St Vincent, the scene of the celebrated engagement in 1797, the Bay of Cadiz is entered. In crossing this bay, land is for some time lost sight of. It becomes visible again off Cape Trafalgar; but this celebrated headland it was our misfortune to pass in the dark.

The next place of importance reached by the steamer is Gibraltar, where we quit the Atlantic Ocean, and enter the Mediterranean. The rock of Gibraltar first comes into view about ten miles off. As the bay is approached, the suddenness of the change in the colour of the water, from bright deep blue to green, as the soundings decrease at once from twenty-four to sixteen fathoms, strikes the voyager. The transition is instantaneous, without any intermediate hue or shading. Rounding the Point Carnero, and breasting Europa Point, you find yourself at once within a beautiful sheltered and spacious recess, some six miles across and ten in depth, with British men-of-war, steamers, and merchant ships of every nation at anchor. The appearance of the rock of Gibraltar, with respect to its known military strength, generally disappoints the stranger. The most formidable of the batteries are either concealed in mysterious galleries in the bosom of the rock itself, half-way up, or lie so close on the line of the sea, as to be lost sight of amongst the hulls of the vessels around. The promontory consists of a vast

rock, rising from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred feet above the sea; is about three miles in length, and from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in width, and is joined to the mainland by a low sandy isthmus, about a mile and a half in length. On the north side, fronting the isthmus, the rock is almost perpendicular, the east and south sides are also steep and rugged; but on the west side it slopes downward to a fine bay, nine miles long by four miles and a half broad. On this slope lies the town, containing a mixed population of sixteen thousand, and above rise the principal ramparts of the rocky fortress, which is generally garrisoned by from three to four thousand troops. The ordnance consists of more than seven hundred cannons fit for service.

Gibraltar derives its name from Tarif, the Moorish general, by whom it was taken from the Spaniards in 711—Gibel Tarif, the Mountain of Tarif. It remained in the hands of the Moors till the beginning of the fourteenth century, when it was recovered by the Spaniards. It was retaken by the Moors in 1333. In 1462 it finally fell into the hands of the Christians, after having been possessed by their adversaries for seven hundred and forty-eight years. On the 24th of July 1704 it was captured by the English, who fell on it suddenly, and stormed it—the garrison amounting to no more than one hundred and fifty men, the batteries mounting one hundred guns. From this time till nearly the end of the century, numberless attempts to wrest it from us have been made by the French and Spaniards, but in vain. During the late war, it seemed to be considered idle to attempt to disturb us!

The town of Algesiras, a place of considerable importance, and remarkable as that at which the Moors first landed in Spain, lies across the bay about five and a half miles off, while the village of St Roque, at the upper end of the bay, is conspicuous on the slope. The high blue mountains of Granada fill up the background.

The winter climate of Gibraltar is extremely delightful. In December, the temperature varies from 60 to 75 degrees, clouds shading the piercing rays of the sun. In summer, it is occasionally extremely hot, especially when the wind blows from the African shore. The appearance presented by Gibraltar, viewed from the harbour, is peculiarly striking after nightfall. The numberless lights, seen in all their brightness through the open windows, look as if issuing from apertures admitting to some bright cave or furnace in the centre of the rock, whose huge black mass towers on high, the houses in the town being undistinguishable in the darkness. In summer, the surface of the sea is occasionally so closely covered with luminous particles, as to seem sheeted in phosphorus. The slightest ripple increases the intensity of the light, and the dolphins flash through the water, literally "moving in light of their own making." In

winter, this in a great measure disappears, the luminosity being confined to a few bright masses which sweep by the ship. I have often taken up bucketsful of water brilliant with luminous particles when stirred, but though I have tried the experiment in a hundred different ways, I have never been so fortunate as to get a sight of the zoophyte or animalcule by which this is given forth, either with the naked eye or glass.

We landed at Gibraltar at noon, and embarked about five o'clock on the evening of the 10th. Of this time—of which a good deal was made by the more active of our passengers—I was unable to avail myself, being occupied in duties which I could not properly desert. Some of the party provided themselves with mules, and made an interesting excursion over the rock. The view of the African shore from Gibraltar Bay is, towards sunset, peculiarly beautiful—the fortress of Ceuta, standing out purple and red in the setting sun, in mimic rivalry of that on the European shore. One huge mass of mountains, of the Atlas group on the African side, with the Sierras of Andalusia on the Spanish shore, "fill the mind with beauty" for a long while on leaving or on approaching Gibraltar.

After staying but a few hours, our gallant vessel was again on her course. The weather, unfortunately, was not propitious. On leaving Gibraltar we encountered a heavy gale of wind, which lasted four days. The wind was westerly, and, as is usual in such circumstances, the mercury in the barometer kept rising as the gale increased. When at its height, the column stood at 30·114, and began steadily to descend as the storm abated. How useful is this instrument to the mariner—how faithful its prognostications of storm and calm!

Pursuing our way up the Mediterranean, the vessel steers direct for Malta, by which we approach the African shore. On the 14th we were off Algiers. The bay and town, with the villas around, were plainly visible by the naked eye: we were little more than six miles off. The country adjoining appeared fertile and well-cultivated, and we could see roads, gardens, and enclosures, with fields and vineyards, all looking in good condition. Cape Faroe, and the promontory of the Seven Capes, are jagged, irregular headlands, very distinctly visible. Cape Bon was another headland which came into sight. We likewise passed within view of the dreary island of Pantellaria, which is evidently the huge tumulus of an extinct volcano. It is about thirty-six miles in circumference, and seems about three thousand feet in height. The ruptured craters and streams of lava are easily traceable, with beds of loose stones hurled down the mountain's side during some of its fiercer explosions. A large mass of cloud, which might readily be mistaken for the smoke of smouldering fires, almost constantly rests on the summit of the mountain. There is a considerable town, of the same name with the island, near the sea-shore on the western slope, and vineyards and gardens

appear scattered about in surprising abundance. It belongs to the king of Sicily, and is used as a penal settlement, whither the Sicilian convicts are sent.

Our coal had been so heavily taxed by the storm, which had only now abated, that we were at one time on the point of making for Tunis. The wind got round upon us, and it is astonishing how rapidly in these seas the swell goes down after a gale. Six hours after it had ceased to blow, the waves were nearly smooth, and the speed of the vessel almost doubled.

We reached Malta at daybreak on the 17th of December, and proceeded to land with as little delay as possible. Had we come in an opposite direction, we should have had to perform a troublesome quarantine. The island of Malta, which now belongs to England, is sixty miles from the nearest point in Sicily, and two hundred from the African shore. It is seventy miles in length, nine in width, and one hundred and sixty in circumference. It attains at one place an elevation of six hundred feet. The climate is fine and healthy, though hot in summer, and suffers occasionally from the sirocco, which blows from the south-east, and occurs chiefly in September. The mean annual temperature is 67 degrees; the variation of the yearly means from 1820 to 1840 was no more than 3 degrees; the extreme range during the year is about 24 degrees.

Malta consists entirely of calcareous rocks, with scarcely any soil, diluvium, or abraded matter. The country has rather an arid appearance, but it produces grapes in abundance, and other fruits. At a distance, the view is rendered lively by the great number of windmills perched on the heights, and employed for grinding corn. The inhabitants speak a language partly Arabic and partly Italian, the former predominating.

The port of Malta consists of two splendid harbours, separated from each other by the narrow promontory called Mount Xiberras. On this stands the capital, Valetta. Marsamuscetta is the name given to the western or quarantine harbour; the other is called Valetta, or the Great Harbour. The entrance to this last is guarded on the one side by the fortress of St Elmo, on the other by that of Ricasoli, both of remarkable strength. On Fort St Elmo is one of the most brilliant lighthouses in the Mediterranean. The Great Harbour runs away into numerous creeks and inlets. In one of these is the dockyard, victualling-yard, and arsenal, with a wet-dock just finished, which is said to have cost the government not much under a million sterling. In another is the merchant shipping wet-dock and store-yards. A number of British, American, and French ships of war are commonly at anchor in the port; one British line-of-battle ship, of the largest size, with the admiral's flag on board, being of the number. The vast variety of forms, and diversity of appointments, of the mercantile vessels, especially of those from the Levant, present a most picturesque appearance.

It is seldom the traveller to or from the East can find leisure to examine the whole of the noble sights in or around Malta. There are abundance of excellent "guide-books," of which a supply can at all times be procured from the admirable library of Mr Muir, for those who have leisure and inclination for such things. I shall confine myself to a short notice of those which, during my brief visit now and on a former occasion, I was able to examine.

One of the principal objects of attraction is the cathedral of St John, the patron of the order of the famed Knights of Malta. It was built in 1580. Externally, it is a heavy-looking pile. It has a fine chime of bells, supposed to have been brought from Rhodes, and its internal decorations are rich and beautiful. The floor is mosaic marble pavement, chiefly composed of sepulchral monuments of the knights, whose figures are represented in white marble. The governor now resides in the palace of the Grand Master; it is a fine spacious building, well worthy of attention. The most striking object connected with it is the armoury. It contains ten thousand stand of modern infantry arms, fit for immediate use. The most attractive portions of its contents are the arms and suits of armour of the middle ages: some of these are beautifully chased, and inlaid with gold. There is a singular piece of ordnance, an eight or ten pounder, made of a moderately strong tube of sheet-copper, covered over with coils of tarred rope. The gun was really neatly formed, and at first the singular nature of the material of which it was made was not apparent. It seems to have been burst in firing. No great wonder that it should. The library is said, at the time of the expulsion of the knights, to have contained seventy thousand volumes. There are in the palace tables, slabs, vases, and ornaments of various kinds, cut from the marble of Valetta.

The fortifications of Malta are most extensive and intricate; they are connected with the harbours; and on looking at their powers of defence, the mind sinks under the conviction that they are impregnable. Fort St Elmo, the most massive of these works, contains accommodation for two thousand men. Few things are more dazzling or trying for the eyes than the rocks and buildings around Malta harbour: they are of an intense yellowish-white, without one particle of vegetation to relieve them. The waters of the harbour are singularly pure, so that the bottom is distinctly visible to the depth of thirty or forty feet. The Parlettario is the favourite resort for quarantine-bound passengers. It is a long narrow room, near the anchorage, divided by a barrier, where the gold and silver filigree-work, for which Malta is famous, is sold. Here also are shell cameos, bracelets, and brooches in mosaic, and a vast variety of bijouterie. The Maltese females are celebrated for the skill and delicacy with which they embroider in gold and coloured silks, as well as for the beauty of the knit silk gloves, &c. which they manufacture; and on these

a good deal of money is usually expended in the Parlettario for the benefit of friends at home.

There is a tradition that, from the time of the visit of St Paul, Malta has been devoid of serpents or other poisonous reptiles. During our stay, we had evidence of the baselessness of the tradition—having seen a snake killed by a soldier on duty close by his sentry-box. It was about three feet long, of a dingy brown, and had very much the hue and aspect of the common cobra. We had no means of determining whether it was poisonous or not. Close by the anchorage were several sentry stations, and the neat economical penthouse with which the soldier was protected from the sun, struck me as particularly suitable for India. It is a light wooden stand, not unlike a music stand in shape, with a movable board, which can be fixed at any degree of angle, to shelter the sentinel from the sun. Without such a protection in summer, the poor soldier would soon be broiled to death.

So many days had been lost in the storm after leaving Gibraltar, that the time allowed us at Malta was limited to eight hours. We quitted the shore at four o'clock, and were on board as speedily as possible. The Oriental Steam Navigation Company had at this time but one vessel for the Bombay Mail, as it is called, which plies constantly betwixt Malta and Alexandria—the *Iberia*. She is of five hundred tons burden, with engines of two hundred horse-power; a clever-going, clean, tidy little ship, with one of the most kind-hearted, attentive, and obliging captains that can be. And here I may be permitted a few passing remarks on the *Tagus* and *Iberia*, in which both my voyages were performed, belonging to the lighter class of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company's ships. The Tagus is a fine powerful vessel, of nine hundred tons and three hundred horse-power, well kept, and a stout sea-boat. Nothing can surpass the politeness and attention of her officers; and the whole attendance has that air of thorough respectability which imparts so much confidence, and assures so much comfort, to the passengers—contrasting strikingly in the latter with the ragamuffianly crew which, on the Suez side, constitutes the servants in the government steamers. The Oriental Company give high pay to their servants, so as to make their service eminently desirable. They keep the establishment always fully employed; the heaviest punishment that can be inflicted on either seaman or servant is dismissal, with the assurance that he will never be employed by them again. The provisioning of the vessel is let out to a provider, who receives five shillings a-day for each passenger: the officers have nothing to do with it, but to see that everything is abundant and of the best.

We had a beautiful run of six days from Malta to Alexandria; our voyage bringing us within the farther limits of the Mediterranean, known as the Levant. The time occupied from Southampton to Alexandria was about twenty days, including stoppages.

EGYPT.

The land around Alexandria is so low, that it does not come into sight till we are quite close to the harbour of Alexandria; but some time previously, we observe rising, as it were, out of the sea, the windmills, Pompey's Pillar, the Lighthouse, and Cleopatra's Needle, with several towers and minarets. From the town westward to the Lake Mareotis, for the space of nearly a mile, the sand hillocks by the shore are literally covered with windmills. I counted about two hundred. The turrets are about thirty feet high in all, the length of the arms about twenty feet, breadth of sail three to three and a half feet. They have eight vanes each; and as they are set different ways, and so move in opposite directions in different mills, when tossing their arms in the wind, they look like a set of sea-monsters sprawling about on the shore, and striving to regain their native element. They are all employed in grinding wheat; and though rugged and rude enough in appearance, are in reality simple and efficient implements. They employ a single pair of stones, made either of French bhurr or vesicular lava from Sicily. They have no sifting or boulting apparatus: the ground wheat is received from the stones in a sack, and the flour afterwards dressed through a fine gauze sieve by the hand. I visited several of them, with a view to the introduction of a similar species of machine into India.

On landing at Alexandria, the traveller now feels that he is fairly out of Europe. He may have seen a stray and stunted palm-tree or two at Gibraltar or Malta, with here and there a Turk or Arab in his native dress: these last, indeed, may be met with in the streets of London. At Alexandria all the costumes are Oriental, European residents mostly dressing like Turks. Vast groves of magnificent date-trees, far surpassing in beauty those to be met with in Western India, stretch away in all directions. Long strings of camels are employed in carrying merchandise. The women are all veiled—covered over with that unsightly blue vestment which conceals the person and the face, leaving a pair of little holes for the eyes to peep through. Formerly, it was the custom for passengers from the steam-packets to place themselves on the backs of donkeys, in order to get through the streets. This is all changed now, and the traveller finds a large and roomy van ready for his conveyance to the hotel, without absurdity, romance, or inconvenience.

The great square of Alexandria, where most of the European inhabitants reside, has a singularly fine and pleasing appearance, though without anything of which the architect can boast. The houses are built of whitish limestone, like Bathstone, only here the walls remain pure as when erected—taking no tarnish from the weather. In the centre is an obelisk of the yellowish-white

Cairo marble, which surmounts a fountain. The residences of the consuls around the square are each surmounted by a flag-staff, on which on gala-days the ensigns of their respective nations are displayed. The French consul has a strange-looking corkscrew staircase surrounding his, and leading to a watch-tower which overlooks the town. Many of the signboards of the shopkeepers, especially the apothecaries, are painted with Greek characters. Here are situated the principal hotels, and hence diverge streets to all parts of the town.

Alexandria was originally built in the form of a Madonian mantle, with its longer side to the sea. At one time it contained a population of above half a million, of which half were slaves. It boasted of four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres or places of amusement, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetables, and forty thousand tributary Jews. Its public libraries are said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes of books. It was accidentally destroyed by fire during the war with the Romans in Cæsar's time. Ages of misrule under Saracens, and latterly under Turks, fell like a blight on everything in Alexandria, as on everything else in Egypt; and not until the era of Mehemet Ali, the present vigorous ruler, did the country show any symptom of revival. Since the beginning of the present century, the population of Alexandria has increased from seven thousand to seventy thousand. With its harbour and docks, it now possesses the appearance of a thriving port.

Vestiges of the ancient splendour of Alexandria are everywhere to be found. Fragments of richly-sculptured columns, of architraves, cornices, and other portions of architectural ornament, are to be seen strewed about in every quarter of the city —broken up for lime or for paving-stones, and built into the meanest houses. Huge shafts of granite are continually disclosed, half buried amongst the rubbish or the sand; and the mounds of ruins are in many cases one mass of porphyries, granites, verde-anticoes, and marbles, brought from Upper Egypt or the south of Europe. In the course of a few hours I picked up some hundred specimens of thirty different varieties of the stones I have named, which required only a little polishing to restore to them their lustre. Mosaics, and pieces of ancient glass, are also abundant; the latter marked by that iridescent semi-metallic hue which indicates decay through extreme lapse of time. The sights at Alexandria are Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, the Catacombs, the pasha's palace, and the battle-field where Abercromby fell; the Lake Mareotis, of which a distant view usually satisfies the traveller; and the canal. Pompey's Pillar stands on an eminence about six hundred yards from the present walls of the town, close beside the road which leads from the Rosetta Gate to the Mahmoudyé Canal. The total height of the column is ninety-eight feet. The shaft, which

is a single block of red granite or syenite, is nine feet eight inches in diameter, and seventy-three in length. It is now shown to have been erected by Publius, the prefect of Egypt, in honour of the Emperor Dioclesian. It probably was only put in its place when it is said to have been erected, forming most likely a portion of some of the more ancient and noble relics of Egypt. Cleopatra's Needles are at the opposite extremity of the town: they consist of two obelisks, one prostrate, and one erect, of the same material as the column. One is seventy, the other sixty-five feet high, and about seven feet in diameter at the base. They stood originally at Heliopolis, and were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars. Both are covered with hieroglyphics.

The Lake of Mareotis is one of the curiosities of the neighbourhood of Alexandria, and is situated a short way beyond the Rosetta Gate. This lake, which is about a hundred and fifty miles in circumference, was originally fresh-water; and being about five or six feet deep, it answered the purposes of navigation. In consequence of its connexion with the Nile being cut off, its waters were wholly dried up, or nearly so; and in this condition it was eighty or ninety years since. An entire change followed. It is divided from the sea by mounds of sand, blown up from the shore, and its bottom is several feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean. Thus exposed to the danger of submersion, it was resolved, during the siege of Alexandria in 1788, to let in upon it the waters of the ocean. It was certain to produce a wide-spread calamity; but when did the demon War stop to consider results? Four cuts were made, each of six yards in width, and ten distant from each other. The waters rushed in with a fall of six feet. Two more cuts were finished next day, and the sea finally broke down the divisions. What a scene of devastation! The sea flowed in for a week. The calamity was fearful. The sites of three hundred villages were flooded, and rendered barren for ever. The bank was afterwards closed up again, and the communication with the sea cut off; but the basin of the lake being lower than the surface of the sea, and the Mediterranean here being without tide, there was no means of drawing off the salt water. It was by degrees in a great measure evaporated by the sun, leaving a vast expanse of once fertile surface covered with a dazzling snow-white sheet of salt. In this condition I examined it in June 1845. The Nile is admitted annually to it at flood, and the lake then reappears: but the returning dry season only restores the condition previously existing. Nor does there appear to be any remedy for this, until the successive depositions of silt from the river accumulate sufficiently to raise the bottom of the lake to a level with the sea—an operation only to be effected through some vast and indefinite lapse of time. Till then, the salt must always mingle with the fresh-water silt deposited every year. Could rice or any grain

be grown on it, as in India, which flourishes even on saline grounds, the process of recovery would of course be greatly accelerated. The lake formerly communicated by a canal with the port of Old Alexandria.

In various masses of rock, composed of oolitic limestone, adjacent to the lake and near the town, are shown a number of curious catacombs, and other ancient works of art, including a variety of mosaics. South of the city are several high mounds, likewise interesting from the relics of ancient art found imbedded in them. The bricks used for building in Alexandria are those excavated from the ruins of the ancient city: they are quarried in abundance in all directions. They are well-formed, and excellently burnt; and so perfectly cemented together, that it is often more difficult to break the hardened mortar than the material it unites. The potter's wheel at Alexandria is a singular one: it consists of a spindle about two feet long, turning in a socket some one and a half feet under the level of the floor, and a collar about three inches from the upper extremity. The circular disk on which the ware is thrown is of course above this last. The wheel is turned at the rate of about two revolutions a second, by a circular flange some one and a half feet in diameter just above its lower insertion. The potter sits on the floor, his legs in a small pit below the wheel, shuffling with his feet on the flange just mentioned, and so making the wheel revolve. It is certainly the most awkward-looking implement by much that I have seen for the purpose. Yet the ware turned out is good, strong, well-shaped, and is afterwards thoroughly burned in kilns.

Admission to the pasha's palace may be procured by an order from the vakeel, or steward. It is a neat, but plain and unpretending building. The view from it is beautiful. The rooms are handsome, and well-proportioned and arranged; and the floors, of inlaid brightly-polished wood, have a very pleasing effect.

Travellers for India usually hurry through Egypt, with the view of not losing the steamboat, which is ready for them at Suez. But as there are two steamers a-month, those who have time and money to spare, may occupy themselves very delightfully in spending a fortnight on the journey. The conveyance of travellers from Alexandria to Suez is effected by the pasha, at an expense of £12. This charge includes everything save liquors and hotel bills of all kinds at Cairo, which fall on the passenger, and frequently amount to 15s., or £1. All charges of this class seem in Egypt extortionately high, and are indeed out of all proportion to tavern bills in Europe. But then it must be remembered that the whole establishments are permanently maintained, for the sake of employment, one day in fourteen; that unless when the passengers are on the way, the innkeepers are wholly idle. And now the arrange-

ments hurry every one so fast, that they can only get some half-dozen hours of even the passengers, desiring to saddle them with the expenses incurred on their account during the interval when the house is open for the reception of guests, but when there are no guests to be received. Having arranged matters at the Transit Office, the traveller is duly informed of the hour when the vans quit the hotel, and should make the best of his time in the interval. The vans proceed to the place of embarkation, about two miles distant, on the Mahmoudyé Canal. The luggage is forwarded beforehand on camels, a carpet-bag being all that is allowed—it is all, indeed, that is requisite—for each individual to carry along with him.

The road to the canal leads through the great square already described, and on to the Rosetta Gate—an old ragged fragment of the fortifications of the town. And here, to his astonishment, the traveller finds that Alexandria is being fortified, after the manner of Paris, with walls, and bastions, and ditches, and all the other contrivances of military engineership. The works are being constructed on the recommendation of the French, and under the superintendence of French engineers. A quarter of a century in time, and some millions of money, may be allowed for their completion, the miserable starving population being taxed for this useless and wanton waste. Passing onward, the road leads close to the elevation on which stands Pompey's Pillar. Not far to the left is the battle-field where Sir Ralph Abercromby fell.

The Mahmoudyé Canal connects Alexandria with Atfèh, a navigable point on the Nile. This important public work was begun in 1819, and completed in little more than six months, having been opened on the 24th of January 1820. It is forty-eight miles in length, ninety feet across, and about eighteen feet in depth. For a long distance, the banks of the canal are ornamented on one side by neat villas, with most beautiful shrubberies and flower-gardens in front of them. The little kiosks, or summer-seats, consisting, in a circle, of benches shadowed by lofty trees, almost hang over the banks. The canal is nowhere straight, and passes along a country so perfectly level, that locks are not required. One only exists at Atfèh. As many as a hundred and fifty thousand people are said to have been employed in the excavation of the canal: the inhabitants of all the villages in Lower Egypt were marched down to the stations respectively assigned to them, one month's pay having been advanced to enable them to supply themselves with provisions. The assemblage of so enormous a multitude, which would have formed a double line from end to end of the canal, had they stood as close as possible to each other, was sure to be productive of fatal results; and accordingly twenty thousand are understood to have perished on the occasion. Provisions ran scanty, many fell victims to starvation, and pestilence swept many more

away. Two-thirds of them were without tools or clothing of any kind whatever, groping up the mud, and lifting it out with their hands. The last portion of this statement appeared to myself incredible, until I had seen people engaged in cleaning out a portion of an old canal near the Lake Mareotis. They dug with their hands into the soft mud, until a portion about a cubic foot in size was detached; this was passed on to the nearest workman, and so conveyed by others to the bank. Not one vestige of implement or attire was possessed, or apparently desired by them.

The banks of the canal are sufficiently high to intercept the view of the adjoining country, so that, after passing the villas already alluded to, there is really nothing to be seen. A good sailing-boat traversed the distance in eight hours; one, tugged by horses, in ten. A small high-pressure steamer is presently employed, which goes snort, snorting along at the rate of about five miles an hour. The boats containing the passengers and luggage are towed behind. We started at half-past six, and were no less than eleven hours on the canal, reaching Atfeh on the Nile at half-past five. It has always been my fortune to pass this filthy little village late at night, or early in the morning, so as scarcely to be able to see it, and the matter did not seem entitled to excite much regret. On reaching the Nile, the traveller finds a neatly-kept and commodious steamer awaiting him—not very roomy, but such as passengers, if not numbering more than fifty, may put up with without much discomfort. In going up the Nile, several large works for assisting the irrigation of the country are passed.

One who has examined the magnificent specimens of grain now grown in England, is exceedingly disappointed on examining that for which Egypt, for thirty centuries, has been famous. I collected many specimens in 1840: it is exceedingly prolific on the root, but not more so than grain at home thinly sown on rich soil. The stalks of the barley are seldom above eighteen or twenty inches long; each root produces from six to twenty-five stems, fifteen being about the average. There are six rows of grains or pickles on each stalk, each row containing at an average about ten grains, so that the return from the seed is from six hundred to nine hundred. The roots are from six to fourteen inches from each other, and I do not believe that an acre of land in Egypt will yield nearly so much grain, by measure or weight, as a similar surface in England—both under present cultivation. The barley itself, when rubbed out, would have been little short of unsaleable in average seasons at home, so thin, husky, and poor it was. It is trampled out of the straw by oxen, and cleared of chaff by the wind. The straw is chopped or cut up into what we in India call boosa, by an implement closely resembling a turnip-sowing harrow, drawn over it by oxen, each roller being armed with three or four circular cutters.

The crop which most surprises by its abundance is tobacco, vast fields of which extend in all directions. Nor is it to be wondered at that the cultivation of this narcotic should rival in extent that of grain, or roots, or fruits for human food. In Egypt, every man who can afford it smokes at every hour of the day. The dull and watery eye, the want of energy and enterprise apparent in all, tell too plainly how the drug is doing its work. It is sad to see Englishmen reducing themselves to the level of Turks, as is too often the case, by the filthy and degrading practice of everlasting smoking. A singular variety of raft, consisting of a framework of slight sticks, buoyed up by a vast number of earthen pots, is frequently to be seen on the Nile. They appear to be chiefly employed in carrying coarse earthenware down the river.

From the moment of arrival in Egypt, we feel that we are in a country possessing many relics of the past; but this feeling cannot be said to exist in perfect force till we approach Cairo, which is the threshold of all the great marvels of ancient art. Those who have not before sailed up the Nile, watch for the first appearance of the Pyramids. These become suddenly visible about forty miles below Cairo; and the cry that they are in sight, renders the spectator almost breathless with anxiety to discover them. They are seen far across the desert breaking the western horizon, and seem at this enormous distance almost as large as when looked at from Cairo. Here the Desert sand has fairly drifted over the fertile soil, and is blown in masses into the river. The banks of the Nile, indeed, show that this has been an event of frequent occurrence since silt began to accumulate, alternate beds of sand and mud being visible all down a section of ten to fifteen feet of bank. The sand, examined through a magnifier, is of a yellowish smoke-colour, sharp and angular, often of a pretty regular cubical form. It looks like the quartz portions of disintegrated granite, which it probably is.

The banks of the Nile, which have been hitherto dull and uninteresting, become exceedingly striking as we approach Boulac, which is in the vicinity of Cairo. Long lines and groups of trees skirt the left bank of the river. Amongst some half-dozen of beautiful acacias, the magnificent golden flowers of the *acacia fistula* stand conspicuous. The tree receives its name from the seed-pod being of the form and size of an ordinary fife: the flower is something like that of the laburnum, with each branch five or six times the size of those of the latter tree. Then come the gardens and pleasure-grounds around the palace of Shoubra. The island of Rhoda, a garden nearly altogether, divides and half fills up the river in front. The beautiful weeping willow of Egypt—most graceful and lovely of its loveliest of races—is conspicuous everywhere. The long sweeping yards of the lateen-sailed boats of the Nile, sometimes not less than sixty feet in length, shoot up by the shore. Just beyond are the large

cotton-mills and other works of the pasha, intruding English steam-engines, and huge chimney stalks, which, though striking enough as contrasts, seem here eminently out of place. Sweeping along the eastern horizon, at a distance of two miles, is the Citadel, with the vast city and countless minarets of Grand Cairo. On the other or right side but two objects present themselves to the eye—the Desert and the Pyramids: and they are enough.

The voyage up the Nile, extending to 120 miles from Atfèh, occupied from eighteen to nineteen hours, and was brought to a close at Boulac. Here travellers disembark, and go to Cairo by vans provided on purpose. The drive to the city is by no means over a good road; but being through fields and gardens, the scene is everywhere most rich and beautiful. "All, save the *spirit* of man, is divine;" saving, it may be added, his habitations and his fleshly tenements. More wretched hovels than are the houses, more squalid wretches than are the people, cannot be conceived. Crossing various canals and gardens, and threading some beautiful avenues of trees, the traveller at length reaches the great square of Grand Cairo, and the picture presented is sufficiently striking. There is nothing in the way of building which deserves the name of fine architecture; but the houses are lofty and picturesque, and of every conceivable shape and size—tall graceful minarets shooting up in all directions. The Hotel d'Orient, the principal one in Cairo, is in the great square, and is a large and very showy building, though the establishment and style of living is somewhat too French for an Englishman's taste. There is an excellent, though less conspicuous, English tavern close by. The area enclosed by the great square is surrounded by a very wide and deep ditch, which is filled with water during the inundation: fine rows of acacia-trees skirt it on both sides, and form a double avenue along the road which intersects it. Vast crowds of people are at all times in the neighbourhood, and here almost alone in Cairo there is abundant room for observing the passers-by. It is indeed almost the only open space in this vast city, the thoroughfares of which consist of narrow lanes, hardly anywhere deserving the name of streets. The houses are so high, and the balconies above project so far, that it is often difficult to obtain a glimpse of the sky above. They are almost everywhere crowded most densely with people. Nimble donkeys, with jingling bells, trot rapidly along, threading their way with extraordinary dexterity through the multitude. Lines of huge camels, with vast burdens on their sides, bear down upon you, threatening to close up the pathway, and arrest the progress of the living current. Contrasted with all this activity and bustle is the profound composure of the shopkeepers, who, in the richest dresses, and with long flowing beards, recline beside their wares, smoking their hookas, or long cherry-stalked, amber-mouthed pipes, as in a state of the most apathetic unconcern. I have rarely seen so large a proportion

of fine-looking men as are to be found thus occupied in many of the bazaars.

We reached Cairo at eight o'clock in the morning, and were told that the first set of vans would set off for Suez at eleven, and the last at four o'clock in the afternoon. To those who propose going forward, there is little time to spare. Some of our party, however, who were active, were able to traverse the city, to inspect the palace of the pasha, and to enjoy the magnificent view from the battlements of the Citadel. They also had a little time to spend on shopping at the silk embroidery and perfumery bazaars, and to purchase some memorials of their stay; to visit the reading-rooms and museum of the Egyptian Society—the valuable collection of Dr Abbot being one of the richest and most interesting in Egypt.

Cairo is said to contain a population of two hundred thousand inhabitants: it stands on a plateau about forty feet above the level of the Nile, and on the edge of the Desert. The Citadel is one of the most prominent objects of attraction, and can be examined however short almost may be the traveller's stay. It was built about the year 1171, by the Caliph Yoosef Saláh-è-deen, well known in the history of the Crusaders as "the Magnificent Saladin." A long ride through narrow, crowded, and irregular lanes, past numerous mosques of great magnitude and beauty, leads to the bottom of the steep winding ascent, at the extremity of which is the gate of the fortress. The first object of attraction which it contains is a magnificent mosque, which has now been ten years in process of construction. It is still incomplete. It consists of an open square, surrounded by a single row of thirty-five columns. In the centre of this is a superb fountain, and on the east a lofty gate leads to the inner part of the house of prayer. I do not know to what variety of architecture the building can be referred. I cannot concur with Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, that its attractions are due more to the beauty of the material of which it is constructed than to the skill displayed in the structure itself. To me it seemed in this latter respect supremely beautiful; not the less so because of the extent to which it departed from anything known to us of Greek, Roman, Gothic, or even of Indian art. The extreme richness of its decorations partake nothing of tediousness —they are all symmetrical, tasteful, and beautiful. I do not even know but that the effect may be heightened by the burnished brass mouldings which surround the base of the capital and top of the basement of the column, though this sort of combination of metal and stone is one of the most unusual in masonry. The walls, which consist of the common building-stone of Cairo, are everywhere crusted over with a yellowish-white variegated horny-coloured marble. It is brought from a considerable way across the country, having been discovered some fourteen years since at a place called Wadee Moähut, about seventy miles from the Nile, and is a travertine, or fresh-water limestone, deposited

from springs. The undulations and coatings of the deposit form beautiful markings in the marble: it is unfortunately not susceptible of a very high polish, and is often defaced by small angular crevices, which, however, cease to be observable a few yards off. It is brought in large blocks from the quarry, and sawn into slices beside the building. The magnificent granite columns which formerly surrounded Joseph's Hall are lying prostrate around. They were pulled down in 1827, to make room for the mosque, and were in all likelihood originally the fragments of some of the noble works of Egypt's splendour in its earlier days. They are of the same material as that of which Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needles are composed. Just beyond the mosque is the palace and harem of the pasha—a neat, plain building, more richly than tastefully fitted up and furnished within, but quite worthy of examination. The Mint is beyond this; and near by is Joseph's Well, an excavation two hundred and sixty feet in depth, a winding staircase leading to the bottom. The reader must be reminded that the Joseph here referred to is not the Hebrew patriarch, though commonly imagined to be such, but the famous Sultan Saladin, by whom the works were constructed.

From the palace garden may be seen the spot where Emir Bey leaped his horse over the wall, to escape the massacre which awaited his brother Mamelukes on the 1st of March 1811. Mohammed Ali had prepared an expedition into Arabia, to chastise the Wahabees, who had robbed and murdered the pilgrims on their way to Mecca. The Mamelukes, impatient of his curtailment of their power, resolved to avenge and liberate themselves by the overthrow of his government. Their secret was badly kept, and the pasha was informed of the plot hatching against him. He pretended to disbelieve it altogether, and treated it as a slander against the Mamelukes. His preparations being completed, he invited all his courtiers and chiefs to the Citadel, to be present at the investiture of his son with authority to be exercised during his absence. The beys of the Mamelukes were received with the usual courtesy; but on their retirement, found the gates shut against them, while volleys of musketry were poured in on them from every side. Horses and riders fell in heaps. It is said that four hundred and forty were slaughtered in the court, Emir Bey alone escaping. He remembered that a heap of rubbish, thrown over the wall, had accumulated to a considerable height near its base. He leaped his horse over: the animal was dashed to pieces, but the rider escaped. He found shelter in the tents of some soldiers near, and succeeded in making his way to Constantinople. He survived till within these few years. The beautiful aqueduct seen from the Citadel was originally built by Saladin the Magnificent in 1171, for the purpose of bringing water from the Nile to supply the garrison: it was renewed and enlarged in 1518.

Before requesting the reader to accompany me on the route

eastwards to Suez, I shall pause to describe some things which I visited and felt interested in on the occasion of my previous visit to Cairo.

THE NILE—PYRAMIDS.

Egypt, as is well known, consists of the fertile valley of the Nile, and a stripe of desert on each side. The Nile, formed by streams coming out of Abyssinia on the south, is about 1500 miles in length; at certain places it forms rapids, or sloping cataracts, and at other points encloses islands, interesting for their beauty or the ruins which remain upon them. The remarkable phenomenon connected with the Nile, is its annual overflow of the banks which border it—an event looked for with as much certainty as the daily rising of the sun. These inundations of the Nile are owing to the periodical rains which fall between the tropics. They begin in March, but have no effect upon the river until three months later. Towards the end of June it begins to rise, and continues rising at the rate of about four inches a-day, until the end of September, when it falls for about the same period of time. The towns are generally built in such a situation and manner as not to be overflowed by the inundation, and in some parts of the country there are long raised causeways, upon which the people may travel during the floods. It is only in cases of an extraordinary rise that any villages are destroyed. The inundations, instead of being viewed as a calamity, are considered a blessing, for they are the cause of inexhaustible fertility. After the waters have subsided, the earth is found covered with mud, which has been left there by the river. This mud, which is principally composed of argillaceous earth and carbonate of lime, serves to fertilise the overflowed land, and is used for manure for such places as are not sufficiently saturated by the river; it is also formed into bricks, and various vessels for domestic use. The whole valley of the Nile may be considered as an alluvial plain, formed of the washed-down mud and sand of Central Africa, and it is therefore to these inundations that Egypt owes its existence.

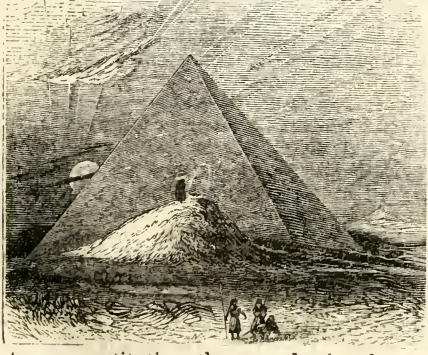
Notwithstanding the overflow of the Nile, the atmosphere of Egypt is extremely dry and healthful. During our winter, the climate of Egypt is delightful. The inhabitants speak with intense affection of the Nile, for to it they owe the verdure of their fields, their food, their drink, and the cotton for their clothing. In its taste the water is delicious and salubrious.

The Pyramids are situated about ten miles from Cairo, in a western direction, and consequently on the farther side of the Nile. The traveller may now have the benefit of a carriage for the journey: formerly, the only conveyance was by donkeys. The road leads by Old Cairo, a decayed suburb of Cairo, at two miles' distance, on the banks of the river. The Nile is forded or crossed in boats at the upper end of the island of Rhoda. When

within a couple of miles of the end of the journey, a number of frightful-looking Bedouins commonly make a rush from a large village a little way off, as if intent on mischief. They are men anxious to be employed as guides; and they had better be employed at once, to save further annoyance.

The Pyramids scarcely appear to increase in size until you are close up to their base; then their bulk seems enormous, and the distance betwixt one and the other looks like a forenoon's journey. They are four in number in one view—three large, and one small—and are usually known as the Pyramids of Gizeh. They stand on a plateau some forty feet above the plain, and are fairly within the Desert. I do not believe any one who has not visited them has a correct idea of their vast dimensions. The present base of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, as it is called, is 746 feet each way; the mass is estimated at eighty-five millions of cubic feet, and covers an area of eleven acres. Measured by the slope, its height is 611 feet, and its perpendicular height is 461 feet, being 117 feet higher than St Paul's, London. The age of the Pyramids is unknown, but it cannot be less than three thousand years. And what a waste of human labour in their construction! A hundred thousand men, changed every three months, for twenty years, are said by the Greek writers to have been occupied in their erection!

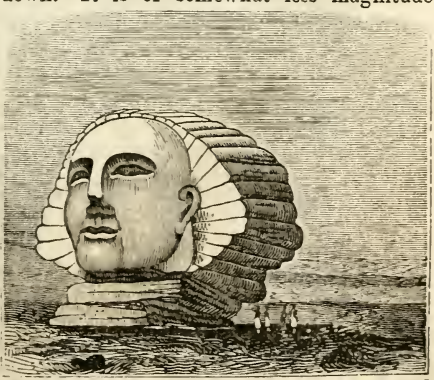
At a distance, the Pyramids appear to be tolerably smooth and pyramidal; but on coming close to them, they are found to have a ragged and half-ruined aspect, in consequence of the outer coating of stones and plaster having been removed. Their sides in this rough state present the appearance of a series of steps, composed of huge blocks of yellowish-white limestone. The ascent is toilsome, but I made a point of reaching the top of the Great Pyramid. The ledges of stone are uncomfortably high for a stair; and ladies meaning to ascend, should provide themselves with a footstool, which the guides could lift and hand up to them at each step. There are altogether 206 tiers of stone, from one to four feet high. At length we reached the top, which is an irregular platform, thirty-two feet square; the stones constituting the apex having been thrown down. On



gaining this lofty eminence, on which there was room to move about, I felt an extraordinary exhilaration of spirits, not only from the effect of historical associations, but from the remarkable fineness of the atmosphere. The view on all sides was magnificent. One of its most striking features is the distinctness of the line which divides the fertile region from the Desert. There is no middle ground—no debateable land, over which fertility and desolation, the sand of Sahara and the silt of the Nile, alternately hold sway. So far as the influence of the Nile extends, all is verdure; the moment the sand begins, utter waste ensues.

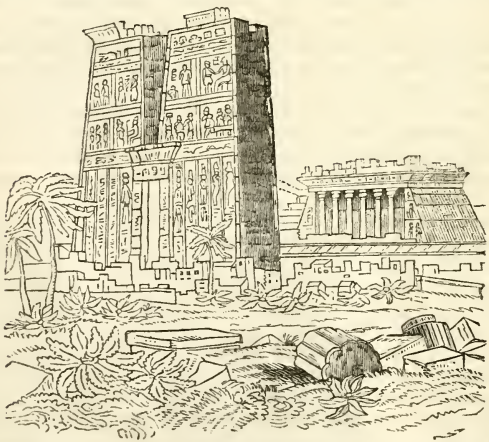
Having satisfied our curiosity, the party descended; but all found that coming down was a vast deal more fatiguing and dangerous than going up. However, we got to the bottom in safety; and being pretty well appetised, we adjourned to luncheon in a sort of cave close by, where victuals we had brought with us were enjoyed. It is necessary to make this provision for refreshment, because there is no house, tent, or village in the neighbourhood. The Great Pyramid is not entirely solid. An entrance has been made, by which a series of labyrinthian passages and chambers have been discovered. The entrance is on the north side; but we did not feel inclined to enter; for the journey in some places requires to be performed on hands and knees. At the centre are two chambers of red granite, in one of which is a sarcophagus; and here is supposed to have slept one of the great rulers of the earth, the king of what was the greatest kingdom of the earth, the proud mortal for whom this mighty structure was raised.

The ascent of the second Pyramid is seldom attempted by visitors: it is much more difficult than that of the first, especially over that portion of the smooth granite crust which still remains about thirty feet down. It is of somewhat less magnitude than the other, but looks as large, from standing on higher ground. The third of the group is considerably smaller. The fourth I did not visit. In the neighbourhood of these grand objects of antiquity lie scattered about many interesting remains. The most attractive of these is the Sphinx—a gigantic figure, half-woman half-lion, nearly all hewn from the solid rock, the fore-legs and



part of the back only being built. There is an altar between the two paws, on which sacrifices appear to have been offered. From the lower part of the body to the top of the head, the Sphinx measures 66 feet, the recumbent portion 102, the paws 50, and the circumference of the head 100 feet. Such has been the drifting of the sands, that the whole figure is now covered except the head and a portion of the dilapidated neck, as seen in the annexed cut.

A few miles above the Pyramids of Gizeh once stood Memphis, a city as large and flourishing as Alexandria, but now utterly destroyed, and the very ruins hardly distinguishable. Continuing the journey up the valley of the Nile, and within the distance of two hundred miles, the traveller passes the ruins of many decayed cities, now reduced to miserable villages of half-starving Arabs, but once the glory of Egypt. Among these are Arsinöe, Dendera, Thebes, Karnac, Edfou, Elephantina, and Philöe. Edfou is thus described by Mr Stephens:—"At one corner of this miserable place stands one of the magnificent temples of the Nile. The propylon [or gateway], its lofty proportions enlarged by the light of the moon, was the most grand and imposing portal I saw in Egypt. From a base of nearly 100 feet in length, and 30 in breadth, it rises on each side of the



gate in the form of a truncated pyramid, to the height of 100 feet, gradually narrowing, till at the top it measures 75 feet in length and 18 in breadth. Judge, then, what was the temple to which this formed merely the entrance; and this was far from being one of the large temples of Egypt. It measured, however, 440 feet in length and 220 in breadth, about equal to the whole

space occupied by St Paul's Churchyard. Its dromos, pronaos, columns, and capitals, all correspond; and enclosing it is a high wall, still in a state of perfect preservation. I walked round it twice, and, by means of the wall erected to exclude the unhallowed gaze of the stranger, I looked down upon the interior of the temple. Built by the Egyptians for the highest uses to which a building could be dedicated—for the worship of their gods—it is now used by the pasha as a granary and storehouse."

Few travellers proceed farther up the Nile than Philöe, as the journey through Nubia is less safe or agreeable than that within the Egyptian territory. Yet without a visit to the Nubian valley of the Nile, which extends to near the head branches of the river in Abyssinia, much of the ancient grandeur of this part of the world will remain unexplored. Nubia, which is at present a Turkish province, subject to the pasha of Egypt, is frequently called by the name Ethiopia—from the black complexion of whose inhabitants the term Ethiopian came in early times to signify one who is black, or a negro. This country of Nubia, or Ethiopia, is understood by some historians to have enjoyed a degree of civilisation and refinement in art at a date even earlier than Egypt; and till the present day, it possesses pyramids and other monuments of architectural skill as wonderful, in the eyes of the traveller, as those in the lower divisions of the Nile.

So much for a glance at the archæological treasures of Egypt; let us now return to Cairo, in order to undertake an excursion which has been seldom performed.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

This extraordinary curiosity is situated eight or ten miles south from Cairo, and is reached by a journey on the back of a donkey through a rugged piece of country. The ground over which you travel is a dry gravelly soil, without a particle of vegetation. Having proceeded for some miles through a rocky valley, a sudden turn to the right takes you through a low range of sand-hills, and in less than a quarter of an hour you arrive at the forest. And such a forest! Trees lying prone on the ground, and transferred into stone. The world contains nothing so wonderful as a work of nature. On every side the prostrate forest extends as far as the eye can reach. Plains and rolling hillocks of sand sweep on and on to the horizon, all strewed thickly over with fragments of fallen trees. They lie at some places so close to each other, that a sure-footed Cairo donkey can scarcely thread his way through them: at other places they are few and far between, scarcely within stone-throw of each other, as if those had been the thickets, these the openings, in the forest. The trees are nowhere round in the surface, but sharp and angular, as if split by heat into many fragments. Few pieces are more than from four to six feet in length; but a series of these may often be seen lying end to end for a

space of from fifty to sixty feet, as if the tree they constituted had been sawn or broken across, the pieces remaining in their places. The aspect of the fallen trunks is like that of the half rotten bog-wood found in an Irish or a Scottish morass. In hue, they are for the most part of a lightish chestnut-brown; some of them of a dusky-white, precisely of the colour of common ash or pine long exposed to the weather. Of this tint are nearly all the smaller fragments, which often lie about as if chipped off from the larger ones. There are no fangs of roots or branches connected with the stems, but there are the rudiments of both in abundance. The knots indicating where branches once had been, are often of singular beauty and distinctness; sometimes so much so, as to seem fresh torn off the stem. The whole scene is the very picture of solitude and desolation, enhanced beyond that of the ordinary Desert—which leaves no token of ever having been more productive than it is—inasmuch as the remains around remind you that what is now salt and barrenness must once have been fertility and verdure. The trees, as already said, are mostly on the surface; many of them, however, are half-buried, others barely show themselves above the sand. The sand itself is light coloured; the nodules of stone intermixed with it are rounded; sea-shells everywhere abounding. Near the edge of the forest there are what resemble the dry beds of small-sized streams and torrents: here the little cliffs displayed are of very soft limestone, full of oyster-shells, so fresh and bright, that they seem scarcely at all affected by the weather. They are of the transparent kind, nearly flat, and scarcely thicker than common paper. Selenite here abounds, as generally over the Desert, where sea-salt prevails. It is here for the most part fibrous, the fibres being horizontal, and at right angles to the axes of the vein. I took nearly half a ton of specimens home with me; and these, like the whole of the rest of my collection, were carried free of charge both by the Egyptian Transit and Steam Navigation Company. They were afterwards distributed amongst various of our public museums.

As for the nature of the trees, they are not palms, as their branches show; nor am I aware that there is any living race nearly kindred to them. They are completely silicified, ring like cast-iron, strike fire with flint, and scratch glass. How has this transformation been effected? By no chemical process now known to man. We have nothing at all analogous to it either in the laboratory of the chemist or that of nature. There is no substance more indestructible than charcoal. Cut off from air, it resists the most intense heats known to us, and remains in the bowels of the earth unscathed for millions of years! Here the whole woody and carbonaceous matter has vanished, and in its place we find silica—the earth of flints, a substance nearly insoluble, and by itself infusible by any heat we are acquainted with. Yet so quietly and so perfectly has the exchange been

effected, that for every atom of charcoal that has been displaced, an atom of flint has been left behind. Textures and tissues so minute, that the help of powerful microscopes is required for their detection—that their delineation can only be attempted after they have been much magnified—are changed in substance, but in substance only: the most minute and fragile of their forms remain as when the green leaves and bright blossoms drew their sustenance, and the vital fluids circulated through them. Egypt is the land of hoar antiquity; but what are the wonders of the mummy-case to this? The trees look as if they had fallen down, and been turned to stone on the ground where they grew; they look "like to a forest felled by mighty winds;" they bear no marks of rolling or abrasion, such as that by which flints themselves are rounded. Yet all is sea-sand and shells everywhere; there is nothing to sustain vegetation; and whether the theory, that they belong to an age previous to that of the rock in which they are occasionally imbedded, be adopted or not, it is clear that, subsequent to their assumption of their present form and condition, the ground on which they now repose sunk beneath, and rose again far above, the surface of the sea.

It is singular, considering the extent of area, and the diversity of positions in the world over which silicified trees are found exposed above ground, that so little has been written on the subject. In Trinidad, in the West Indies, they are abundant; and they prevail over a vast expanse of surface on the seaboard of New Holland. They abound on the Coromandel coast near Madras; and in Scinde are found from Sukkur to Kurrachee, on salt desert sand, resting on nummulite limestone, exactly as in Egypt.

CAIRO TO SUEZ.

It has been already stated that our party arrived at Cairo on the morning of the 23d of December. Only a few hours is allowed, and every one should make his arrangements without unnecessary delay. Having arranged at the Transit Office to get all luggage, a small bag excepted, sent forward, and secured his place, the traveller may be considered ready to start. The conveyance to Suez is by vans, which start in detachments at specified hours. In hot weather, it is preferable to start from Cairo in the afternoon, so as to travel all night. By this plan he arrives at the centre sleeping-station in the morning, and after a few hours' repose, he can again proceed, so as to reach Suez early in the following morning. Some go on direct; others stop.

The distance from Cairo to Suez is eighty-five or eighty-six miles; and as the line of route is without any towns or villages, station-houses have been erected for the accommodation of travellers, and for the changing of horses. There are altogether seven station-houses, of which No. 4 from Cairo is the most com-

modious. Refreshments are furnished at three of the stations, and they are usually of the most sumptuous kind. The vans are of different sizes. For the greater part they are strong clumsy machines, open all around, tolerably stuffed, but without springs —merely suspended on leathern straps. They have two wheels about five feet in diameter; that is, one-third larger than those of a common carriage. They are drawn by four horses, two being in shafts, and two before them in traces. They are, in general, not over-well trained, tempered, or conditioned; but really, on the whole, get on wonderfully well. The plan of the drivers generally is to urge them to a good gallop for a mile or so, and then allow them a few minutes to rest. Including twelve hours' repose by the way, the journey from Cairo to Suez is performed in thirty-two to thirty-six hours.

There is but little of the Suez desert covered with drift sand; it consists mainly of hard gravel, with a vast abundance of loose stones in all directions. The vans seldom adhere very regularly to any particular track, and the jolting is occasionally dreadful. In the direction of Suez, as indeed in most other directions, unless when approaching the Nile, you enter on the Desert at once. The burying-ground around the city is all in sand; and the first step beyond this the ground is as completely barren and desolate as it can be in the heart of the Great Sahara itself. The route through might be almost traced by the skeletons and bones of camels to be seen all along; thousands and thousands lie bleaching by the wayside. The surface of the ground is salt, and covered with rounded pebbles, chiefly the Egyptian agate, and sea-shells. Pieces of petrified wood, often of considerable magnitude, lie strewed around: and when the limestone rock shows itself above the sand and gravel, it is generally perforated by the *pholas*, or some other variety of marine borer. The rocks, like those near Cairo, abound in petrifactions—beautiful specimens of crabs and star-fishes being amongst the most abundant. Little, nimble, fairy-looking lizards, in colour very like the surface of the ground around them, are occasionally to be seen in the Desert; also a curious variety of serpent, with two horn-like processes protruding from the forehead. There are numberless vultures and carrion crows, which feed on the dead carcases of the animals who so frequently perish on the way across. Besides these, scarcely a living thing is to be seen. Here and there are considerable quantities of the poisonous henbane, and half-way betwixt Suez and Cairo numerous bushes of the prickly acacia or camel-thorn. Just beyond the centre station is what is called "the tree of the Desert;" a solitary acacia, about one and a half feet in diameter, and ten feet length of stem, with a large thick bushy round top. This is seen at a vast distance from each side: to the weary wayworn traveller it seems almost impossible to approach it, he riding for hours after first catching sight of it without apparently coming nearer it.

The beautiful phenomenon known to sailors as "looming," to naturalists as *mirage*, equally visible in extremely cold as in warm countries, is often seen in great perfection betwixt Cairo and Suez. It is occasioned by the unequal temperature and refractive powers of different strata of the atmosphere—objects being invariably elongated or depressed, or a succession of images of them exhibited one over another. Scoresby gives drawings of images of ships and icebergs being seen by him in the arctic regions—direct or reversed, or the one and the other alternately—high up in the air. Pools, and lakes of water, are occasionally seen to fill up the hollows or valleys; and this is the shape the illusion most frequently assumes. Three of us together once saw so perfect a picture of a pool surrounded by lofty rocks and hills, by which there were two tall men in black fishing, that, but for the fact that we had traversed the ground before, and knew that there was no such thing in existence, no reasoning short of that which induced us to refuse the testimony of ourselves could have persuaded us that it was all deception. The fishers turned out to be a couple of crows, the rocks and trees a few stones and shrubs—not half so many inches in reality as they seemed feet in altitude. On another occasion, the low hillocks to the south of the centre station rose into stupendous cliffs—a noble river cleft its way through a chasm by which they were disrupted, and was received in a finely-wooded lake at their base. It seemed some three or four miles off—the whole was occasioned by the distortion of objects not two hundred yards away. So constantly had we witnessed these exhibitions in April 1840, that the Red Sea was visible for nearly an hour before we believed it to be other than an illusion: the sight of ships and steamers was the first thing that convinced us of the reality.

The portion of the road nearest to Suez is extremely rough, and the path is covered on every side with large rounded stones; the whole forming one of the most unsightly portions of the Desert. Barren and arid as it is, it is curious to find fresh plants of the water-melon species growing here and there on the most unfruitful-looking spots. The leaves are about the tint, form, and size of those of the sweet-scented geranium. The stems trail along the ground, attaining a length of two or three feet. The fruit is about the size of a smallish apple, bright-green, and very pretty. In many places here, the sand of the Desert is in process of solidification into rock. The muriates and sulphates of the sea-salt, with which the soil is charged, seem to act on the calcareous material abounding everywhere; and the result is a carbonate of soda and sulphate of lime. The last constitutes the cementing material: it is bright and shining, in small plates or crystals, and yields readily to the finger-nail. A specimen of the rock which is the result of this, would most grievously perplex a geologist not familiar with the process by which it is formed. It consists of the sand and sea-shells of the Desert—the last of these,

when near Suez, being all apparently perfectly recent and identical with those now in the Red Sea; of the Egyptian jaspers, which here mainly constitute the gravel of the Desert, and are themselves the remnants of an abraded conglomerate of one of the rock formations at hand, and of the oyster, nummulite, and other shells of the different varieties of tertiary limestone, everywhere presenting itself above the surrounding drift and alluvium. With these heterogeneous materials, the bones of birds and animals now existing in the country, or portions of the works of man, may occasionally mingle, and present a conglomerate made up of as many different kinds of material as can be collected together. This, it must be recollected, is a process not confined to a few limited spots: it is apparently in progress over vast expanses of surface in all parts of the Desert towards the shore of the Red Sea. Though there is no continuous rain, heavy showers occasionally fall near Suez; and in the pools formed by them, fishes, some inches long, have been found four or five miles from the sea.

When within four miles of Suez, you reach the edge of a perfectly level plain, diversified here and there by slight ridges and hillocks of sand and gravel, but the whole wearing the appearance of one of the most recent upheavals—the Red Sea, at a geological period comparatively recent, having obviously covered a large surface now dry land. It was noon before we reached Suez, and we were to leave at three; but as I had been before disappointed in my attempts to examine the country around, I was resolved to make the most of the two hours at my disposal. I accordingly, hammer in hand, and knapsack on back, proceeded to make a geological ramble; and I need only say, was amply repaid for my trouble, as well as for the annoyance from a scorching sun. Close to Suez is the track where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea in flying into the wilderness from Egyptian bondage. Wilkinson assumes the place to have been a little above the harbour, at the camel ford, where the water then must have been much deeper than now, and where the effects of "a strong east wind," as described in Exodus, are now similar to what they seem to have been from the account given of them in Holy Writ. The extremity of the Red Sea is a few miles above the town, and thither travellers sometimes proceed to have the pleasure of placing one foot on African, the other on Arabian ground.

The entire journey through Egypt from Alexandria to Suez is usually performed in seventy-two hours; and to afford time for travellers getting forward, the steamers for India do not start for several hours later.

SUEZ TO INDIA.

Suez is a poor, walled town, situated at the head of the Red Sea, and sustains its existence principally by the trade of the great caravans of pilgrims from Egypt in their journey to Mecca.

Latterly, it has come a little into note by being made the point of embarkation for India. The pasha built a very large and handsome hotel at Suez, the only decent-looking building in the place. The water here is all highly saline: it contains a considerable quantity of pure alkali, and is well adapted for washing —that used by Europeans for drinking is brought from the Nile. Coal is also transported across the Desert from Cairo on camels, and here costs £6 a ton.

Quitting Suez, a long pull of nearly two miles through shallows and intricate channels brings you to the roadstead, where the steamer waits your reception—the smoking funnel and roaring steam giving note of a preparation for a start. The Gulf of Suez, which comes to a point a little way above the town, is about three miles across at the place from which the steamer starts. The distance from Suez to Aden is sixteen hundred miles due south-east; that from Aden to Bombay is nineteen hundred and sixty miles east and by north. Passengers to Calcutta are accommodated in the magnificent steamers of the Oriental Steam Navigation Company, each from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred tons burden, and four hundred to five hundred horse-power. These vessels proceed straight to Aden, this part of the route being common to both; then stretch away south-east for Ceylon, nearly at right angles to the path pursued by the Bombay vessels. The Bombay passengers are conveyed by the packets or war-steamers of the Indian navy: a portion of these are from seven hundred to seven hundred and fifty tons burden, and from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and fifty horse-power. Two very superior vessels, each of twelve hundred tons and four hundred horse-power, have lately been put on the line, and two others of still larger dimensions are now in process of construction. It was on board the *Acbar*, a first-rate ship, commanded by one of the most popular officers of the Indian navy, that we found ourselves on Christmas eve 1845. The traveller towards the East, who has been dragging by each remove a lengthening chain — who has found semi-tropical Europe at Gibraltar and Malta, and fairly tasted of the Orient in Egypt— at length finds a floating fragment of India before him at Suez. The talk becomes exclusively of Bombay: inquiries are made after old places and friends, and England is spoken of as now a distant country, not soon to be seen again. The regulations as to dress, discipline, &c. are the same in the Indian as in the royal navy; and the packets are in all respects regarded as ships of war. To the old Indian, everything looks familiar; to the visitor for the first time to the East, all seems a fragment and foretaste of what is to come. Seldom, indeed, do you find so large a variety of races assembled in so narrow a compass. The officers, engineers, and regular seamen of the ship are Englishmen, all rigged out man-of-war fashion. The pilots are Arabs, from Aden or Mocha. Their costumes are beautifully pictu-

resque, and they are for the most part highly intelligent-looking men. Then you have the sepoys of the Bombay Marine Battalion, smart, dark-olive complexioned men, in the common uniform of the English soldier. The servants of the ship are mostly Portuguese, natives of the East, dressed in jackets and trousers of white cotton, such as Europeans not in uniform usually wear in India. The butler and head-servants are generally Parsees or Mussulmen: the Hindoo is forbidden by his creed from serving where his hands might be defiled by the flesh of the sacred cow. The firemen are mostly Mohammedans, or low-caste Hindoos—strong active fellows, who perform all the drudgery about the engine-room.

Fairly afloat on the Red Sea, there is little to attract the eye, the shores being rocky, sandy, and lifeless. If the weather be clear, we see in the distance north from Suez the towering summit of Sinai. As the traveller proceeds southwards, he begins to be interested in the changes presented by the firmament. At night the Southern Cross becomes prominent amongst the constellations, and the beautiful clouds of Magellan give nebulæ of an aspect altogether different from any he has seen before. The Great Bear is no longer seen to sweep around the Pole; the tail becomes at times altogether invisible, the four stars which constitute the quadrangle only keeping in view, and the great landmark, so to speak, by which the tyro astronomer guides his way amongst the constellations, is for a period lost sight of. The moon and planets again shine out with unusual splendour; and the phenomena, new to the European, are presented by a night sky intensely bright without the sensation of cold being occasioned by it.

The middle channel alone is navigable for vessels of any considerable burden. Vast margins on either shore are filled up with coral to near the surface of the water. The scenes these present are often beyond description beautiful. When we went up in June 1845, the wind blew a strong breeze against us. Captain Barker, who had been engaged in the survey, knew every channel and island so well, that he often took the most narrow and intricate, to enable him to keep the lee of some rocky island, and so shelter his ship from the adverse wind. From the mast-head, the track through which we navigated was of so deep and intense a blue, it was hard to believe that the waters were not coloured by some dyeing substance. They looked like the liquid seen streaming from the dyer's pot. A few ships' length on either side, they suddenly became slightly tinted with green; a little beyond, the greenish blue became turned into a bluish green; a band of the most intense emerald green succeeded, and then swept towards the shore; the last hue the sea assumed, before breakers appeared, was a whitish green, when the coral was but a few feet beneath the surface. These colours appeared in well-defined bands—they were not shaded, nor run into each other,

as if produced by the gradual shoaling of the reef, but seemed the effect of a set of shelves, with precipices of no great elevation between. The effect of the whole was heightened by the brown and burnt hue of the rocks and islands which were constantly appearing, rising suddenly from the surface to an altitude of some scores or hundreds of feet.

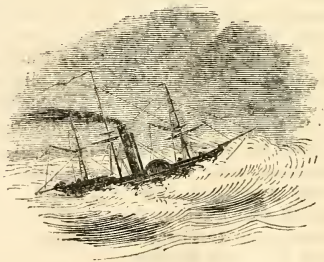
Keeping straight on our course down the middle of the Red Sea, we do not approach the land till the Straits of Babel-Mandeb make their appearance. Here the sea is greatly narrowed, not only by the projections of land, but by the island of Perim. The Straits are closed in on both sides by rugged, barren, burnt-looking rocks—the distance across being about three miles. Pushing her way through one of the channels, the steamer turned towards the left in a south-easterly direction, being now in what is called the Sea of Babel-Mandeb, which is a portion of the Indian Ocean. A series of picturesque and precipitous capes and headlands, along the coast of Arabia-Felix, on our left, came in view, and stretched away to the most prominent of them, for which we were steering—Cape Aden.

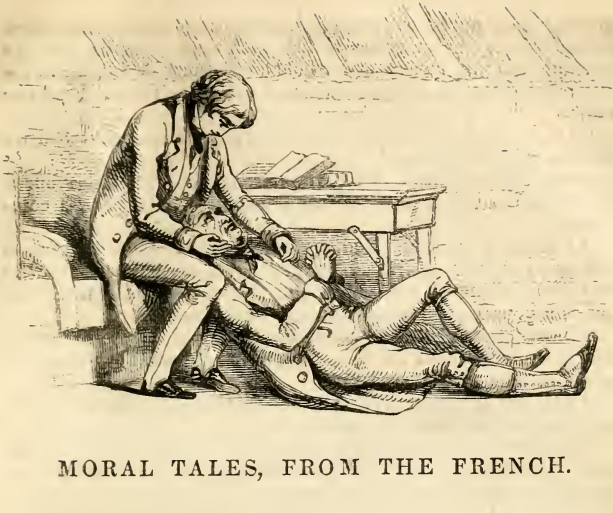
It was near midnight when we reached Aden, and a portion only of the passengers landed. The only object of the stoppage is to take in coal. Aden is situated in latitude 12 degrees 47 minutes north: longitude 45 degrees 9 minutes east. It is a wild, barren peninsula, composed of volcanic rocks, and of no use except as a half-way house to India *via* the Red Sea. Within two hundred yards of the landing-place there is a hotel, kept by a Parsee. It contains a large roomy hall, in which smoking is specially forbidden, but always indulged in, with a very good verandah all round, and good bedrooms, and baths. There is a store for general merchandise behind, and a billiard-room, likely to become a common nuisance, close by. I was one of the party who went ashore to the hotel; but all attempts to sleep were vain, in consequence of the noise made by members of the party, who chose to sit up drinking and smoking! As early as three o'clock I arose, and made a most interesting little excursion to the extinct volcanoes in the neighbourhood, where the garrison is situated. This leads me to speak of the manner in which the place has become a British settlement.

Aden fell into our possession in 1839. It previously belonged to the sultan of Lahege, who was little better than a common marauder, and in 1837 plundered a Madras vessel sailing under British colours, which had the misfortune to go ashore. A collision with Britain followed; and finally, after some fighting, and a stipulation by treaty to pay the sultan a few thousand dollars annually, the place was taken possession of. The population has since risen from six hundred to above ten thousand, besides the troops and their followers from India: of these there are generally three thousand in garrison. A traffic is kept up with the interior of Arabia by means of camels and asses. There

is good fresh water in wells in the cantonments, but nowhere besides, which is a sore drawback in the place.

We quitted Aden about three in the afternoon, and after losing sight of land, saw nothing but the broad ocean, till the high lands on the south of Bombay made their appearance. In a few hours the vessel arrived at its destination, and I stood once more on Indian ground, with well-known faces around me. The journey altogether from Southampton had occupied from thirty-nine to forty days, which is about the average allowance of time. My expenses may be set down at £120. Fortunately, no accident had occurred on the journey; neither, as is usually the case, was there any interruption in the arrangements established for the benefit of travellers. All went on smoothly and agreeably; and every year promises to add new accommodations and new pleasures to the excursion. Such is the story of what is now a very unromantic affair—AN OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.





MORAL TALES, FROM THE FRENCH.

THE LITTLE GIPSY GIRL.

IT was the Easter of the year 1635, and amidst a crowd assembled in one of the churches at Paris might be seen a young girl, apparently about twelve or thirteen years of age. Her countenance was interesting for the mildness and sweetness of its expression, more even than for its beauty, which was remarkable. Her dress indicated extreme poverty; the miserable rags scarcely sufficing to cover her, though, with instinctive modesty, she endeavoured to gather them around her as she knelt. The service over, she was still lingering in the porch, when another girl, as miserably clad, but somewhat older, appeared at the door, and was advancing on tiptoe, as if awed by the sanctity of the place, till suddenly perceiving the young creature first described, she ran forward, and catching her impatiently by the shoulder, said, "What are you about so long, Alice?"

"Hush, Sarah!" replied the other in a tone of intreaty; but without heeding the caution, she ran on, "They have been looking for you everywhere. The old mother has been crying out for you this hour, and if you do not get a beating when you go back, I wonder at it."

"I cannot help it, Sarah," said Alice. "I have been praying, and asking for grace and strength to be patient to bear all!"

"Alice," said Sarah, with a look that might almost be called

grave, "I do not know what has come over you this some time. Instead of playing or going to beg with the rest of us, you are weeping and praying in every hole and corner, or talking to me of a whole heap of things of which I can make neither head nor tail."

"Oh, sister," said Alice, "if you but knew how wretched we are, we gipsy children!"

Sarah went off into a fit of laughter, which Alice endeavoured to suppress by putting her hand on the mouth of her companion.

"I think you might find a fitter place to laugh in than a church, you pair of little beggars," cried an old woman who was also waiting in the porch, and whose costume marked her out as a housekeeper in some family of distinction.

"Indeed, madame, if we thought it was any offence to God to laugh, we would not do it," said Sarah, assuming at once the whining tone of the mendicant.

"You are a young hypocrite," said the housekeeper, as she adjusted her spectacles on her nose.

"You are not doing right now, Sarah; you know you are not," whispered Alice. "If you had been at the sermon, you would have heard the preacher say——"

"Really, Alice, if you go on this way, no one will believe that you are a gipsy no more than that I am a princess; but perhaps I know more about you than you think. But be this as it may, to look at you and your ways, would be enough to convince me you were not a gipsy."

"How so?" said Alice. "Would that you were right; but what makes you think so?"

"Everything," answered Sarah. "True, you are dressed like the rest of us; but your petticoats, though not always whole, are never dirty. Your hair is more tidily arranged than ours, and I verily believe that you comb it out every three or four days."

"Every day, Sarah," interrupted Alice.

"Well, you see it is even oftener than I thought," replied Sarah: "then you actually wash your face and hands, I do not know how many times in the day?"

"Only twice, I assure you," said Alice in a deprecating tone.

"Is that all indeed?" retorted Sarah. "And pray how much oftener would you wish to do it? I doubt if her majesty the queen pretends to do more than that! No, no; any one in her senses would know you cannot be a gipsy child!"

"Would to God I were not!" said poor Alice sadly.

"But, I tell you," said Sarah, "we had better get back as quick as we can to the Court of Miracles. If the old mother knew that I was all this time in a church, she would say you have been spoiling me; and indeed, Alice, do you know that I

have been good for nothing ever since you began to preach to me, and that you have been crying and breaking your heart all day long, and all night too, when we are lying together on the straw. I have got so much in my head, all your talk about the good God, that I am afraid of everything now."

"Oh, Sarah! thinking of Him makes me afraid of nothing but doing wrong; and I know He is so good, that I tell Him when any evil grieves or terrifies me, and it gives me such courage! I am a poor ignorant girl: I cannot read myself; but the first day I heard the preacher read the words of love from the Book of God, I felt as if my heart told me I could never be happy in the ways of sin, and that is now more than a year ago."

"You have told me often enough about it, Alice," said Sarah. "Come, come, it is getting late; I tell you we are in for a beating. Come along."

In quitting the church, they passed close by the old lady, who had just been searching her pockets several times, and was now exclaiming, "Where is my pocket-handkerchief? I lay anything these little rogues have carried it off!"

"You are mistaken, madame; you dropped it, and here it is," said Alice, picking up a bright red handkerchief, and presenting it to the woman.

"Well, what luck I am in! They did not take it. Thank you, little girl;" and the old lady left the church.

"What a fool you are, Alice!" whispered Sarah. "Why did you give it to her?"

"Simply because it belonged to her, and did not belong to me," answered Alice.

II.

Hastening as rapidly as possible through several streets, the young girls soon entered a very large court, known from time immemorial by the name of the Court of Miracles. It was a long, muddy, filthy, unpaved, blind alley, at each side of which were a range of wretched dark hovels built of earth and mud. The two young girls, who seemed perfectly well acquainted with the locale, made their way directly to one of these hovels, hardly distinguishable from the ground, and entered without any apparent fear for their heads, upon which, nevertheless, it seemed threatening to fall.

On the instant that the two young girls crossed the threshold of this uninviting abode, they were greeted by a vast number of maimed, blind, and lame; of persons who, after having feigned all kinds of diseases and infirmities, were now busied in getting rid of all their paraphernalia of falsehood. Some were throwing up in the air the crutches, without which it was before supposed to be impossible they could walk; some were opening eyes which

they had protested were for ever shut to the light of day; others were getting rid of their hunch, or rubbing off their skin the livid dye which gave their faces a corpse-like hue, that extracted from the beholder alms as for the dying. Others, again, were once more resuming an upright position, and suddenly recovering the use of their limbs, so that any one who, standing at the entrance of the court, had seen pass that legion of lame, blind, paralytic, and aged, and afterwards looked into their place of assemblage, and beheld, instead of all that mass of decrepitude, a set of strong, healthy young people, must certainly have great temptation to believe that the court well deserved its name, and was indeed a Court of Miracles. The two young girls, however, seemed not at all astonished at the transformations, and making a sign to those nearest the door not to notice their arrival, they glided timidly into the farthest corner of the room.

That room, into which the light of day was admitted only through the door opening into the court, was at that moment illuminated by a large turf-fire, upon which figured an immense caldron, in which were boiling and hissing whole quarters of beef and a quantity of cabbage, which an old woman kept stirring with a huge pot-ladle, grumbling as she did so. In the middle of the room were ranged here and there tables of black wood, the legs of which did not seem much more firmly attached to them, though somewhat more needed, than the wooden legs of some of those who were crowding round them.

"Mother Fragard, are not the girls come home?" cried the cook to another old woman who was cutting up large slices of bread into porringers of green earthenware.

"How do I know, Mother Verduchene?" answered Mother Fragard.

"They have been here these two hours, good girls as they always are," cried an ex-paralytic, pointing to the children, who by their silence lent themselves to this falsehood.

"Why do they not come, then, and show themselves, and tell what they have been doing to earn their dinner?" cried the two old hags at once.

The young girls came forward, evidently in great trepidation.

"Nothing in your hands—nothing in your pockets?" said the old women, as each seized upon a girl and searched and shook her roughly.

"Nothing, indeed," said they both with tears in their eyes.

"So much saved, then, of to-day's dinner," replied the two furies; "no work, no bread."

And as several of the pauper band were beginning to intercede for the children, to the great displeasure of the two old women, there suddenly arose above all the din of voices—some intreating, and some threatening—a "Hush!" so authoritatively uttered, that it instantly produced, as if by magic, a profound silence of the whole assembly.

III.

The personage who, by the single word "hush!" had so instantaneously imposed silence on the riotous conclave, appeared at first sight to be a fine old man, to whom long white hair gave a most venerable appearance; one of his coat sleeves was unfilled by the arm, which hung uselessly by his side, and one of his legs, bent at the knee, was fastened to a wooden supporter. But after uttering the word that had such magic power over all who heard it, the seeming old man threw his wooden leg to one side, and his white wig to the other, and quickly releasing his arm from the confinement in which it had been for the day, sat down at a table, and with a blow of his fist that made all that was on it rattle, he cried—"Hush! Bring me my dinner, and listen to me. We are ruined; all is over with us!"

This preamble was not very encouraging, and every one lent an anxious ear.

"Oh, it is soon told," resumed he. "You may bring dinner; before it has had time to cool, I shall have said my say. This very day, the 5th of May, in the year 1635, my lord the king, Louis XIII., has sent letters patent to parliament to this effect: 'We hereby command that all vagabonds, all who cannot give a good account of themselves, such as gipsies, sturdy beggars, deserters from the army, shall be taken up, and sent, without any form of trial, to the galleys.' Now, boys, there is little doubt that in this precious document our lord the king has had an eye to our worthy selves."

"And there can be no doubt that the best thing we can do is to pack up, bag and baggage, and be off with ourselves as soon as we can," cried several of his auditors, rising and looking for their sticks, to go that very moment.

"Stay a little," resumed he who seemed to be the head of the band. "There is no such violent hurry, so eat your dinners quietly. You know well, comrades, that so long as we are in our own quarters here, we have nothing to fear. No commissary, no officer of justice, no policeman, dare show his face in this court, either night or day, unless he has a fancy for being torn to pieces; and I have my doubts whether any of these gentlemen would like that the least degree more than we should like being hanged. However, as we cannot stay here for ever without going out, for the simple reason that the court affords none of the necessaries of life, there is no help for it—we must leave Paris; but let us leave it like true gipsies, and do as much good for ourselves, and as much harm to those who are hunting us out of it, as we can. For example, there exists at the Hotel des Porcherons a certain individual of the name of Barbier. This Barbier is the keeper of the royal treasures, commonly called Comptroller of Finance to his majesty King Louis XIII. Now,

my boys, I have got an idea in my head, and not a bad one either, you will say. It is only to get a loan from our beloved monarch, through the hands of his treasurer; in short, just to take with us some of the money-bags when we are going."

"An admirable idea, my son!" cried Mother Verduchene.

"Yes, indeed; Jean Verduchene's idea is a capital one," said several voices.

"But how is it to be carried out—how is it to be done?" asked a little old man with a monkey face, who, as member of the band, had usually the part allotted to him of amusing the crowd, while his comrades were picking pockets, and lightening them of everything superfluous.

"I have thought of that too," said Jean Verduchene, after a moment's reflection. "The Hotel des Porcherons is situated, you know, in one of the most retired, lonely parts of Paris. One of us must gain admission, disguised either as a mendicant, as a pilgrim, or as a monk, whichever his rogue's phiz will suit best. He need only ask hospitality: it is never refused. He will be let into some part or other of the hotel; and once in, he must be a bungler indeed if he cannot find some way of opening the door in the middle of the night for a band of his friends. Well, I do not think I have planned it badly; I hope not, at least."

"It is planned well enough—no fault in that," was echoed on all sides. "But which of us is to play the pilgrim?"

"Let me see," said Jean Verduchene, as he examined, one after another, the faces around him. "I must own, here is a difficulty; you are all more like devils than pilgrims. I want a youthful, mild, hypocritical face—a voice with tones to reach the very heart; in short, I must have an honest face, and I do not see a single one here."

"Nor do I," said Mother Fragard, "unless, indeed, that of Alice would answer."

"Yes; Alice, Alice, Alice!" was enthusiastically shouted by all present.

"Very well then, let it be Alice," said the stentorian voice of the captain; and pale and agitated, the poor child came forward from the corner, in which she had been lying upon some straw.

After surveying her for some moments with a complacent air, Jean Verduchene said, "Yes, she is the very thing; air of decency, poor, but honest, and genteel-looking enough to pass for a decayed duchess. Then, too, a soft, timid voice, and tears coming to her eyes just at the right time. Her age, too; who could suspect a girl of twelve? It is all settled: Alice will play the part of beggar to perfection!"

"What part?" asked the young girl, raising to the speaker two large black eyes, hitherto veiled by their long lashes.

"The child is becoming every day a greater fool," said Mother Verduchene, shrugging her shoulders in great ill-humour.

"Gentle mother, I beg of you not to speak so very roughly to the child," said the chief. "Listen to me, Alice," added he in the mildest tone: "your costume is perfect; it could not be better; so you can leave that as it is. But your hands are rather too clean. I cannot conceive your mania for never having them dirty; hands were intended to touch everything. You must do me the favour of not washing them from this till night, and in every other respect you will do very well. But now, listen to me attentively. This evening, at dusk, you are to station yourself close to the gate of the Hotel des Porcherons, and then——"

"Do not give her too difficult a part, Jean," said Mother Verduchene. "Alice is a born fool, when you think that in her whole life she never arrived at stealing a pocket handkerchief; and yet, I am sure, it was neither for want of teaching nor opportunity."

"You are right," said Jean; "but a child of two years old could do what I am going to tell her. Listen to me, Alice; that pale face of yours will suit admirably. You are to be outside the hotel gate as if you were dead; that is all you need do; I shall take care that you get in. But once inside——"

"Well," said Alice; "once inside, what am I to do then?"

"Only to try to find out where the key of the street door is kept, and to come and open it for us. This is all you are wanted to do."

The young girl's face flushed crimson to her forehead. "I will not do any such thing," said she determinedly.

"What!" cried the chief; "you will not pretend to be dying?"

"That I may do," said Alice, to whom some new thought seemed suddenly to occur.

"But once inside, will you open the door for the band?" asked Mother Fragard.

"No; that I will never do!"

Mother Fragard aimed a blow at the poor child, but her arm was arrested on its way by Jean Verduchene. As to Alice, she had made no attempt to avoid the meditated violence.

"Alice," said the captain mildly, "you do not love us, since you will not do so much for us."

"And why should I love you?" answered Alice, with still greater vehemence. "Who am I? Have I a mother here? Have I any one belonging to me in the whole world? Was I stolen from my parents, or am I a foundling? I know nothing of all this; but I know that you are all carrying on a dreadful trade; that you are robbers, plunderers, liars; that you are provoking God every moment of the day, and that He will yet surely punish you."

At this violent outbreak on the part of a child, addressed to a troop of banditti, there arose such a storm of murmurs, threats, and imprecations, that poor little Alice believed her last hour

was come, and, terror-struck, she fell on her knees, and with the remains of strength, which was fast failing her, she raised over her young head her slight and delicate hands, crying, "For pity's sake, if you are going to kill me, do it at once!" At this moment she felt a friendly arm around her neck, and clasping it convulsively, "Let them kill me, Sarah," she whispered; "I had rather die than stay with them."

But it seemed as if the chief had taken a fancy to her: there is a secret attraction in the exhibition of innocence and purity of heart. By an imperious gesture he restored silence, and then addressing Alice, he asked—"How is it that you talk of God? Who told you anything about Him? Who taught you to care about Him?"

"A good clergyman, who has often given me alms, and who preaches such fine words about His justice, and such sweet words about His love."

"And to whom, doubtless, you have told all the secrets of the band?" interrupted Verduchene impatiently. "Perhaps this is the very cause of our being hunted down now."

"I never spoke to him but of myself and my wretchedness," said Alice meekly.

"How can we be sure of that?" asked Mother Fragard.

"I now have known him a year, and I see him every day at the chapel door. Only ask himself," said she with great simplicity.

"Did you ever see such a little fool?" interrupted Mother Verduchene.

"She is indeed a little fool," resumed the chief. "However, as she has known him a whole year, we should have been all hanged before this if she had ever 'peached about us; so I think we may trust her. But now, Alice, say yes or no. Will you go, or will you not, to the Hotel des Porcherons?"

"Why need you beg and pray so much?" said Sarah, before Alice had time to answer. "You want a cunning, clever girl, who knows how to faint properly. I can do it to perfection, so as to deceive a whole college of physicians. Send me to the Hotel des Porcherons, and I engage that before midnight all the doors shall be open for you."

"Indeed!" said the captain.

"Oh, Sarah, surely you will not be so wicked!" whispered Alice.

"Be quiet, I tell you," said Sarah in the same low tone. "This is a bold stroke to make us all rich."

"It is all settled," cried Jean: "I fix upon Sarah."

Suddenly, as if actuated by some thought that had that moment struck her, Alice cried, "No, no; not Sarah. Send me."

"What strange things children are!" said Mother Verduchene; "they are all alike. If you want them to do a thing, they won't do it; forbid them, and they are all agog for it."

"I certainly should prefer Alice," said the chief; "she looks so much more honest than Sarah."

"Cannot they both go?" said Mother Fragard, "as it seems they are now both so anxious to do so."

Alice was about to speak, but checked herself; while Sarah, clapping her hands for joy, said, "Oh yes, let us both go."

"Well, then, let it be so," said the chief.

IV.

The Hotel des Porcherons, situated in the Faubourg St Honoré, was a vast building of great antiquity, in which Louis XI., consecrated king at Rheims the 14th August 1461, lodged the last day of that month, when making his public entrance into Paris. At the period of which we are writing, this hotel was inhabited by Barbier, Comptroller of Finance to his majesty.

On the very evening of the day in which the plot was hatched in the Court of Miracles, the curfew-bell had just tolled, when a loud knocking was heard at the street gate.

"Do not open on any account, Jacquand," said an old woman, whom we have already introduced to our readers in the porch of the Chapel des Porcherons, addressing herself to the porter of the hotel, to whose lodge she sometimes went to have a little gossip: "do not open; it can be for no good that any one knocks at such an hour as this."

"Bad people seldom knock, Dame Mathurine," remarked the porter; "they get in without knocking. Perhaps it is our young master. Young men are not always at home at regular hours—such as seven, or half-past seven at latest: they seem to think the curfew intended to tell them the hour to go out, whereas curfew means, Go in, shut yourself up, put out your fires, blow out your candles——"

"And do not open the doors to those who knock after proper hours," said Dame Mathurine, completing the sentence.

"They are actually knocking still," said the porter, now beginning to look rather grave.

At this moment the door of the lodge opened, and a gentleman, tall, pale, and still young, though study, toil, and, it may be, care, had marked his brow with premature furrows, entered, exclaiming, "Jacquand, you must be deaf. Somebody has been knocking this hour."

"But, sir," said the porter as he got up, "who can it be at this time of night?"

"Instantly go and see," said the gentleman, in a tone so decided, though mild, that it permitted no reply; and Jacquand went to the gate.

"As I have had the honour of having you in my arms the day you were born, sir," said Dame Mathurine very respectfully,

"perhaps I may be permitted to observe that any one who knocks at so late an hour can be only some vagabond, or some person who has been assaulted."

"In that case it is the duty of every Christian to do anything in his power to help."

This last word was echoed from without. It was the porter calling out, "Help, help!"

"What is the matter? What ails you?" cried Monsieur Barbier and the two women, as they came out into the front yard.

"I have got here two young creatures, one dead, and the other not far from it," answered the porter. "I want help to bring them into the house."

At eight o'clock at that season of the year, it is not too dark to hinder objects in the street being distinguished perfectly, so that, as he went forward, M. Barbier beheld two young girls lying upon the ground apparently almost insensible; the face of one of them bearing the undoubted stamp of innocence and modest purity. "But surely it could not have been either of these children that knocked at such a rate!" said M. Barbier.

"No, your honour," answered the porter; "it was a man who was passing by, and who, when I opened the door, just said as he went away, 'Will you see what is the matter with these two poor creatures? I must be off for home, for the curfew has tolled, and the streets of Paris are not safe.' But what are we to do with these poor young things, your honour?"

"Bring them into the house, and let the women take good care of them."

"Take them into the house!" exclaimed Mathurine; "surely, sir, you will not think of it. Only consider all the horrible things that go on at night in the streets of Paris, all the robberies, the assaults, the murders——"

"The greater reason for not exposing these two poor young girls to them, Mathurine."

"But, sir, who told you that they are two poor young creatures?"

"I rather think, woman, you need only look at them to know so much," said M. Barbier, by this time quite losing patience.

"A thousand pardons, my dear master, for thus seeming to stand in the way of any good action of yours," persisted Mathurine; "but such extraordinary things have been done by the band of gipsies, under the command of Wooden Leg, as they call him. These wretches take every form they please; they are old, young, ugly, handsome, hunchbacked, lame, blind at will. Take your old nurse's advice, sir, and let us manage these creatures. Let them stay outside, and we will take to them anything you like—broth, wine, covering; but, for the love of Heaven, do not bring them into the house!"

"Oh, for the love of God, my good lady, do not leave us in the street, I implore you!"

These words were uttered in a very faint voice by the young girl with the least prepossessing appearance. "Come, Jacquand, you must not mind Mathurine; do what I order you." And as he said these words, the Comptroller of Finance stooped, and took up in his arms the young girl who had not yet spoken, and carried her into the hotel. Jacquand lifted the other, and followed his master, while his wife went on grumbling, "What a piece of folly!" and Dame Mathurine chimed in with, "You are quite right, Madame Jacquand; it is absolutely mad imprudence. God grant that my master may not have cause to repent of it!"

V.

"Who are you, and whither were you going?" Such were the first questions addressed by M. Barbier to the girls, as soon as he deemed them sufficiently restored by the nourishment administered to them to be in a condition to answer.

The one who had already been spokeswoman took upon her to reply. "My sister Alice and I are two poor orphans without relations or friends, or any one in the world to take care of us; we live by the charity of the public. In the day we wander through the streets, and at night we sleep where we can, often under the porch of churches, or the pent-houses over the market-places; but this evening our strength was entirely exhausted, and we could go no farther than your gate; we had eaten nothing since morning."

While Sarah was speaking—we need scarcely say it was she—M. Barbier could not take his eyes off Alice, who, pale as death, with her head bent upon her breast, seemed quite overwhelmed by grief; and at every word uttered by Sarah, the big tears fell slowly down her emaciated cheek. Grief thus quiet and yet deep, at so tender an age, had something in it that went to M. Barbier's heart. "Where do you intend to put them to sleep?" he inquired of Mathurine.

"I am sure we need not be very particular, sir," answered the housekeeper; "any of the out-offices, the stable, or the barn."

"Is there no closet near your own room, Mathurine, which would be a better place for them?"

"Oh, your honour, the stable will do quite well," said Sarah eagerly; "my sister and I are not accustomed to sleep upon beds."

"Oh the closet; if you will be so good, madame, as to allow us to sleep there," said Alice in a tone of such earnest intreaty, and with a look of such agonizing appeal to M. Barbier, that he instantly answered—

"It shall be in the closet, my poor child."

"In the closet, close to my own room, that I may be the first to have my throat cut!" muttered Mathurine.

"And why are you to have your throat cut?" asked Sarah.

"How do I know?—how can I tell?" said the old woman.

"If you be afraid of us, madame," said Alice submissively, "lock the door upon us;" and she turned to Sarah with a beseeching glance, which was returned by a look so threatening, that M. Barbier, who was watching the two girls, was quite surprised. "It is very singular," thought he; but as looks continued to be exchanged on both sides, still more supplicating on the part of Alice, and more threatening on that of Sarah, he determined to elicit an explanation.

"The point is easily settled," said he; "we will lock up the one that wishes to be locked up, and the other can go to the stable."

A flash of joy passed over Sarah's face, whilst Alice at the moment became still paler than before, and exclaimed, in evident consternation, "Oh, sir, for mercy's sake, do not separate us!"

The astonishment of M. Barbier was at its height. His eyes seemed fascinated, so rivetted were they upon Alice.

"How you do look at that little creature, sir!" observed Mathurine.

"It is very singular, very singular," said M. Barbier musingly; "methinks that face is not strange to me, and I could almost fancy the tones of her voice were familiar."

"I know them now myself," said the housekeeper; "they are the two little beggars I saw so often at the door of the Church des Porcherons."

M. Barbier now left them, saying, "Mathurine, put them both into the closet next to your own room, and do not let them go away in the morning till I have seen them."

Mathurine had no alternative but to obey, and taking up a light, she desired them both to follow her, and led the way through several corridors and up a long stone staircase to a small closet, in which was a bed. As she was retiring, taking with her the light, Sarah cried, "Are you going to leave us in the dark, madame?"

"The moon is up," answered the housekeeper, "and what more do you want?"

At the moment she was passing out of the room, Alice whispered to her, "Lock the door upon us." But these words had no other effect than to increase Mathurine's fears to such a degree, that she ran off as fast as she could, forgetting to take the precautionary measure suggested to her.

VI.

"So you want to ruin us all, Alice?" said Sarah, as the steps of the old housekeeper died away along the passage.

"On the contrary, I want to save you," answered Alice gently; and then added, "Is there nothing in what you have seen—a master owing his authority to love and respect, instead of fear, and so good and kind to us: is there nothing to touch your heart, and make you desire virtue, and shrink from all the terrible things we have around us every day?"

"It is certain, Alice, I would rather spend my life here than in the Court of Miracles: but that is nothing to the purpose; I promised the captain I would open the gate and let in the band; and do it I will."

"Oh no, Sarah, you will not—you will not be so wicked: but you shall not do it!" said she vehemently; "for if you attempt to move or leave this room before to-morrow morning without me, I will alarm the house, and tell the whole dreadful plot. Sarah, my sister, my own Sarah," added she, throwing herself on her knees at the feet of her companion, while tears streamed down her cheeks—"are we not both children stolen from our parents? Oh let us not make ourselves unworthy to be received by them. Something tells me we shall yet discover them. There is a God in heaven, Sarah, a God both just and good, and who will reward those that seek Him and love Him: but you are not heeding me, Sarah?"

"I promised to open the gate," repeated Sarah, in precisely the same tone as before.

"But a promise to do wrong, Sarah, ought never to be kept," urged Alice.

"I only know I promised," persisted Sarah doggedly.

In utter despair at her obstinacy, Alice turned to the window and looked out of it for a few moments, while deliberating how she could prevent the threatened mischief, without criminating Sarah. The height of the casement from the ground led her to conclude that the room was in the third storey of the hotel; and she soon satisfied herself that the walls around it were so high, as to preclude all ingress but by the gate. Somewhat reassured by having ascertained this point, she now turned to survey the little room. Narrow and low, its only furniture the bed, upon which Sarah had thrown herself: it had no outlet but the window and the door, which Mathurine had left open. Alice turned to Sarah to make one last appeal. "Oh, Sarah, remember the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. He sees all the good of the kind master of this house, and all the evil, too, we are plotting against him. Oh, if you have no gratitude for him—no pity for him, when he has pitied us—have mercy on me, have mercy on your own soul!"

Sarah, who had been just dropping asleep, now looked stupidly up in her face; and Alice, seeing that it was hopeless to think of prevailing upon her, resolved upon putting into execution a plan that for the last few moments had been floating in her brain. She seized the moment when Sarah had sullenly turned from

her, and bounding out of the room, and shutting the door with some violence, double-locked it. All was the work of an instant; and she was flying along the passage before Sarah had leaped from the bed. She heard her calling loudly after her, but this served but to quicken her flight. Suddenly, as she turned round a corner, she came upon Mathurine and M. Barbier.

"Now, sir, will you believe me again?" cried Mathurine; "here is one of them actually trying to make her escape;" and she seized Alice by the arm.

Thus wholly taken by surprise, the poor child knew not what answer to make. She stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes.

"Speak, child," said M. Barbier; "where were you going?"

And as Alice did not answer, Mathurine broke in—"And where else can you think she was going, my dear master, but to open the gate to the gang of robbers to which the dreadful little wretch belongs, and who at this moment, I would lay any wager, are lurking about the hotel? I consent to have my hand cut off if I did not already hear three times the signal for the massacre of us all. You must only shut her up in the dungeon till we can give her up in the morning into the hands of the Provost Marshall, who, I warrant, will make short work with her."

"Why do you not speak, unhappy child? Answer me—Where were you going now?" repeated M. Barbier, whose heart resisted even the evidence of his eyesight.

"Deal with me as you please, sir," said Alice, in tones so soft, so sad, that the good man, deeply affected, exclaimed—"No! it is not possible that those tones, that sweet face, can belong to anything capable of such vileness!"

"Deal with me as you please, sir," again said Alice; then clasping her hands in an agony of terror, she added, "but oh, do not let her out of the room! I have locked the door upon her."

"This girl is a perfect mystery to me," said M. Barbier. "But tell me, child——"

"I can tell you nothing till to-morrow, sir," said Alice.

"To-morrow, indeed!" interrupted Mathurine. "We are much obliged to you. By to-morrow all our throats will be cut."

"Shut me up in a dungeon, or anywhere you please, madame," answered Alice; "but let nothing induce you to open the gate to any one, under any pretence whatever, until morning, and no harm can happen."

Threats and promises alike failing to extract anything more from Alice, M. Barbier determined to confine her for the night in one of the dungeons; and then, after placing a guard at the gate of the hotel, he went to bed. But finding it impossible to sleep, he got up before day, and feeling an irresistible desire to question the little girl again, nay, to look upon her once more, he resolved to pay her a visit. The look, the voice of that child,

strangely revived memories long buried in his heart. Eleven years had elapsed since he had lost a little girl of about two years of age, in the most unaccountable way. It had been sent out to nurse in the environs of Paris. And when the alarm was given that the child was missing, it was discovered that the nurse was deranged; and it was impossible to ascertain whether her insanity was the cause or the consequence of the loss of the child. Had the nurse, in a paroxysm of madness, destroyed the infant? This was the general belief; but the sorrowing parents could not elicit, by the most diligent inquiry, anything that could serve to throw certain light upon the fate of their child. The mother survived her loss but five years, and M. Barbier was left a widower with an only son.

But now the poor little girl so strangely introduced to him recalled vividly the memory of his wife. It was her very look, the expression of her face, nay more, the very tones of her voice. What wonder, then, that M. Barbier felt his heart stirred within him by hopes and fears the more agitating from their very vagueness.

Unable to shake off thronging thoughts, so as to obtain any sleep, M. Barbier, as we have said, got up, and providing himself with a lantern, descended to the place where he had locked up Alice. Hearing no noise as he entered, he for a moment thought, "Is it possible she has made her way out of this also?" but soon the light fell upon a heap of straw in a corner, and he beheld Alice in a deep sleep. He could not bear to wake her, and sitting down on a stone at a short distance from her, and contriving to throw the light full upon the head of the sleeper, he began to examine every feature. Even in sleep, the face of the child bore the subdued expression of extreme suffering: deep sighs burst from her little heart, and from her parted lips came, from time to time, a wailing sound that fell sadly on the listener's ear. As he watched her feverish slumbers, he suddenly perceived around her neck a green silk string, to which was hanging a little locket. To see it, and to grasp it, was the act of the same instant; but the motion awoke Alice, and she started up with a cry of terror at the sight of the nocturnal visitor.

"Where did you get this?" asked M. Barbier, as he pointed to the locket.

Without answering, Alice took it off and handed it to him.

"You will give it back to me, sir?" said she with somewhat of uneasiness. "It is the first time it has ever been off my neck."

"And what is the inscription upon it?" demanded M. Barbier, as if not daring to trust his own eyes.

"'Never part with it,'" said Alice; "and I never do. I wear it always."

"Oh, my God! thy ways are indeed past finding out. After so many years of sorrow and unavailing search, am I now to

find my child!" And scarcely able to articulate, he turned to Alice—"Speak, speak! In mercy say where you got this locket! Who gave it you?"

"It is my own," said Alice; "and I had a great many more things—so Sarah tells me—but they were gold, and they took them away from me: this was worth nothing, so they left it with me."

"Sarah! Who is Sarah?" asked M. Barbier.

"The young girl I locked up. She knows all about me, I am sure, though she would never tell me."

"Come with me," said M. Barbier, suddenly taking the arm of Alice, and drawing her out of her dungeon. It was now daylight; and no sooner did she perceive it, than she involuntarily exclaimed, "Thanks be to God! all danger is now over."

"What danger?" inquired M. Barbier, still rapidly moving onward.

"Oh, you shall know all, sir, now. But pardon for Sarah; pardon for me, I beseech you."

While still hurrying on in the direction of the closet, he was met by Mathurine, who, receiving no answer to her question of where he was going, thought she might as well follow, so that all three arrived together at the closet door, and on opening it, found Sarah weeping bitterly. M. Barbier at once advanced towards her, and pointing to Alice—"Sarah," said he, "who is this child? Speak, and speak the truth; and whatever may be your answer, you are at liberty to go where you please."

"The sun is risen, my friends are gone, and I am alone in the world, so there is nothing to prevent my speaking out," said Sarah: "you are now the disposer of my fate."

"In mercy speak quickly," said the agitated M. Barbier.

Sarah went on, still weeping. "Alice and I are part of a gang of gipsies, who were to leave Paris last night, and for whom we were to open the gate of your hotel; and I would have done it, but that Alice locked me up in the room. There's the truth for you."

"Did I not say so?" cried Mathurine; and there is no knowing how she might have gone on to evince her triumph in her sagacity, had not her master silenced her somewhat angrily.

"But Alice—Alice! who, and what is she? Speak, girl; I care for nothing else."

"She is like myself—a stolen child, sir," answered Sarah; "with this difference, however, that I can tell the place she was stolen from, whereas the only person that knows anything about me is gone."

"Well, girl—well!" interrupted M. Barbier, now nearly frantic from suspense.

"About eleven years ago," said Sarah, "I was on an excursion with Mother Verduchene in the environs of Paris. I used to beg, and I was never refused, for I had a pretty face, and I,

had learned sweet words and winning ways, that interested people for me. Well, one day as we were passing a cottage, Mother Verduchene went in to ask for a drink of milk, and there was no one in the cottage but a child asleep in a cradle. She was dressed in the finest cambric and lace, and had, I well remember, a gold chain round her neck. Mother Verduchene caught up the child, and ran off with her so fast, that I did not overtake her till she had got into a wood, where I found her stripping the infant. But when she began to untie a green string, to which a locket was suspended, the little one screamed at such a rate, and then lisping, 'Never part with it!—never part with it!' that Mother Verduchene thought she might as well leave it with her. The next day we left Paris, and the gipsies thought it best to take the child with them."

"My daughter!—my daughter!" exclaimed M. Barbier, as he pressed her fondly to his bosom. "Well do I remember that your mother used so often to repeat the words which she had engraved on the locket when fastening it round your neck, that at last your young lips had learned to form the sound; and no one could touch it, not even myself, without your trying to say, 'Never part!—never part!' But how shall I thank the gracious Being who has so wondrously preserved my child, innocent, pure, and virtuous, amid such a gang of wretches; and who, in inspiring her with the determination not to be instrumental in betraying a stranger, has, to reward her, permitted her to find in that stranger a father! My child!—my child!"

But wonder and joy had been too much for Alice, and she had fainted in the encircling arms of her father. Tender cares, fond soothing, and words of love, to which she had been long a stranger, hailed her returning senses; and her father, eager to present her to her brother, now cried, "Come with me, my child! I am impatient to show to the whole world my recovered treasure."

"But—Sarah—my father!" said Alice hesitatingly, yet imploringly.

"Sarah shall always stay with you, if you like it, my child."

"And can you trust her, my young lady?" said the old housekeeper.

"She may trust me," said Sarah, "if I once promise; and I do promise to try to be good, like herself."

"And we will ask God to make us both good," said Alice, "and to take out of our minds all the bad things they used to try to teach us; and I know nice words for asking him—'Create in me a clean heart, oh God, and renew a right spirit within me!'"

"Surely His providential care over you, my sweet child," said M. Barbier, "is a proof that there are no possible circumstances in which the way of duty is not open to us, if we have but honest, truthful purpose of heart to walk therein."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

THERE lived in a small town in the High Alpes a poor man named Marcel; he had been early left a widower, with two young boys, the elder called Jerome, the younger Louis. Having much good sense, he felt the deficiency of his own education, and deeply regretted that his poverty deprived him of the power of affording a good one to his sons: he did his best, however, to instil pious and virtuous principles into their youthful minds. Jerome was giddy, and when his father was absent, would amuse himself with all the young scamps of the village. Scrambling over garden walls to rob the fruit, beating dogs or cats, and throwing stones at the fowls, were their favourite occupations; and when the younger brother attempted to remonstrate, he not unfrequently received a blow in return. As Louis grew older, his naturally gay disposition was saddened by the reflection that he could not find any mode of acquiring information; there was not any village school; and at last, after much hesitation, he went to the curate, and expressing all his grief for his ignorance, he earnestly intreated him to teach him to read. This worthy man was surprised, and much pleased, at this request from so young a child, and willingly acceded to it. The close attention of the pupil so gratified his kind master, that, not satisfied with teaching him to read, he taught him to write, to keep accounts, a little Latin, history, and geography; at the same time carefully attending to his religious education. Jerome ridiculed his brother for his assiduity to his studies; and his faults increasing as he grew up, at the age of fourteen the youth had succeeded in making himself feared and thoroughly detested by the whole village. When the two boys had attained their fifteenth and sixteenth years, their father called them to him, and said, "My dear children, you are both old enough to seek some profitable occupation. I can give you no assistance, for you know that it is with difficulty that I have hitherto supported you. I have saved two pounds; here is one for each of you. Go to the city, try to earn your bread, and let me often hear from you. For thee, my dear Louis, I have no fear; I am truly grateful to the curate for the instruction he has so kindly given thee; it will serve thee everywhere, and thou wilt get on well. As for thee, my poor Jerome, I cannot see thee depart without much anxiety: thou hadst the same opportunities as thy brother, but thou hast not availed thyself of them; thou hast preferred idleness and dissipation, and I greatly fear thou wilt have cause to repent it. My heart forms the same wishes for both of you. Go, my children; may every happiness attend you!" and Marcel tenderly embraced his sons, and wept over them. Just then the curate came in. Louis threw his arms around his benefactor, and was

so overcome by his feelings, that he could not utter a word to express his gratitude. Jerome likewise shed tears, for even the most corrupted cannot completely shake off all natural feeling. At last the two boys walked away, their father and the good curate gazing after them whilst they remained within sight.

The two boys walked for some time sadly and in silence, which was at length broken by Louis asking his brother what occupation he meant to follow. "Oh," said Jerome, "it will be time enough to consider that when our money is exhausted."

"That will not take long, Jerome. I have read somewhere that children and fools think that twenty years and twenty shillings never come to an end."

"No more sermons, brother, I beg."

"Well, I shall say no more."

Towards evening, our two pedestrians came to an inn, where they stopped for the night; it was about fifteen or eighteen leagues from Lyons, which they hoped to reach within two days. There were a good many people at the inn; amongst others was one whose rakish air attracted the notice of Jerome. He was a *fourrier* (a petty officer attached to each company in the French army), returning to the garrison of Grenoble. Jerome soon began to talk freely to this man, who, as soon as he discovered that the poor boy had some money, proposed a game at cards. At first, Jerome's purse filled so fast, he thought it quite inexhaustible. The wiser Louis vainly tried to dissuade his brother from the dangerous amusement. He was so rudely received, that he was forced to desist. Another game commenced, and now Jerome's purse was completely emptied. "Lend me some money," said he to Louis, "that I may recover what I have lost."

"No," said his brother firmly; "you refused to listen to good advice, and now I must keep my money."

The friendship of the fourrier was singularly cooled when he found that Jerome had not a penny left; he soon retired, wishing him a good-night and better luck. When the two boys were alone, Louis said, "I see, brother, that we can never get on together; our tastes and inclinations do not agree, and it is much better for us to separate. I will pay our expenses at this inn, and we will then equally divide what money remains."

The plan of Louis was adopted; and early the next morning they started on different roads. Jerome took the road to Grenoble, and walking slowly, was soon overtaken by the fourrier. "What are you doing here?" exclaimed the latter. "I thought that you were off to Lyons this morning?"

"Oh, I have changed my mind. I am going with you to Grenoble; I wish to serve in your regiment."

"Indeed; you are a capital fellow! We can go together, and I will present you to my captain."

They arrive at Grenoble; Jerome is presented and enlisted;

he puts on the uniform, shoulders the musket, and commences drill. For a time this was all well enough. He had touched the bounty, and had won a little money at cards from his companions; but this was quickly run through in dissipation and drunkenness on those days when he was not on duty; and how was he to obtain more? Not liking to work, and tired of soldiering, he resolved, although at the risk of being taken and shot, to rob his fellow-soldiers and desert. Knowing that some of them had saved a little money, or earned it in the town when off duty, he watched his opportunity, and searched the knapsacks of these poor men in their absence. In this way he picked up nearly £10, and hastily quitting the barracks, he exchanged his uniform for the dress of a countryman, and left Grenoble, choosing the by-roads, for fear of pursuit. He crossed the country at a brisk pace, sleeping many nights in the open air, and in about ten days reached Châlons-sur-Saône. Here he imagined himself safe; and, emboldened by his success, determined to continue a trade which he found so lucrative and convenient, totally forgetting that justice never sleeps, and that although he may escape detection once, or even oftener, yet in the end discovery is certain, and the culprit pays a heavy penalty for all his crimes. With such a love of play, Jerome's funds were soon at a low ebb, and he looked around for some other favourable occasion.

A band of strolling players was at this time performing at Châlons, and Jerome had made the acquaintance of one of them, named Bernardin, who acted the part of a brigand chief. He tried to induce Jerome to join the party; but there was one great obstacle—the youth did not know how to read. This, however, he did not acknowledge, but said that he had so bad a memory, that he never could recollect a line by heart. "Oh, that does not signify," replied Bernardin; "we can give you what we call a dumb part."

Matters were quickly arranged. The manager being satisfied with his appearance, engaged him; and, dressed as a brigand, he joined the troop of his friend Bernardin. The expression of his countenance was well adapted to his performance, which was partly caused by the circumstance that, in going to the stage, he passed the pay-office, and caught a glimpse of the money-box, quite full enough to excite in his mind sentiments analogous to those he was to represent. For two months he pondered upon the means of acquiring this treasure. He sounded the cash-keeper, and thinking his probity doubtful, he invited him to a tavern, and imparting his plan over the bottle, easily persuaded the foolish creature to join him. They fixed upon a day when a popular piece was to be acted; and no sooner had the cash-keeper received the money for the tickets, than he hastily joined Jerome, who had absented himself from the representation on the plea of indisposition.

That night they walked on, without resting, until morning, when they stopped at an inn to obtain some refreshment. Imagine Jerome's horror upon entering to perceive two gendarmes, who observed him with such attention, that he could not doubt but that he was recognised. Recollecting his desertion, he instantly quitted the room without a word. He had noticed that the horses of the gendarmes were left in the court-yard; and now coolly walking up to them, plunged his knife into one, so as totally to disable it, then snatching the bridle of the other, he sprang into the saddle and galloped off, carrying the booty along with him, and mocking at the vain menaces of the gendarmes. We shall hear by and by what became of his wretched accomplice, who was thus left without a penny in the hands of the enraged gendarmes.

Jerome never pulled up until the poor horse sunk under him exhausted with fatigue. He then turned off from the road, and sat down in a wood to rest and count his ill-gotten gains: they amounted to £25. Jerome had never seen so much, and was rejoicing over his riches, when two men of fearful aspect walked up, and presenting a pistol at his head, demanded his purse or his life. For a moment he thought that it was all over with him; but rallying his courage, "Eh, sirs!" said Jerome, "I have always heard that wolves never devour one another. I am one of yourselves; it would be a villanous action to rob one of the fraternity."

"That may be; but have you never heard that stolen goods never profit?"

"No more jokes," replied Jerome. "I tell you I am one of the trade. These monies are the receipts of the players of Châlons, which I have contrived to appropriate. I am ready to share with you, but you cannot expect all."

"Well," said one of the robbers, "if you will really be one of us, you may enroll yourself in our band. So come along."

"Willingly, sirs; I know of nothing better to do."

Jerome followed the two thieves to a thick part of the wood, where their comrades, seven or eight in number, were assembled.

"We bring a new member," said the wretches.

"Is he a safe man?" demanded the leader of the gang.

"Yes, yes; he brings money to the general fund."

"All right; hand it over, comrade."

For four years he continued to lead this shocking life; but just when he least expected it, his crimes were brought to light, and received their due reward. As the most intelligent of the gang, he was the one selected to hire himself as a servant in a neighbouring chateau, in order to smooth the way for the others to commit an extensive robbery. An officer happened to dine at the chateau whom Jerome did not recollect. Whilst the latter was attending at table, the officer remarked him, and looking at him more attentively, suddenly called out, "Arrest that man! He

is a deserter and a thief!" Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Jerome could not have been more horrified: he dashed the plate he held upon the ground, and rushed to the door: but it was too late: he was seized, and carried off to prison. It happened that one of his escort was the gendarme upon whose horse he had escaped from the robbery at Châlons. He was soon convicted, and sentenced to the galleys; but in less than a week after his arrival at Toulon, he was called upon to pay a heavier penalty. A galley slave came up to him one day in the harbour and stared at him for a moment; then exclaiming, "Wretch! I have long waited for my revenge. To you I owe all my misfortunes. It was you who tempted me to commit my first crime—to rob the players of Châlons. My last crime is that of murder;" and so saying, he gave Jerome one desperate blow, that laid him dead at his feet. Thus was terminated this wicked young man's career, after passing through every gradation of crime. The vengeance of the laws and of Heaven is sometimes long delayed, but sooner or later, retribution is certain: the guilty never remain unpunished.

Let us now return to a more pleasing subject. When the brothers parted, Louis chose the road to Lyons, and walked on, full of misgivings for Jerome's future fate. He began then to reflect upon his own prospects; he thought that the situation most easy to obtain was that of a servant in some house; but he preferred a country life, in which he hoped to turn his good education to a better account. Whilst considering thus, night came on, and he found it necessary to seek a lodging till the morning. Fortune directed him to a cottage inhabited by an old gardener, who was employed on the grounds of a neighbouring chateau, and from whom our young hero received a hearty welcome. The evening was destined not to pass over without an adventure. The old man became suddenly ill, and having fallen to the floor in a species of swoon, Louis, with the greatest kindness, attended to him, and did not leave him till he had recovered. This was a melancholy duty, but it met with its proper reward. The aged gardener, grateful for the attentions shown him, recommended Louis to a neighbouring farmer as worthy of confidence.

On presenting himself to the farmer, Louis found that the only situation vacant was that of herdsman: this was not exactly to his taste; but recollecting that there is a beginning to everything, and that he might rise to something higher, he gladly accepted the employment; and being forthwith installed, we behold him early on the following day driving his flocks to the fields. After a little time, he greatly felt the want of books, and in order to be able to procure them, saved his wages, and tried various ingenious devices to add to his little store. His attention to the cattle intrusted to his charge was unremitting, and he was careful to keep everything belonging to them in the highest

state of order and neatness. His character was thus soon so well established, that he might easily have obtained higher wages elsewhere; but he remembered the old proverb, "A rolling stone gathers no moss;" and besides, he was too grateful to the master who had first given him an asylum to desire to leave him. As soon as he could, he wrote to his father and the curate, detailing all his hopes and plans, whereupon this kind instructor immediately sent him a few books upon agriculture which he happened to have; a present that quite overjoyed poor Louis, who applied himself to their study with the utmost ardour. Some time had thus elapsed, when the following conversation occurred.

"My dear Louis," said Farmer Berthand, "I am much pleased with you; my cattle have much improved whilst in your charge. I know that many advantageous offers have been made to you, which you have declined. You have done well; but you must not be a loser: I will make up the difference to you."

"I am most grateful for your kindness, Monsieur Berthand," replied Louis; "but I have another plan to propose."

"What is that, my friend?"

"Have you confidence in me?"

"The greatest."

"Well, I could greatly increase the revenue of your farm, if you will make me superintendent for one year. I ask for no wages; feed me only; and if I succeed, you can then do as you like."

"How could you imagine such an idea, boy? You are much too young."

"Then you have not confidence in me?"

"Oh yes; but to give you the management of everything!"

"You will watch over me."

"Such a thing was never heard of. Well, after all, I will try it—I will grant your request."

"I promise you that in a year hence your neighbours will envy you."

"Well, I depend upon you. You see what confidence I repose in your knowledge and merit."

The joy of Louis cannot be described. In the space of two years his good conduct had thus raised him to the rank of superintendent, and enabled him to put in practice those improvements in agriculture which he had learned from his books. Henceforth no part of the ground was left untilled; all was industriously turned to account; the best manures sought out, and the whole carefully cultivated. He also formed artificial meadows, which were hitherto unknown in the country.

Farmer Berthand, having always pursued the old routine, could not witness these innovations without anxiety; still, his opinion of the talents of the young agriculturist was so high, that he allowed him to take his own course, notwithstanding his fears and the raillery of his neighbours. But at the end of the

year, the triumph of the new system was complete; the revenue of the farm had increased by a third or fourth, and the surrounding farmers looked on with admiration not unmixed with envy.

"You may easily enjoy the same advantages," said Louis to them: "you possess a rich soil, which will yield all you need, if you will only manage it with judgment. The industry of her husbandmen constitutes one of the greatest sources of the wealth of France; and if her people were wise, they would give more attention to agriculture. It would advance them far on the road to power and riches. Attend to the advice of enlightened men, and do not sacrifice your fortune to old prejudices and ancient routine."

Farmer Berthand knew not how to testify his gratitude to Louis. At the close of the year's trial he gave him a handsome salary, the greater part of which Louis, like a good son, transmitted to his father, to whom he wrote regularly, as well as to the curate, from whom he had received the good education whence arose all his prosperity, the only drawback to which was, his uncertainty with respect to his brother's fate, of whom he had heard nothing since their separation.

The farmer's substance continued gradually to increase; but who was to inherit it? His only child was about the age of Louis, a pretty and amiable girl, but without education; and she, with her father's permission, gladly availed herself of the young man's assistance in her studies. Thrown so much into each other's society, the young people soon formed an attachment, which neither of them, however, ventured to avow; nevertheless it was quite apparent to the clear-sighted farmer, who thus addressed Louis one day, after he had been more than five years in the management of the farm: "Louis, you have rendered me such services, that I have known no way of acknowledging them save by treating you as a son. Will you now, in reality, become one to me? My daughter and you love each other, and I willingly give her to you."

At these words the rapture of Louis was extreme, and he almost smothered honest Berthand with his embraces. Annette not only consented to the arrangement, but seemed not to think it at all necessary to conceal the pleasure it afforded her.

Old Marcel was sent for to the wedding, and the worthy curate could not be left behind. This completed the joy of the good son, who, now that he had once obtained possession of his father, refused to allow him to depart, and was warmly seconded in his intreaties by Berthand. "We are both old men, Father Marcel," said the latter; "let us live together and enjoy the happiness of our children; they will remind us of our young days. Besides, Marcel, it is not at my house that you will reside; we must both live with your son, for everything here belongs to the young people. I have given all up to them; and

I can tell you I leave it in good hands. Your Louis is a famous fellow for activity and merit;" and how could Marcel resist an invitation urged with so much warmth and delicacy?

But in this world perfect bliss is not to be found; and the report of the tragical death of Jerome had spread far and wide, and at last reached the ears of his family, clouding their enjoyments with grief and shame: but we will not dwell on those days of mourning.

Louis, having now become sole master, made many new experiments, the greater number of which proved successful. He visited Lyons occasionally, and there formed acquaintance with many enlightened men, whose conversation and advice were of great benefit to him; and by unceasing study and exertions, he gained the reputation of being a first-rate agriculturist. As Louis rose in the world, he never forgot his former condition in life, and never failed to show the utmost respect to both Berthand and his father. Even when distinguished guests were entertained at his table, the most honourable places were always reserved for the two old men.

Having been chosen to fill the office of mayor to the commune, Louis showed that his integrity and judgment as a magistrate were quite on a par with his skill in other pursuits. At last Louis obtained the highest honour which a citizen can arrive at: his merit having well deserved the confidence of the inhabitants of the department in which he resided, they elected him to be their representative in the Chamber of Deputies, where he has set a noble example of disinterested and devoted patriotism.

His children, carefully brought up in the same honourable principles which have guided him through life, inspire their parents with the highest hopes for the future.

How truly precious is a good education! How inexcusable is the neglect of it, when every facility now exists for its acquirement! Teach children early to have the fear of God before their eyes, to respect the laws, and to love their fellow-creatures. With such guides, they seldom wander; without them, they are sure to go astray.

VICTOR DACHEUX.

Not many years ago there lived in a little wooden house on the banks of the Seine at Paris a poor man named Victor Dacheux. This individual had placed himself in this hampered and unpleasant abode, with the sole view of rescuing persons from drowning. In England, no poor man would think of devoting himself to such an occupation; but in France, there are instances of this species of practical benevolence extremely agreeable to

reflect upon. Victor was not employed by any one. He voluntarily took up his residence in his booth, and his only chance of gaining a subsistence consisted in the petty rewards which might be given by persons rescued by his intrepidity.

This worthy man had been thus engaged for a number of years: misfortunes of different kinds had overtaken him, not the least troublesome of which was an infirmity from rheumatism; but he was still cheerful, and kept a constant outlook on the river. One day, while sitting at the door of his hut, he perceived the body of a man drifting slowly down the Seine. In two minutes he had doffed his clothes, and was in the middle of the stream, grasping the object he vainly hoped to save: but, alas! the decomposition of the body proved it to have been long the prey of the waters—a late rise of the river having disengaged it from some obstacle which prevented its earlier appearance on the surface. All that Dacheux could do was to note down any discernible particulars respecting the evidently aged sufferer; but on removing his decaying garments, no clue to his name or residence could be found, nothing but an old leathern pocket-book, containing twenty-four bank bills for one thousand francs each. These Dacheux dried with the utmost care, and replaced them in the pocket-book, in a secret drawer of his little desk, unknown even to his wife and children, so much did he fear lest their extreme destitution should tempt them to infringe on the sacredness of the deposit. He had, besides, little doubt that the advertisements he intended to insert in the public papers would quickly bring forward the owners or heirs of so considerable a sum, which he promised himself no small pleasure in handing over to them.

He lost no time in conveying the dead body to the Morgue—a place for the reception of bodies found in the river—and here it remained exposed during the whole time prescribed by the law; but no one came forward to recognise or claim it. He continued to intimate in the papers, for months together, that such a person, whom he described, had been found by him (apparently carried off by apoplexy, and fallen by accident into the river) between the Pont des Arts and the Port Royal; and that his *valuable* effects remained with the finder, only awaiting any owner who could prove his title to their possession. Nay, he went so far as to declare, that though no scrap of writing affording a clue had been discovered on the deceased, there were sufficient effects in his hands, and particularly in his memory, to lead to an identification.

There was enough here to move both cupidity and curiosity, and bring forward swarms of pseudo-relatives; who found their match, however, in the wary as well as faithful trustee. Many *bona fide* mourners for missing individuals came also with better founded hopes and proofs of identity; but none would tally with the no less eager hopes and wishes of good Dacheux. He was

therefore compelled, notwithstanding all his disinterested exertions, to retain in his possession the twenty-four bank bills, about which he still thought it his duty to maintain inviolable secrecy. Lest, however, sudden death amid the perils of his vocation should carry him off from his family, he placed beside the old pocket-book a paper in his handwriting, solemnly enjoining his wife and children, should no owner have previously appeared, to hand over the contents to some competent authority.

Three years passed away, and no relative, or even acquaintance, had come forward to lament the deceased. Times, meanwhile, had gone harder than ever with Dacheux. A bitter winter covered the Seine with blocks of ice, which partly destroyed his humble cabin, shattered nearly all his furniture, and left his family all but destitute. His wife and faithful associate in acts of humanity was seized with a serious illness, requiring constant nursing and expensive medicines; while he himself was attacked with acute rheumatism, which crippled him for a time in every limb. In the midst of all this distress, it was little the labour of his children could add to the small income of the suffering household; but if even the sick man's glance rested for a moment with a wishful expression on the desk which contained the twenty-four bank bills, its upward direction would immediately seem to say, "Please God, whatever may be the extent of our trials, I will keep sacred to the last the charge He has intrusted to me!"

His eye rested upon it with a proud and delighted consciousness of integrity rewarded, when, shortly after (in a ceremony at which the writer was present), a deputation from the free masons of Paris, in presence of more than twelve hundred spectators of all ranks and ages, waited upon him with a voluntary subscription, sufficient to replace on its original footing his benevolent establishment, and conferred upon him, amid shouts of applause and admiration, the unfading title of *L'Homme du Rivage!* ("Man of the Shore!")

But it was not only as an asylum for the resuscitated from drowning that this good Samaritan's house was gratuitously restored. It had long been the resort of every wounded workman on the banks of the Seine. If, by the collision of two unwieldy wood rafts, a poor fellow got a bruise on the arm or a jam of the leg, he would hobble as best he might to good M. Dacheux, and have his hurts dressed as skilfully and more kindly than in any hospital. If a poor female fagot-seller stumbled under her burden, while climbing the steep steps of the Quai de L'Ecole, and got, as may be supposed, an ugly fall, her legs would still drag her to Madame Dacheux, where the softest bandage and most healing ointment were set off by motherly sympathy and Christian charity.

Among the many wounded persons thus claiming the good

offices of "The Man of the Shore," there came one fine spring evening a young man, whose right hand had been grievously crushed by a barrel of saltpetre, which had slipped from him a few minutes before, while rolling it on the quay. The thumb seemed well-nigh destroyed, and two fingers terribly lacerated; and the agony of the sufferer was so intense, that, spite of his bodily strength, tears were trickling down his face. The skilful Dacheux, after washing, according to his custom, the formidable-looking wound with warm wine, declared there was no fracture. But the hurt was of a nature to require the greatest care and attention, and having bandaged it up with the proper applications, and prepared a sling, he strongly advised the youth to return twice a-day to have his hand dressed, as long as it remained unhealed.

This was not an invitation to be despised, and the lad failed not to avail himself of it, night and morning, for several following days. The wound, serious as it was, soon did credit to the skill of the well-known cottage practitioners; and the jolly young workman, one of the handsomest specimens of humanity among his companions, soon recovered his naturally high spirits. No sooner was his cure completed, than he came one Sunday, in his holiday attire, to salute his physician, and asked, with well-meaning abruptness—"What do I owe you, Monsieur Dacheux?" "And what do you mean by that, my good friend?" "Mean! why, to pay you your dues. Five-and-twenty dressings, and all that linen and ointment, must come to——" "Neither more nor less than a shake of the hand, my dear fellow! Show me you can bear a squeeze of the one I cured, and we are quits. I never take money from any one." "Oh, that will never do; and though I am but a porter on the quay, and have both my mother and grandmother on my hands, I have wherewithal to pay, I assure you." "And I assure you once more that you owe me nothing. But tell me what countryman you are?" "I come from Villeneuve le Roi, near Sens. My father was killed at Austerlitz; they say he was a gallant fellow. I never knew him. My mother, left a widow at nineteen, with no child but me, went to live with her father, who was a dealer in wines, and had, I may say, as pretty a bit of land on the banks of the Yonne, and as snug a house at Villeneuve, as you could see. Well, we've had to sell it all!" "And for what reason?" "D'ye see, Monsieur Dacheux, my poor grandfather, one of the honestest men in the world, had but one fault—he liked his glass. I'm afraid I take after him. He was employed as a salesman by some of the first houses at Sens, and came on their account to recover money for them in Paris. One day, when he had received a pretty large sum, he disappeared, without our ever having been able to get the smallest tidings of his fate. He was subject to fits of blood to the head, poor old man; and no doubt this had happened to him somehow, and

rogues must have taken advantage of it to rob and bury him secretly. But it was the worse for us. The Paris merchants could prove they had paid him the money, and as we had nothing to show for it to the wine-growers of Sens, of course we had to sell all to satisfy them, which left us without a sou. My grandmother fretted herself into a palsy, and my poor mother, having no means of living at Villeneuve, had to come to Paris, where she toils hard making shirts for my fellow-workmen; and I get, when all goes well, three francs a-day; so that, with the help of God, we manage to live." "Pray what might be your grandfather's age?" "Hard upon seventy." "And his height?" "Much the same as mine; about five feet ten." "And his name, if you please?" "Why, the same I bear after him; Maurice Goddard." "And may I ask the amount of the sum which he had drawn, and you were forced to make good?" "Just twenty-four thousand francs; enough to ruin us out and out. But why do you ask me all these questions?" "Why, to be useful to you, if I should have opportunity." "How you do look at me, Monsieur Dacheux!" "Not for nothing, believe me; you have inspired me with a lively interest. I have taken a great fancy to know your mother and grandmother likewise." "We're highly honoured, I'm sure; but if so, you'll have to take the trouble to call on us, for the poor dear old woman is past moving." "You may expect me to-morrow: what address?" "Rue Boucher, No. 15, up five pair of stairs. Oh how delighted they'll be when I tell them of your visit! They know that to you I owe my cured hand. Good-by, Monsieur Dacheux." "Till to-morrow, friend Goddard."

Early next day "The Man of the Shore" was at the house specified, eager to confirm, by authentic proofs, the surmises floating in his mind. He found the humble abode distinguished by the peculiar neatness of those who have seen better days. The venerable grandmother, seated in her wheeling chair, seemed, in spite of bodily infirmity, in possession of all her faculties. Her daughter-in-law, Maurice's mother, was busy at her needle, while her son read to both, from an old paper, the report of the honours conferred on Dacheux by his grateful countrymen. His presence gave rise to transports of joy in this worthy family. Madame Goddard blessed him for his care of her son; and the old palsied woman thanked him for the last bright gleam on her declining years.

It was not difficult to turn the conversation to the lost head of the united family—his painful disappearance, and the sad consequences which ensued from it. But the holder of the twenty-four thousand francs had enough to do to conceal his secret emotion, while putting to those, so deeply interested, the questions dictated by prudence. "Had your husband," he inquired of the old woman, "no mark or token by which he could have been recognised?"

"Oh dear, yes!" was her ready answer. "The poor fellow was in the first wars of the Revolution, and had two fingers shot off at the battle of Fleurus."

"From which hand?"

"The left: and then at the great battle of Jemmappes he got a sabre cut from the right ear to the chin, which left such a lovely scar!"

"And may I ask if there was anything remarkable in his dress? what did he usually wear?"

"Oh, at the time he was lost, an old gray greatcoat (for it was cold dirty weather), and under it an old hussar jacket, which he could only wear out so."

"Oh," added Maurice's mother, "you forget he always wore a silver watch with a steel chain."

"Yes!" said the old dame sighing, "with a gold heart hanging from it, which I had given him the day we were engaged, and which never left him."

"But," abruptly interrupted Dacheux, now almost sure he was right, "a man in the habit of receiving sums of money must have carried a pocket-book."

"To be sure he did," replied three voices at once.

"And of what colour?"

"Oh, black leather originally, but so worn by use, that you might have half fancied it red."

"And fastened," said the mother, "with a little steel clasp."

"And inside," again sighed the grandmother, "my poor goodman always carried an image of his patron saint, St Maurice, which I gave him, when I was a girl, once upon his birthday. Ay me! 'tis a long, long while ago!"

"But, sir," young Maurice could not help saying, "methinks, from your eager looks and anxious questionings, one might almost suppose you had some object in view."

"I have," replied Dacheux, convinced, from all these particulars, that the rightful heirs he had sought for so many years in vain now stood before him—"I have indeed a notion that, about the time you mention, an old man was taken out of the river, on whom a pocket-book was found; and I should not be at all surprised if you were to get back all it contained."

"You don't say so? And wouldn't it come apropos to let me marry Celestine, whom they wont let have me, because I have nothing?"

"And pray who may Celestine be?"

"The prettiest girl on all the quay, for whom I am dying. Fancy, Monsieur Dacheux, their letting me fall in love with her, and never hindering her a bit from loving me again; and then, when I wanted of course to marry her, asking me what I had to marry upon. And when I said just my four quarters, and I am sure they are substantial enough, they laughed in my face, and Celestine cried, and I was like to choke. I

appeal to you, Monsieur Dacheux, could a poor fellow be worse used?"

"And who is the father of your bride elect?"

"Monsieur Aubert, a rich fellow in the cider line."

"Ay! I should have something to say with him; for last summer, no farther back, I fished out his only son, who was taken with a fit while swimming at high water in the Seine. I'll see what can be done for you this very evening in that quarter; and you may come and hear the result at twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh, I'll be there without fail. But, dear sir, do you think there are any hopes?"

"It would be rash to promise; but we'll see."

"Ah! sir," said the youth's mother modestly, "you would be doing us all a great service, for the poor boy neither eats nor sleeps as he used to do."

"Well, good people, all shall be done that lies in the power of man; but you have reason to look higher for the possible comfort and consolation of your latter days. I dare say no more at present; we shall meet to-morrow."

So saying, he left this interesting family, casting behind him a last look, so expressive of satisfaction, that we need not wonder if it laid the foundation for a thousand fond conjectures. None of them, however, came up in the faintest degree to the series of agreeable surprises awaiting them next day at the hands of the most upright and most friendly of human beings.

On Maurice's arrival at the cottage of Dacheux, he found there before him the father of his mistress, the same who had laughed to scorn his former pretensions; but who, meeting him now with the most cordial frankness, said, "Excuse me, Maurice, for having received somewhat coldly your request for my daughter's hand; but why did you conceal from me that you were worth four-and-twenty thousand francs, and that you were only waiting an opportunity to purchase warehouses, and set up for yourself?"

"What is all this you are saying?" stammered the bewildered Maurice. "I do not comprehend a word of it!"

"It shall be explained to you," replied good Dacheux, flying to his desk, and bringing forth the deposit so long and so discreetly preserved: "here is your own. If this pocket-book had contained a single name, the least word of direction to any one, you would have been put in possession of it next day, and your poor grandmother's property have been saved from the hammer. But though long foiled in my researches, it has pleased Heaven to grant me at length the joy of restoring it to its lawful proprietors. It can only belong to those who have so well described it; look at this black leather reddened by long use, this old steel clasp, and, above all, at the image of St Maurice. These twenty-four bank bills make the exact sum drawn by your grandfather,

and which he was no doubt carrying back to his employers when, surprised by treacherous liquor, he fell into the Seine. Let this be a lesson, young man, to yourself!" "Ah, Monsieur Dacheux, there is little fear of my forgetting it. But are you really quite sure this pocket-book was my grandfather's?" "Yes; by the tokens of this silver watch, which was also upon him, and the little steel chain from which still hangs your grandmother's golden heart, and by that of the two fingers of the left hand which were missing from the old man I drew out of the river, and the scar from the tip of the right ear to the chin. How could all these marks meet in any but the right person? Nay, my own heart tells me this restitution is the dictate of Heaven. I am too happy in making it, to be under any delusion."

So saying, he warmly embraced the delighted young man, whose honest gratitude found vent in the expressions of unsophisticated nature, and whose goodness of heart soon prompted him to make his relatives at home the sharers of his joy. Panting and breathless, scarce able to speak for delight, he announced to the two dear maternal friends of his youth the happy change in their circumstances, and thrust into the shaking hand of his grandmother the well-known pocket-book, saying as he did so, in his turn, "Here is your own."

"Nay, yours, my children!" exclaimed the palsied one, exerting, to transfer it, more strength than she had done for long. "Methinks I feel reviving already, and as though God might yet grant me to see my great-great-grandchildren."

The marriage of Maurice with Celestine Aubert took place soon after, and joining his father-in-law, whose experience in the cider trade was very extensive, they were soon at the head of that flourishing branch of business. The old grandmother quitted her lodging up five pair of stairs, and came to live with her daughter and the young couple on the Quai de L'Ecole, where the good air she breathed, and the sight of her children's happiness, so far restored her, that she could sally forth on crutches, to thank in person the author of all their prosperity. She and the friends and neighbours by whom she was accompanied, found the indefatigable friend of humanity engaged in his vocation, having just rescued from a watery grave an interesting young woman, making, with her unborn infant, the two hundred and fifteenth life he had been enabled to preserve!

Every one present crowded round the general benefactor, proclaiming him the honour of his country, and a model for mankind; and all united in beseeching him to continue, while strength permitted, his heroic career, exclaiming, "Never will your memory perish from that of your fellow-citizens, or that proudest of titles with which they have thought fit to associate it, when they conferred on you the affecting surname of 'The Man of the Shore.'"

HISTORY OF THE BASTILE.

AT the eastern boundary of Paris, on the way towards the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, we have occasion to cross an open space, on which once stood the famous prison-fortress, the Bastile. The name of *Bastile* or *Bastel* was, in ancient times, given to any kind of erection calculated to withstand a military force; and thus, formerly in England and on the borders of Scotland, the term *Bastel-house* was usually applied to places of strength and fancied security. Of the many Bastiles in France, that at Paris, whose history we propose to narrate, and which at first was called the Bastile St Antoine, from being erected near the suburb of St Antoine, retained the name longest. This fortress, of melancholy celebrity, was erected under the following circumstances:—

In the year 1356, when the English, then at war with France, were in the neighbourhood of Paris, it was considered necessary by the inhabitants of the French capital to repair the bulwarks of their city. Stephen Marcel, provost of the merchants, undertook this task, and, amongst other defences, added to the fortifications at the eastern entrance to the town a gate flanked with a tower on each side. The popularity which the provost acquired by this measure, and others equally judicious, was for some time considerable; but his secret connexion with the king of Navarre, who laid pretensions to the French throne, proved his ruin. On the 31st of July 1358 he attempted to introduce that prince into Paris through the gate of the Bastile, but his intention having transpired, he could not succeed in having it opened. His ene-

mies, who were alike fierce and numerous, soon reached the spot, and surrounded him. The provost, holding the keys in his hand, strove to defend himself from his assailants, and, ascending the entrance-ladder, endeavoured to take refuge in one of the towers; but a man named De Charny having struck him on the head with his axe, he fell, and was despatched by the infuriated crowd at the foot of that Bastile which he had himself caused to be erected.

Hugh Aubriot, the next who, after Stephen Marcel, added to the constructions of the Bastile, proved scarcely more fortunate. He was provost of Paris under Charles V., king of France, who, not thinking the walls of the Bastile sufficiently strong and high, and wishing to complete them, charged him to superintend the necessary extensions. In the year 1369 Aubriot accordingly added two towers, which, being placed opposite to those already existing on each side of the gate, made of the Bastile a square fort, with a tower at each of the four angles. Notwithstanding his great talents and integrity, or rather on account of these very qualities, Aubriot had acquired many enemies, by whom, on the death of Charles V., he was bitterly persecuted. Although, owing to the influence of his friends at court, his life was spared, he was condemned to perpetual confinement, and placed in the Bastile, of which, according to some historians, he was the first prisoner. After some time he was thence conveyed to Fort l'Evêque, another prison, where he remained forgotten until 1381. The *Maillotins*, a band of insurgents, so named from the leaden mallets with which they were armed, then delivered him, to place him at their head; but though he seemingly joined in their plans, Aubriot escaped from them the same night, and safely reached Burgundy, his native province, where he died within the space of a year.

After the insurrection of the Maillotins in 1382, the young king, Charles VI., still further enlarged the Bastile by adding four towers to it, thus giving it, instead of the square form it formerly possessed, the shape of an oblong or parallelogram. The fortress now consisted of eight towers, each a hundred feet high, and, like the wall which united them, nine feet thick. Four of those towers looked on the city, and four on the suburb of St Antoine. To increase its strength, the Bastile was surrounded by a ditch twenty-five feet deep and a hundred and twenty feet wide. The road which formerly passed through it was turned on one side, the old gate blocked up, and a new one, which retained the name of its predecessor, erected on the left of the fortress. The Bastile was now completed (1383), and though additions were subsequently made to it, the body of the fortress underwent no important change.

Each of the eight towers which composed the Bastile bore a different name. One of the two which had been erected by Stephen Marcel was called the Tower of the Chapel, and the

other the Tower of the Treasure, from the large sums deposited in it by Sully, minister of Henri IV. One of those added by Aubriot received the name of the Tower of Liberty, and the other the Tower de la Bertaudière; whilst of the four towers which Charles VI. caused to be built, one was termed the Tower of the Well, from the well which was near it; the second, the Tower of the Corner, on account of its position; the third, the Tower de la Bazinière, from a gentleman of that name who was confined in it; and the fourth, the Tower de la Comté. Each of the towers was four storeys high, besides the low and horrible dungeons situated beneath the level of the soil. Nothing can be conceived more gloomy or wretched than one of these noisome dens. The damp stone walls and ceiling were continually dropping water, and the slimy flooring swarmed with rats, toads, newts, and other kinds of vermin. A narrow slit in the wall, on the side of the ditch, admitted light, and too frequently, instead of air, unwholesome exhalations, to this abode of misery; a few planks, supported by iron bars fixed in the wall, and scantily covered with straw, formed the prisoner's couch, whilst ponderous double doors, each seven inches thick, and provided with enormous locks and bolts, shut out the captive from the world, and never admitted any other form than that of a jailor.

The three first floors above this dungeon consisted each of a single room of an irregular octagonal shape, about eighteen feet high, and twenty feet wide. Most of the rooms had double ceilings, a fact which the prisoner De la Tude discovered, and turned to advantage, by making use of this vacant space to conceal in it the rope-ladder through which he effected his escape. A small closet, made in the thickness of the walls, frequently accompanied these apartments. The room on the fourth and last floor, termed La Calotte, was narrower and lower than the rest. It was so arched, in order to support a platform above, that the individual confined in it could not stand upright in any other part than the centre. The narrow windows or openings which gave light to these apartments afforded no prospect from without, not only on account of the thickness of the walls, but also owing to the double grating of iron bars, each as thick as a man's arm, with which they were provided. In the lower storeys of the building these openings were half filled up with stone and mortar, and even some of them could not be reached save by ascending three steps. The floorings were either of tiles or stones, and the chimneys were secured by iron bars in several places. All the rooms, and even the staircases leading to them, were closed by thick double doors. Previously to the year 1761, it was in some of those apartments, then of course more comfortable, but the only official ones, that the governor and his suite resided.

Both as a place of military defence, and as a state prison of great strength, the Bastile was, even at an early period, very

formidable. During the troubled reign of the insane Charles VI., it frequently served as a prison and a fortress by turns, and assumed some importance in the struggles of the period. The kingdom of France, the greatest part of which was in the power of the English, was, moreover, distracted by the dissensions of the Burgundians and Armagnacs. The king's eldest son, the dauphin, who belonged to the last party, was in possession of Paris, and his devoted friend, Tannegui du Châtel, held the Bastile with a strong garrison. When Paris was, through treachery, delivered to the Burgundians on the night of the 28th of May 1418, Tannegui had barely time to run to the youthful prince's hotel, snatch him half-awake from his bed, and, wrapping him up in the bedclothes, carry him in his arms to the Bastile, which he fortunately reached in safety. From the towers of the fortress the dauphin, however, beheld the massacre of almost all his adherents and friends; none of the Armagnacs was spared by their vindictive foes, and the streets of Paris literally flowed with blood. Tannegui soon abandoned the Bastile, which fell into the power of the Burgundians, and two years afterwards was held by the English, then masters of Paris, which they kept for sixteen years. During this space of time, L'Isle Adam, a Burgundian general, was the only prisoner of the Bastile. When, in 1436, the dauphin, now Charles VII., stormed Paris, the English governor, Willoughby, retired to the Bastile. An honourable capitulation having been offered to him, he in a few days surrendered the fortress, of which he was the last English military occupant.

Under the reign of the tyrannical Louis XI., the Bastile became a prison of some importance, and received many of the unfortunate victims of that monarch's hatred. Amongst these, Cardinal Balue and several others are worthy of mention. The cardinal was a man of obscure origin, noted for his ingratitude towards all those who contributed to his elevation. Louis XI., who, notwithstanding his suspicious temper, had confided entirely in him, he betrayed, with D'Harancourt, bishop of Verdun, without so much as the shadow of an excuse. The ecclesiastical character of the offenders screened their lives, but it could not save them from the king's vengeance. Balue he caused to be shut up in one of those iron cages of which the cardinal himself is said to have been the inventor, and which were so fearfully contrived, that the unhappy being immured in them could not experience even one moment's repose. The cardinal remained for eleven years in the castle of Loches, whence he was occasionally transferred to the Bastile, in order that Louis might, when in Paris, enjoy the sight of his torments. In 1480, three years before the death of Louis XI., he was at last set free, and quietly ended his days in 1491.

His accomplice, D'Harancourt, fared still worse. He was confined in the Bastile, where a cage was constructed expressly

for him. The framing of this cage, which was made of massive beams fastened together by iron bolts, occupied nineteen workmen for the space of twenty days. Such was its weight, that it was found necessary to rebuild the vault destined to support it. In this gloomy abode D'Harancourt spent fifteen years: he was set at liberty at Louis's death, and died in 1500, at an advanced age.

Two members of the unfortunate family of Armagnac were also amongst the victims of Louis XI.'s pitiless policy. The first, Charles of Armagnac, was punished because, though himself wholly innocent, his brother John had revolted against the king. After having been cruelly tortured, he was thrown into the Bastile, the governor of which, L'Huillier, treated him with the greatest barbarity. For fourteen years he inhabited one of those dungeons which we have already described. When the son of Louis XI., Charles VIII., drew him from this wretched abode, and reinstated him in his property, the hapless captive's reason had fled; he lingered for a few years, and died in 1497. His relation, James of Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, having mingled in some intrigues against Louis XI., retired to the town of Carlat, supposed to be impregnable; he, however, surrendered, without resistance, to the king's general, on condition that his life should be spared. This was solemnly promised to him; yet such was the terror of his wife, then recently confined, on seeing him led away a prisoner, that she died of grief within a few days. The melancholy forebodings which hastened her end were justified by the event.

After having been taken to Pierre Encise, the duke was conveyed to the Bastile, and there, for the space of two years, treated with the greatest cruelty. Louis at last brought him to trial, insuring, by the most iniquitous means, his condemnation to death. The revolting details of his execution show the character of Louis under its most fearful aspect. The chamber in which the duke confessed himself to the priest was all hung with black, and housings of the same dismal hue were thrown over the horse which led him to the place of execution. But this was not enough: a scaffold, with openings between the planks, was expressly constructed for him to suffer upon, and his children, of whom the youngest was only five years old, were placed underneath, bareheaded, clad in white, and their hands bound, in order that, when his head had fallen beneath the executioner's axe, they might receive from above the blood of their unhappy father. When this fearful tragedy was over (August 4, 1477), they were taken back to the Bastile, and placed in a noisome and narrow dungeon, where they had scarcely room to move about. They remained there for five years, and until the accession of Charles VIII. to the throne. The young king, wishing to repair his father's injustice and cruelty, subsequently restored them some of their property. But the two elder, whose health was

destroyed by confinement, died soon afterwards. The youngest, however, survived, and inherited the title of Nemours.

The subsequent history of the Bastile, up to the middle of the sixteenth century, does not offer much that is remarkable. From the year 1553 to the year 1559 it was, however, greatly enlarged. The additions made to it consisted in a curtain, flanked by a bastion surrounded by a deep ditch. Parallel with it was another curtain, and a demi-bastion with a similar ditch. A standing bridge was the only means of communication from the Bastile to the bastion, on which a garden, planted with trees, was afterwards laid out.

Besides several of the Protestant leaders who were incarcerated in it, the Bastile received, during the troubled sixteenth century, many prisoners of note. It was also, at the epoch of the civil wars, of great importance as a fortress, and was alternately held by the weak king Henri III., or by his rebellious subjects. Bussi le Clerc, who had been made governor of it by the Guise party, rendered himself so conspicuous for his harshness and cruelty, that even his stern employers grew weary of his repeated barbarities, and finally took his command from him. Singularly enough, Bussi, whose behaviour to the prisoners under his care was anything but lenient or humane, once acted not only with common kindness, but even with generosity, towards a Protestant prisoner named Damours, for whom he contracted a singular affection, frequently declaring that, "Huguenot as he was, Damours was worth more than all those politicians, the presidents and counsellors, who were only hypocrites." Not satisfied with these protestations, he so effectually interceded in behalf of Damours, that he procured his freedom.

Bussi le Clerc was succeeded in the government of the Bastile by Du Bourg, a brave and honourable soldier, partisan of the Guises. When, after the assassination of Henri III. in 1589, Henri IV., his successor, for the fourth time besieged Paris, Du Bourg vigorously intrenched himself in the Bastile. Henri IV. was repulsed from the walls of Paris, and retreated with great loss to Normandy. So confident were the Parisians that he would be taken by their general, Mayenne, that many of them hired windows in the street of St Antoine in order to see him pass on his way to the Bastile. In this expectation they were, however, disappointed, for the next year Henri once more besieged them, and reduced them, through famine, to the direst extremities. His natural compassion prevailing, however, over his interest, he allowed bakers to carry bread to the city, which they entered by the gate of the Bastile. In 1594, he at last triumphantly entered the capital, for the giving up of which Brissac, then governor of Paris, is said to have received nearly 1,700,000 livres. Du Bourg, however, remained incorruptible: after defeating a plot to seize upon the Bastile, he defended it for five days, and even turned his cannon upon the city. But having learned that it would be im-

possible for Mayenne to afford him any assistance, he at last consented to capitulate on very honourable conditions; and after again refusing the money which was offered to him, he called Brissac a traitor, and challenged him to mortal combat—a cartel of which the other did not choose to accept.

During the earlier part of Henri IV.'s reign, the Bastile, owing to that monarch's natural clemency, had not many tenants. In 1602, his minister, Sully, was appointed governor of the fortress, and made one of its towers a receptacle for the large sums which his economical administration enabled him to save in the national expenditure. This, as we have already stated, was the origin of the name of the Tower of the Treasure, given to one of the towers of the fortress.

THE BASTILE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Like all fortresses, the Bastile was under the dominion of a governor, appointed by the king, and bound by his oath to obey and maintain in every respect the regulations of the castle; he was also responsible for the safety of the prisoners under his care. The other officers or members of the household of the Bastile were as follows:—the king's lieutenant, a major, who acted as secretary, a physician, a surgeon and his assistant, a chaplain, two priests and a confessor, four turnkeys, and a company of invalids, besides several other individuals, who held minor offices. The vigilance exercised in guarding the fortress was excessive. A wooden gallery, called "The Rounds," and which was reached by two flights of steps, had been erected along the summit of the exterior wall of the ditch, sixty feet above the bottom. This gallery was constantly filled by sentinels, whom their officers visited every quarter of an hour. No soldier could sleep out of the fortress, without first obtaining permission of the governor; and for an officer, the leave of the minister was necessary. The tyrannical method of capturing and placing prisoners in the Bastile may now be described. The usual plan was to issue a warrant, called *lettre de cachet*, or sealed letter, which the police officers were sometimes empowered to carry into effect, by conveying the person therein mentioned to the Bastile; whilst in some cases, where unnecessary disgrace was avoided, the individual was merely enjoined to constitute himself a prisoner, as will be seen in the following document, addressed by Louis XV. to the Prince of Monaco, then a brigadier in his army:—

"My Cousin—As I am by no means satisfied with your conduct, I send you this letter to inform you of my intention, which is, that as soon as you receive it, you shall proceed to my castle of the Bastile, there to remain till you have my further orders. On which, my cousin, I pray God to have you in his holy keeping. Given at Versailles this 25th of June 1748.

(Signed) Louis.

(Countersigned) Voyer D'Argenson."

The number of lettres de cachet issued at one time was enormous. In the reign of Louis XV., on whom popular enthusiasm had bestowed the name of "Well-beloved," it amounted to 150,000, or 2500 annually. Even during the fifteen years that the benevolent Louis XVI. was on the throne, as many as 14,000 lettres de cachet were carried into effect. What increased the evil was, that, though signed by the king, those lettres de cachet were often used without his sanction, it having been thought *necessary* for every minister or court favourite to be provided with a certain number, in which a blank was left for the name of the victim.

The following abridged narrative of an individual incarcerated in the Bastile, will give a correct idea of the mode of arrest usually employed, and of the rules observed on the entrance of a prisoner into the fortress:—

"At about five in the morning I was awakened from my sleep by a violent knocking at my room door, and commanded, in the king's name, to open it. I obeyed, and an officer of the police, with three men and a commissary, entered. They desired me to dress myself, and began to search the apartment. They took such of my papers as they chose, and put them into a box, which was carried to the police-office. The commissary then asked me my name, my age, the place where I was born, how long I had been at Paris, and the manner in which I spent my time. The examination was written down by him; a list was made of everything found in the room, which, together with the examination, I was desired to read and sign. The officer then told me to take all my body linen, and such clothes as I chose, and to come along with them. At the word *all*, I guessed where they were about to take me.

"Having shut and sealed the drawers, they desired me to follow them; in going out they locked the room door, and took the key. On coming to the street I found a coach, which I was desired to enter; the others followed me. The commissary told me they were carrying me to the Bastile; and soon afterwards I saw the towers. They did not go the shortest and most direct road, which I suppose was to conceal our destination. The coach stopped at the gate in St Anthony's Street. I saw the coachman make signs to the sentinel, and soon afterwards the gate was opened; the guard was under arms, and I heard the gate shut again. On coming to the first drawbridge, it was let down: the guard there being likewise under arms. The coach went on, and entered the castle, where I saw another guard under arms. It stopped at a flight of steps at the bottom of the court, where, being desired to go out, I was conducted to a room, which I heard named the council-chamber. I found three persons sitting at a table, who, as I was told, were the king's lieutenant, the major, and his deputy. The major asked me nearly the same questions which the commissary had done, and observed the same formalities in directing me to read and sign the examination. I

was then desired to empty my pockets, and lay what I had in them on the table. My handkerchief and snuff-box being returned to me, my money, watch, and indeed everything else, were put into a box, that was sealed in my presence; and an inventory having been made of them, it was likewise read and signed by me. The major then called for the turnkey whose turn of duty it was; and having asked what room was empty, he replied the Calotte de la Bertaudière. He was then ordered to convey me to it, and to carry thither my linen and clothes. The turnkey having done so, left me, and locked the doors. The weather was still extremely cold, and I was glad to see him return soon afterwards with firewood, a tinder-box, and a candle. He made my fire; but told me, on leaving the tinder-box, that I might in future do it myself when so inclined."

All the prisoners were not, on their entrance into the Bastile, treated with as much civility as the individual whose narrative we have quoted. Thus, instead of being requested to empty his pockets, the prisoner was often rudely searched, deprived of his property, and even of his clothes, which he was compelled to exchange for filthy rags. The rooms entitled La Calotte, and which we have already described, were unenviable enough, but the captive might fare far worse than even in one of them. M. Linguet, another prisoner of the Bastile, was placed in a chamber, which, being close to the common sewer of St Anthony's Street, was in autumn and spring filled with pestilential vapours. The furniture of this apartment he thus describes:—"Two worm-eaten mattresses; a cane elbow-chair, the bottom of which was held together by pack-thread; a tottering table; a water jug; two pots of delf-ware, one of which was to drink out of; and two flag-stones to support the fire—such was the inventory, at least such was mine. I was indebted only to the commiseration of the turnkey, after several months' confinement, for a pair of tongs and a fire-shovel. It was not possible for me to procure dog-irons; and whether it arises from policy or inhumanity, I know not, but what the governor will not supply, he will not allow a prisoner to procure at his own expense. It was eight months ere I could obtain permission to buy a teapot, twelve before I could procure a tolerably strong chair, and fifteen ere I was suffered to replace, by a crockery vessel, the filthy and disgusting pewter vessel, which is the only one that is used in the Bastile. The single article which I was at the outset allowed to purchase was a new blanket, and the occasion was as follows:—The month of September, as every one knows, is the season when the moths that prey upon woollens are transformed into winged insects. When the den which was assigned to me was opened, there arose from the bed, I will not say a number, nor a cloud, but a large and dense column of moths, which overspread the room in an instant. I started back with horror. 'Pooh, pooh!' said one of my conductors with a smile; 'before you have

lain here two nights, there will not be one of them left!' In the evening the lieutenant of police came, according to custom, to welcome me. I manifested so violent a repugnance to such a populous flock-bed, that they were gracious enough to allow me to put on a new covering, and to have the mattress beaten at my own expense. As feather-beds are prohibited articles in the Bastile—doubtless because such luxuries are not suitable for persons to whom the ministry wishes, above all things, to give lessons of mortification—I was very desirous that, every three months at least, my shabby mattress should have the same kind of renovation. But though it would have cost him nothing, the governor opposed it, on no other plea than that beating the mattresses wears them out."

Though some of the rooms offered superior accommodation, and were even provided with slight luxuries—such, for instance, as glass panes to the barred windows—the generality of the prisoners fared no better than M. Linguet. The rooms were numbered, and distinguished by their situation in the towers. On entering his apartment, the prisoner received its name. Thus the governor, if requiring a turnkey to produce one of the prisoners under his care, would, if that prisoner were confined on the third floor of the Tower de la Bazinière, have merely asked for number three De la Bazinière. The real name of an individual confined in the Bastile was never uttered within its precincts. He was given, on his entrance into the fortress, a fictitious name, which he kept until he was set at liberty. De la Tude was thus called Daury; and the person known by the name of the Man with the Iron Mask, Marchiali. The wretched abode into which he was introduced, the oppressive sense of mystery which seemed to fill the very air around him, and, above all, the feeling that freedom was perhaps for ever lost, contributed to imbitter the gloomy presentiments of the hapless captive on his entrance into the Bastile. The prisoner whose narrative we have already quoted thus describes his sensations on being first left alone:—

"When I heard the double doors shut upon me a second time, casting my eyes round my habitation, I fancied I now saw the extent of all that was left to me in this world for the rest of my days. Besides the malignity of enemies, and the anger of a minister, I felt that I ran the risk of being forgotten—the fate of many who have no one to protect them, or who have not particularly attracted the notice of the public. Naturally fond of society, I confess I looked forward to the abyss of lonely wretchedness which I thought awaited me with a degree of horror that cannot easily be described. I even regretted now what I had formerly considered as the greatest blessing—a healthy constitution, that had never been affected by disease.

"I recollect, with humble gratitude, the first gleam of comfort that shot across this gloom. It was the idea that neither massive walls, nor tremendous bolts, nor all the vigilance of sus-

picious keepers, could conceal me from the sight of God. This thought I fondly cherished, and it gave me infinite consolation in the course of my imprisonment, and principally contributed to enable me to support it with a degree of fortitude and resignation that I have since wondered at. I no longer felt myself alone." This prisoner's pious trust in Providence was fully repaid, for, after a short captivity of eight months, he was set at liberty.

The allowance made to the governor for the prisoners' food was very liberal. Thus for an individual of the lowest class it was equivalent to half-a-crown a-day; four shillings for a tradesman; eight for a priest, a person in the finance department, or an ordinary judge; twelve for a parliament counsellor; twenty for a lieutenant-general in the army; one pound ten for a marshal of France; and two guineas for a prince of the blood. The following account of the ordinary food of prisoners is given by an individual who was long an inhabitant of the Bastile; it will show how, with all the means of satisfying them, the avarice of the governor could retrench from the slight comforts of the prisoners.

"The Sunday's dinner consists of some bad soup, a slice of a cow, which they call beef, and four little *patés;* at night, a slice of roast veal or mutton, or a little plate of haricot, in which bare bones and turnips greatly predominate; to these is added a salad, the oil of which is always rancid. The suppers are pretty uniformly the same on flesh days. Monday: instead of four patés, a haricot. Tuesday: at noon, a sausage, half a pig's foot, or a small pork chop. Wednesday: meat generally either half-warm or burned. Thursday: two very thin mutton chops. Friday: half a small carp, either fried or stewed, a stinking haddock or cod, with butter and mustard; to which are added greens or eggs: at supper, eggs with spinach, mixed up with milk and water. Saturday: the same. And this perpetual rotation recommences on Sunday."

To this indifferent fare, some trifling dessert, and a bottle of bad wine a-day, were added. The quantity of meat given to a prisoner was sometimes so small, that it did not weigh more than four ounces. The captive's other comforts were supplied on the same scale. He was allowed, in winter time, six small pieces of wood and a candle a-day, besides flint, steel, and tinder, a broom once a-week, and a pair of sheets every fortnight.

The only bodily and mental recreations granted to the prisoners consisted in a walk in the garden erected on the bastion, on the platform of the towers, or in the principal court; occasional attendance at mass in the chapel; and the perusal of a few books from the library. The garden was laid out with plots, had a walk of trees, and a small pond. Some of those prisoners who were treated with least severity were allowed to take a walk in it every day. The court, as described by M. Linguet, was anything

but pleasant. "The walls which enclose it," says he, "are more than a hundred feet high, without windows; so that, in fact, it is a large well, where the cold is unbearable in winter, because the north-east wind pours into it; and in summer the heat is no less so, because there being no circulation of air, the sun makes an absolute oven of it. This is the sole lyceum where such of the prisoners as have permission can, each in his turn, disencumber his lungs from the pestilential air of his dungeon."

Even those slight enjoyments were accompanied by many restrictions. The person who attended the prisoner in his walk on the bastion was directed to observe closely his movements, but forbidden to address or answer him. When he was allowed to walk in the court, he was to keep within sight of the sentinel on duty, who, though also forbidden to exchange even a word with him, had orders to watch if he dropped any letter or paper, to prevent him from writing on the walls, and to make him retire to a dark passage on the appearance of any other prisoner; this walk, which was seldom extended beyond an hour, was often considerably abridged by those forced retreats to the passage. The chapel was a small hole, seven or eight feet square, under a pigeon-house. There were five niches or closets in it for the prisoners who were allowed to hear mass. Those niches, of which three were in the wall, and two made of wainscot, could only admit one prisoner, who was strongly locked up. The person confined in them could neither see nor be seen. The doors were lined with iron bars, and glazed, but hung with a curtain, which was drawn back at the sanctus, and closed at the concluding prayer. As only five prisoners could hear mass at a time, the number of those to whom this indulgence was occasionally granted was very limited. The library, consisting of about five hundred volumes, was founded by a foreign prisoner, who died in the Bastile towards the beginning of the eighteenth century. Some of the prisoners were allowed to read in the library itself, but the books were mostly brought to them, and selected by the turnkey. They were carefully examined on being returned, lest, as frequently happened, the prisoner should have written anything on the margin, or between the lines of the pages. The writing, in such a case, was immediately torn out: most of the books in the library were thus disfigured.

As despair frequently induced captives to attempt committing suicide, they were allowed no knives; the turnkey who brought their meals carved for them; the dishes, plates, forks, spoons, and goblets were all of pewter. M. Linguet wished, during his imprisonment, to resume his geometrical studies, and asked for mathematical instruments. After some delay the request was granted, with the exception of a pair of compasses, which were not given to him. When he remonstrated on the subject, he was gravely told that "arms were prohibited in the Bastile." He was at length, however, provided with a pair of compasses made

of bone. This caution was not unwarranted. In the year 1766, one of the prisoners, Count Lally, attempted to kill himself with a pair of compasses; and in the following year a captive named Drohart, having succeeded in concealing a knife, destroyed himself, after having first inflicted a mortal wound on a turnkey.

Besides this already sufficiently harsh treatment, the jailors of the unhappy captive had many methods of heightening his misery. Thus, when he entered the Bastile, he was treated with great severity. It was not until he had undergone a second examination, which did not often take place for weeks, that he was allowed to be shaved, or suffered to have books, pens, or paper; everything was devised to make him feel still more deeply the living tomb into which he had been thrown; he seemed shut out not only from all the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, but even from the world itself. The silent turnkey, who, three times a-day, entered his room, was the only human being who met his sight. The most unworthy stratagems were practised to entrap him into some avowal by which he might betray himself and his accomplices, if he had any. He was threatened, and more frequently seduced into compliance, by the menace of still greater severity, or the solemn promise of instant freedom. Wo to him who trusted in those deceitful words! No sooner had they ascertained what they wished to know, than his jailors informed him that their power did not extend to setting him free, but that they would take steps to procure his liberty. Of course this last assertion was as true as the promise by which it had been preceded.

Another of the many evils which surrounded the captive, even in his dungeon, was the consciousness that all who approached him were spies or enemies. The turnkey, the invalided soldier who attended him, and the lieutenant of police himself, were ever on the watch to treasure up any murmur of complaint against his oppressors, or any hint which might lead to implicate him. Sometimes, with unparalleled treachery, he was informed that his jailors, moved with compassion, would allow him a companion to share his captivity. The companion was a spy, instructed to obtain the prisoner's secret, and left with him until that object was attained.

The individuals attached to the Bastile were enjoined to observe the greatest silence towards the prisoners, whom the officers of the staff and the turnkeys were alone allowed to address or answer. When workmen were employed in the castle, sentinels were put over them lest they should enter into any communication with the inmates. If a captive wished to write to his friends, he was supplied with all that was necessary for the purpose; but his letters never reached their destination, and, if imprudently worded, became instruments against him. It was seldom, and only by great favour, that prisoners could receive any visitors; even then they were not allowed to converse freely with them, but saw them in the council-chamber, in the presence of two

officers, who stood between the prisoner and his friend. All conversation relating to the captive's imprisonment was strictly prohibited; intercourse between prisoners was likewise forbidden, unless when, as it sometimes happened, through the compassion of the governor, and oftener through want of room, two prisoners were placed in the same apartment.

When once the captive had crossed the threshold of the Bastile, he became as it were enveloped by that atmosphere of mystery which invested this fortress with so fearful a character. His apprehension was conducted so secretly, that for the most part of the time his friends knew nothing about it. If they had, however, reason to suspect that he was immured in the Bastile, and there inquired after him, it was boldly declared that no such person had ever been heard of in the fortress. In every quarter they met with denial, until, wearied with vain inquiries, they ceased their efforts, and the unhappy captive was often allowed to die unknown and forgotten in his dungeon. When, by some happy chance, he was liberated, an oath never to reveal what he had seen or heard during his stay in the Bastile was exacted from him.

The consciousness of hopeless captivity was but too frequently, and with uncommon malice, aggravated by the jailors, who seemed to delight in tormenting their captives. "I was frequently told with a laugh," says M. Linguet, "that I ought not to trouble myself any longer about what the world was doing, because I was believed to be dead: the joke was carried so far, as to relate to me circumstances which insane rage or horrible levity added to my pretended exit. I was assured also that I had nothing to hope from the warmth and fidelity of my friends; not so much because, like others, they were deceived with respect to my existence, as because they had become treacherous. This double imposture had for its purpose not merely to torture me, but at once to inspire me with a boundless reliance on the only traitor I had reason to fear, and who was perpetually represented as being my only true friend, and to discover, from the manner in which I was affected by these tidings, whether I had really any secrets which could lay me open for betrayal."

In case of sudden illness, the captive had little assistance to hope for, unless it chanced to be in the day-time. If he was taken ill at night, even when he succeeded in making himself heard by the nearest sentinel, all that he could do for him was to communicate the intelligence to one of his comrades, who repeated it to a third, and so on, until it reached the guard-house, and the turnkey was roused. By the time that the keys were procured, permission obtained, and the surgeon awakened, nearly two hours must elapse. Even then the surgeon could not administer any relief to the patient, being only empowered to make a report of his case to the governor, who was to summon the physician, often residing at a great distance.

In case of serious indisposition, the prisoner was allowed an old invalid to attend upon him; but as the invalid, if he once shared his captivity, could no longer leave him, it was necessary to first purchase his consent, and to submit, besides, to hear his constant reproaches for the sacrifice he had made. When the captive's illness seemed likely to terminate fatally, the harshness of his jailors only increased, and it often happened that he was not even allowed to make his will. If, yielding beneath the accumulation of his woes, he died, none of his friends were informed of his death; but notice having been sent to the minister of the home department and the secretary of police, the fact was ascertained by the king's commissary, and the body interred at night in the neighbouring churchyard of St Paul's. Two individuals from the Bastile attended it, to sign in the parish register, where the death of the deceased was entered under a fictitious rank and name, in order that no trace of him might remain. A register containing his real name was, however, kept at the Bastile, but it was almost impossible to obtain a sight of it. To all intents and purposes the Bastile was indeed the tomb of the living and the dead.

Among the state prisoners confined in the Bastile in the early part of the seventeenth century, the Duke de Biron and the Marchioness d'Ancre were the most remarkable. Biron was accused, with justice, of treason towards his indulgent sovereign, Henri IV.; and having been found guilty, was executed in the Bastile after a certain period of confinement (1602). The Marquis d'Ancre, one of the court favourites of Louis XIII., having fallen into disgrace—a far from unusual occurrence with those who build their fortunes on court favour—was assassinated by the command of the king, and his widow was cast into the Bastile with every mark of contumely (1617). Such was the superstition of the age, that it was generally believed that this unfortunate had practised sorcery in order to obtain favour at the court. On her trial, she was accordingly asked by what magical power she retained her ascendancy over the queen. "By that power," she haughtily answered, "which strong minds exercise over weak ones." This answer did not satisfy her accusers, and she was condemned to be executed—a sentence which less affected her than the royal mandate for disennobling her son. The marchioness died with firmness and resignation; her only error having been an undue spirit of ambition.

Thus the Bastile held within its dark bosom, for a short period, various individuals, who, falling under the capricious dislike of the king, the queen, or the ministry for the time being, were consigned to it as a preliminary of their extirpation. The Bastile was, in fact, the ready means of quietly removing any person who became objectionable to the ruling authority. During the tyrannical sway of Richelieu, the prime minister of the weak

Louis XIII., this horrible prison-fortress was filled with numerous victims of the cardinal's pitiless policy. For having displeased him, the Marshal de Bassompierre remained twelve years in the Bastile. Vitry, one of Concini's murderers, spent six years in the same fortress. Even after the death of Richelieu, Bassompierre and Vitry were only indebted to the king's avarice for their freedom. The Cardinal Mazarin, and M. de Chavigny, who felt an interest in the prisoners, represented to the monarch that they cost him an immense sum to keep them in the Bastile; so struck was Louis XIII. with this observation, that he immediately ordered them to be set at liberty! But amongst the unhappy beings immured in the Bastile by the cardinal's orders, none suffered such a protracted imprisonment as an individual named Dussault. The motives for which he was incarcerated have never been known. When he had been eleven years in the Bastile, he learned that Richelieu was on his deathbed; in a letter which he addressed to him, and which is still extant, he earnestly prayed of him to set him at liberty. From this letter it appears that he had refused to obey some sanguinary order of the minister. The following short extract is calculated to convey an accurate idea not only of the misery which could dictate such heart-wrung language, but also of the tyranny which placed it within the power of one man to plunge any of his fellow-creatures into such an abyss of wretchedness:—

"My lord, you are aware that for eleven years you have subjected me to sufferings, and to enduring a thousand deaths in the Bastile, where the most disloyal and wicked subject of the king would be still worthy of pity and compassion. How much more, then, ought they to be shown to me, whom you have doomed to rot there for having disobeyed your order, which, had I performed it, would have condemned my soul to eternal torment, and made me pass into eternity with blood-stained hands? Ah! if you could but hear the sobs, the lamentations, and groans which you extort from me, you would quickly set me at liberty. In the name of the eternal God, who will judge you as well as me, I implore you, my lord, to take pity on my sufferings and bewailings; and if you wish that He should show mercy to you, order my chains to be broken before your death hour comes; for when that arrives, you will no longer be at leisure to do me that justice which I must require only from you, and you will persecute me even after you are no more, from which God keep us, if you will permit yourself to be moved by the most humble prayer of a man who has ever been a loyal subject to the king." If this epistle ever reached the dying man, which is doubtful, it remained without effect. But it seems that it was not to Richelieu alone that Dussault had given offence, for he remained a prisoner for the space of fifty years after his death. When, at an advanced age, he was at last set free, he had been sixty-one years a captive.

Richelieu's great severity produced, however, many beneficial results: thus it put an end to the absurd and barbarous fashion of duelling, then at its height. Amongst the prisoners incarcerated in the Bastile on this account was M. de Bonteville, who, in the space of three years, killed in duel no less than four gentlemen of the court. After the last of those duels he fled from France to Brussels. The archduchess of the Netherlands vainly solicited Louis XIII. to pardon him. Irritated by this refusal, De Bonteville exclaimed, "Since a pardon is denied, I will fight in Paris—ay, and in the Place Royale too!" He kept his word; and his first act on returning to Paris was to accept of a cartel from a relative of his last victim. A combat of three against three was arranged, and took place. One of the combatants having been killed, the rest fled. All escaped but De Bonteville and one of his seconds. They were taken, tried, and condemned to die. It was in vain that their friends interceded for them with the king: he proved inexorable. De Bonteville, who was sincerely penitent, and conscious of his deep crime, felt, however, no wish to live, and but for his confessor he would have requested his judges to condemn him to the gibbet, and have him drawn thither on a hurdle. Both he and his companion suffered death with great firmness. The example which was made of them, and their melancholy end, had much influence in repressing the practice of duelling, which had risen to an alarming extent.

Amongst the numerous victims of the cardinal's vengeance, one, however, partly merited his fate, which he drew upon himself by a series of scandalous intrigues. Noel Picard Dubois, after following for some time his father's profession of a surgeon, abandoned it in order to go to the Levant, where he spent four years in the study of magic. On returning to Paris, he employed his time in the same pursuits, chiefly associating with dissolute characters. A sudden fit of devotion made him enter a convent; but he soon grew tired of the restraint he there experienced, and, scaling the walls of his retreat, effected his escape. Three years after this, he, however, once more resolved to embrace a monastic life, took the vows, and was ordained a priest. In this new course he persevered for ten years, at the end of which he fled into Germany, became a Lutheran, and devoted himself to the search of the philosopher's stone. Dissatisfied with this mode of life, he again visited Paris, abjured the Protestant religion, and married under a fictitious name. As he now boldly asserted that he had discovered the secret of making gold, he soon grew into repute; and was at last introduced to Richelieu and the king, who both, with singular credulity, fully believed in his promises. It was arranged that Dubois should perform the "great work" in the Louvre, the king, the queen, the minister, and other illustrious personages of the court being present. In order to lull all suspicion, Dubois requested that some one might

be appointed to watch his proceedings. Saint-Amour, one of the king's body-guards, was selected for this purpose. Musket-balls, given by a soldier, together with a grain of the powder of projection, were placed in a crucible covered with cinders, and the furnace fire was soon raised to a proper pitch. When Dubois declared the transmutation to be accomplished, he requested the king to blow off the ashes from the crucible: this Louis did with so much ardour, that he nearly blinded the queen and the courtiers with the dust he raised. But when his efforts were rewarded by seeing at the bottom of the crucible the lump of gold which, by wonderful sleight of hand, Dubois had contrived to introduce in it, notwithstanding the presence of so many witnesses, he warmly embraced the alchemist, whom he ennobled, and appointed president of the treasury. Several times Dubois repeated the same trick with equal success. But an obstacle which he might from the first have anticipated occurred: he soon grew unable to satisfy the eager demands of his protectors, who longed for something more substantial than an insignificant lump of gold. Some idea of their avidity may be conceived, when it is known that Richelieu alone required him to furnish a weekly sum of about £25,000. Though Dubois asked for a delay, which he obtained, he was of course unable to comply with these extravagant demands, and was, in consequence, imprisoned in Vincennes, whence he was transferred to the Bastile. The vindictive minister, unwilling to acknowledge that he had been duped, instead of punishing Dubois as an impostor, accused him of magic, and appointed a commission to try him. As the unhappy alchemist persisted in asserting his innocence, he was put to the torture. His sufferings induced him, in order to gain a respite, to offer to fulfil the promises with which he had formerly deceived his patrons. Their credulity was apparently not yet extinct, for they allowed him to make another experiment. Having again failed in this, he confessed his imposture, was sentenced to death, and accordingly perished on the scaffold [1637], a melancholy instance of the superstition of the age, which he and others of his kind but too frequently endeavoured to turn to advantage, at the imminent risk of losing their lives in the attempt.

During the troubled minority of Louis XIV., the Bastile was, for the last time, used as a fortress. The country was then divided into two parties—that of the queen-mother, and of the king's uncle, Gaston, Duke of Orleans, both contending for the regency. In 1649, the queen was compelled to depart from Paris so precipitately, that she neglected to leave a garrison in the Bastile, then under the command of Du Tremblai, who was, in consequence, under the necessity of yielding it up to the Fronde, as the Duke of Orleans's party was called. Peter Broussel, and his son La Louvière, both popular men, succeeded to him in the government of the Bastile. In 1652, it was

entirely confided to La Louvière. On the 4th of July of the same year, the Duchess of Montpensier, daughter of the Duke of Orleans, saved, by her presence of mind, the city from falling into the hands of the royalists, who had attacked Paris on the side of the suburb of St Antoine. At the most critical moment she ascended the towers of the Bastile, and directed the cannon to be turned on the royal troops, which it effectually dispersed. Four months after this event, the Parisians, tired of the war, opened their gates to the youthful king and his mother. La Louvière was immediately summoned to give up the fortress under his charge: he prudently obeyed; and from that moment to the epoch of its destruction, the Bastile resumed its peaceful though gloomy character.

The superintendent of the finances, Fouquet, was one of the first state prisoners of note who inhabited the Bastile under the reign of Louis XIV. The great magnificence and splendour he displayed excited the jealousy and displeasure of the king, who believed, or affected to believe, that he meant to render himself independent, and seize on the dukedom of Brittany. The apprehension of Fouquet was conducted with great secrecy at Nantes, whence he was conveyed to the castle of Angers. After becoming the inmate of different prisons, he was finally taken to the Bastile. His trial lasted three years; but, notwithstanding the efforts of the king and of Colbert, Fouquet's mortal enemy, he was condemned, not to death, but to perpetual banishment, and the confiscation of all his property. His boundless generosity in the days of his happiness and splendour had secured him many friends, some of whom shared his fate, whilst others endangered their safety to afford him relief. Louis XIV. changed Fouquet's sentence from perpetual banishment to perpetual confinement, and called this a *commutation* of the penalty. From the Bastile the hapless superintendent was sent to the fortress of Pignerol, where he was very harshly treated, and where he is reported to have died in 1680.

The unfortunate Fouquet was not the only victim of Louis XIV.'s oppressive government. Besides the Chevalier de Rohan and his accomplices, who were imprisoned in the Bastile, where they suffered for high treason in 1674, many unhappy beings were likewise consigned, for the most frivolous motives, to the keeping of the gloomy fortress. A youth, whose name is not recorded, but who was a student in a Jesuit college, having composed a satirical Latin distich, in which he ridiculed his masters, and even the king, was, on being discovered, immediately sent to the Bastile. When he had been confined in it for a long while, he was taken to the island of St Margaret, on the coasts of Provence. After remaining there for several years, he was again conveyed to the Bastile, from which he was ultimately delivered, after being thirty-one years a captive.

The number of individuals imprisoned in the Bastile was

sometimes very considerable, especially when we reflect how little accommodation the fortress afforded, notwithstanding its large size. In the year 1663, fifty-four persons were incarcerated in it; and although the number was fewer in some years, it arose in others to nearly one hundred and fifty. In 1665, the Bastile was so full, that part of the prisoners were removed to other places of confinement. It not unfrequently happened that the fortress was employed by government as a means of extorting money from wealthy individuals—who, to say the truth, had mostly acquired their riches by robbing the public. Massat, a registrar of the council, was bastiled for remonstrating against a demand of six hundred thousand livres from himself and three of his colleagues. Catalan, a contractor, shared the same fate, and was even threatened with death; but, after a confinement of several months, he ransomed himself for six millions of livres. From another individual nine hundred thousand livres, and from three of the treasurers of the exchequer several millions, were obtained by the same powerful and efficient means. Monopolies likewise lent their aid to replenish the royal store. Niceron, a grocer, was lodged in the Bastile for having ventured to remonstrate against a projected monopoly of whale-oil; Poignant, a respectable citizen of Paris, shared the same fate for having too freely spoken on a similar subject; and a female named Madame de la Trousse was, for the same cause, prohibited from going to the town-hall, or to any other meeting, under pain of corporal punishment.

The money thus extorted was spent in the most lavish manner by the king, who sometimes gave as much as forty thousand pounds for the getting up of a ballet destined to the amusement of his court. To venture to blame in any manner the royal measures, would, however, have proved highly dangerous, and most likely qualified the imprudent censurer for what Guy Patin aptly termed "a stone doublet." It was not, indeed, always safe even for a barrister to perform his duty. In 1665, M. Burai, the advocate, was committed to the Bastile for having undertaken the defence of a treasurer prosecuted by government. Freedom of thought or speech, however innocent, met with severe punishment. The *Journal des Savans* having attacked Charles Patin, he was about to reply, when it was intimated to him that if he ventured to do so, the Bastile would assuredly receive him—the journal being under the protection of the minister. M. de Montespan, having thought fit to blame the choice which the king had made of M. de Montausier for the dauphin's tutor, suffered a long imprisonment in consequence; and a poor priest named St Severin expiated, by years of captivity in the Bastile, the imaginary crime of sorcery. In short, there did not exist a charge, however unjust, trifling, or absurd, by which any individual might not, at the will of his tyrants or enemies, be consigned to the keeping of the gloomy prison, and

linger there for years without so much as obtaining a chance of redress.

The next prisoners of the Bastile who come under our notice can inspire us with little or no compassion. We allude to those celebrated poisoners whose crimes shed such terror in the minds of all during the reign of Louis XIV.

Madame de Brinvilliers concealed, under an amiable and pleasing aspect, an almost inconceivable perversity of heart. The priest who attended her during her last moments, and who has left an interesting account of her, seems to think that she was naturally virtuous, but that she was disposed to receive evil impressions as well as those that were good. Unfortunately for herself and for others the first prevailed.

Her father, M. Dreux d'Aubrai, a respectable magistrate, had somewhat arbitrarily, but not without sufficient motives, caused an individual named St Croix to be incarcerated in the Bastile, where he spent a year with Exili, the celebrated chemist and poisoner. Owing to the lessons of his fellow-prisoner, St Croix soon became an adept in the art of poisoning, without so much as leaving traces of the crime; and on quitting the Bastile, he imparted his knowledge to the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, with whom he was on intimate terms. He gave her several poisons, which she resolved to try on human beings, before she put into execution the horrible project she had conceived of destroying her own father. For this purpose she made her first attempt upon her maid, to whom she gave a piece of poisoned cake: the girl was seriously ill, but did not die. Seeing that the quantity was not sufficiently strong, Madame de Brinvilliers visited the hospitals (for she maintained the appearance of an eminently pious and charitable person), and distributed to such of the sick as were convalescent poisoned cakes and delicacies. When some time had elapsed, she called again and inquired after the individuals whom she had seen. She was informed that, shortly after her visit, they had all been affected with a strange and unknown malady, from the effects of which they had since successively died. Not the least suspicion attached to her, nor was even poison thought of by the hospital doctors. Madame de Brinvilliers was now satisfied as to the quantity it was necessary for her to administer, and with unparalleled atrocity proceeded to poison her father. It would be useless to detail how, under the perfidious mask of affection, she effected her purpose—tending with unwearied care on the unhappy man during his illness, and bewailing his loss with all the appearance of despair. Her main object in poisoning her father had been to escape from the rigid control he exercised over her actions, and to inherit his property. What was her rage on discovering from his will that he had transmitted his authority to her two brothers, and that the management of her portion of his inheritance would be in their hands. She immediately resolved

to get rid of them; and after allowing some time to elapse, she succeeded, with the help of a servant, in effecting her detestable project.

These successive crimes had as yet attached no suspicion to the marchioness, when her accomplice, St Croix, died in 1672—killed, as some say, by an explosion which occurred whilst he was preparing a new poison over a furnace. Amongst the different objects found in his laboratory was a box directed to the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, and which he requested in his will might be given to her without being opened. Madame de Brinvilliers no sooner heard of his death than she asked for that box with such eagerness, that, suspicions being excited, it was opened. It was found to contain different and deadly poisons. The marchioness immediately left Paris, and took refuge in a convent of Liege. Means were, however, found to draw her from her retreat: she was arrested, conveyed to Paris, and imprisoned in the Bastile.

When brought to trial, Madame de Brinvilliers behaved with extraordinary firmness and courage, and boldly asserted her innocence. In order to extort a confession from her, it was resolved to put her to the ordinary question or torture. This consisted in forcing down the throat of the accused an immense quantity of water. On being introduced to the torture-room, and on noticing three large buckets of water which were in it, she observed, with cool irony, "This must be for the purpose of drowning me, for they can never expect a woman of my size to drink it all."

After her condemnation to death, she, however, resolved to confess her crimes, and behaved with apparently very sincere penitence, yielding with exemplary humility to the ignominious inflictions which attended her end. She was beheaded, and her remains were thrown into the fire, and burned, on the 16th of July 1676. One hundred and seventy years which have elapsed since her death have not effaced the memory of her crimes, and the name of Brinvilliers is still synonymous in France with that of poisoner.

A few years after her execution, a fortune-teller named La Voisin was charged with vending a deadly powder, entitled "the Powder of Succession," and of which the object was to allow impatient heirs to enter speedily in possession of their expected property. No less than forty individuals were accused of being her accomplices, and imprisoned with her in the Bastile. Besides these, persons of the most eminent rank were, though not tried, asserted to be implicated in the whole affair. All were found guilty; but La Voisin alone was sentenced to be burned alive on the Grève. The revolting details of her execution show her to have been totally devoid of every moral or religious feeling.

Amongst the prisoners which the Bastile received during the

latter part of the seventeenth century, one of the most remarkable was the celebrated Man with the Iron Mask, whose history has been fully detailed in No. 131 of this series. Madame Guyon, a religious enthusiast, likewise became for several years an inmate of the gloomy fortress, where she was very harshly treated. She was succeeded in this abode of wo by many equally unhappy individuals, and amongst the rest by Constand de Renneville, a Norman gentleman, celebrated for his sufferings, and for being the first captive who ventured to reveal to public obloquy the iniquitous mysteries of his prison-house. The real motive of his imprisonment is supposed to have been a satirical poem against France, which he wrote whilst exiled in Holland for his religious tenets: his enemies, however, accused him of being a spy in foreign pay, and after first recalling him to France, caused him, with unparalleled treachery, to be imprisoned in the Bastile. He was there treated with even more than usual severity. The gloomy and dirty chamber in which he was placed swarmed with fleas, whilst even his bed was overrun with vermin. He had, nevertheless, no great reason to complain of his jailors, until after the escape of another prisoner, whom he was thought to have assisted. On the mere supposition of this offence he was thrown into one of the worst dungeons of the fortress, where he remained till life was nearly extinct. He tells us that his only sustenance was bread and water, and that his sleeping-place was the bare ground, where, without straw, or even a stone on which to lay his head, he lay stretched in the mire and the slaver of toads. His situation when he was at length removed from this horrible den was indeed most pitiable. "My eyes," says he, "were almost out of my head; my nose was as large as a middling-sized cucumber; more than half my teeth, which previously were very good, had fallen out by scurvy; my mouth was swelled, and entirely covered with an eruption; and my bones came through my skin in more than twenty places." Although, on being conveyed from his dungeon to another apartment in the Bastile, more cleanly and comfortable than the former, De Renneville partly recovered, he continued to be treated by his jailors with great harshness during the remaining years of his captivity. He bore his misfortunes with much fortitude, and solaced his lonely hours by reading and composition. His pen was only a small bone, his ink a little lampblack mixed with wine, and he wrote between the lines and on the margins of books which he had succeeded in concealing. Notwithstanding these great disadvantages under which he laboured, he composed several works of considerable length. Amongst these productions was a "Treatise on the Duties of a Faithful Christian." They were taken away from him by his persecutors, and he ever deeply regretted their loss. After having been confined for no less than eleven years, M. de Renneville was at last set at liberty, on condition that he should leave France for ever. To

this he very willingly agreed, and accordingly sought an asylum in England, where he was pensioned by George I. In the year 1715 he published a work entitled "French Inquisition, or the History of the Bastile," which, from the harrowing pictures it gave of hitherto unknown though suspected tyranny, met with great success, and, after going through several editions, was translated into various languages. It was probably at the instigation of those whom he had exposed in this book that he was attacked in the street by three cut-throats, whom he, however, bravely repulsed. De Renneville was still living in the year 1724, but the time and place of his death are both unknown.

THE BASTILE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

During the regency of the Duke of Orleans, many individuals were incarcerated in the Bastile: these were mostly guilty of meddling in petty political intrigues, or writing lampoons and satires on the government; and though their captivity was somewhat protracted, it was never very rigorous. Many literary individuals, of both sexes, were thus imprisoned. The most remarkable amongst these was Mademoiselle de Launay, better known as Madame de Staal [not the celebrated daughter of Necker, Madame de Staël, for whom she has frequently been mistaken], who, notwithstanding her great wit and good sense, had been led, by her attachment for the ambitious Duchess du Maine, to take an active share in the absurd Cellamare plot (1718). The object of this conspiracy was, with the assistance of Spain, to deprive the Duke of Orleans of the regency, in order to bestow it on the Duke du Maine. As she was deeply implicated in the whole affair, and firmly refused to confess any of the facts that had come to her knowledge, and by which Madame du Maine might be injured, Mademoiselle de Launay remained for two years in the Bastile. She was, however, allowed the society of her faithful maid Rondel; and the rigours of her captivity were much softened by the kindness of the king's lieutenant, M. de Maison-Ronge, a most amiable and worthy man, who became deeply attached to her. But though Mademoiselle de Launay much esteemed him, she unfortunately could not repay his affection. The Chevalier de Menil, another prisoner of the Bastile, had likewise been smitten with her fascinating wit and manners, and to him she gave the preference. Time showed her the error she had committed, in prizing the brilliant accomplishments of the chevalier above the simple but noble virtues of his rival. No sooner was M. de Menil out of the Bastile than he proved faithless, and married another. Mademoiselle de Launay long remained inconsolable; but time having at length cured her of her grief, she resolved to reward the constancy of her still devoted lover by an offer of her hand. It was too late. The excellent Maison-Ronge, who, since she had left the Bastile, had been a prey to wasting sorrow, was on his deathbed, and soon

ceased to exist, the victim of unrequited love. Mademoiselle de Launay mourned his loss for several years; but, being desirous of settling in the world, she at length married the Baron de Staal, a Swiss officer in the French service.

In the memoirs of her life which she has left, Madame de Staal gives an interesting account of the manner in which she spent her time whilst in the Bastile. Though she had always felt a great dislike for animals, the rats which infested her room compelled her to ask for a cat, which, having kittened whilst with her, became a source of inexhaustible amusement. The gambols of the young kittens with their mother, and the study of the Latin language, were indeed Mademoiselle de Launay's only recreations during the many tedious hours of her captivity.

Another of the prisoners implicated in the Cellamare conspiracy, offered the rare instance of a captive unwilling to leave his dungeon. This individual, M. de Bon Repos, a poor and aged officer, remained for five years in the Bastile, forgotten by the government, who thought that all the persons connected with the Cellamare plot were at liberty. When, by mere accident, it was discovered that he was still unjustly detained, steps to procure his freedom were immediately taken. But the old man had got reconciled to his prison, where he was secure from want, and strongly objected to exchange it for liberty and starvation—the only prospect his old age offered. He was at length, but not without much murmuring on his part, induced to leave his cell in the Bastile for a room in the magnificent Hôtel of the Invalids, erected by Louis XIV. to receive aged and disabled soldiers.

In the earlier part of the reign of Louis XV., misguided and extravagant fanatics, known under the name of Convulsionaries, were unwarrantably persecuted, and a great number of them thrown into the Bastile. The tenets of these deluded votaries were fraught with the most abstruse and dangerous mysticism. They delighted in self-denial and torture; and when they could not succeed in obtaining the latter by provoking the anger of their judges, they organised a regular system of torments for themselves, practising them at their meetings in defiance of every authority. A detailed account of all the atrocities their insane rage led them to commit would be alike useless and revolting. To give an idea of their monstrous doctrines, we may, however, mention that some of them went so far as to let their fanatic brethren almost roast them alive; whilst others, in their mad impiety, caused themselves to be nailed on a wooden cross in imitation of the sufferings endured by our Saviour. These torments they generally bore with an extraordinary degree of fortitude, supported by their enthusiasm, which was indeed of the fiercest and sternest kind. "I have seen them," says Voltaire, "when they were talking of the miracles of St Paris [a very pious and harmless man, on whose tomb they performed the extravagant antics which had caused them to be termed Convulsionaries]

grow heated by degrees till their whole frame trembled, their faces were disfigured by rage, and they would have killed whoever dared to contradict them. Yes, I have seen them writhe their limbs, and foam, and cry out, 'There must be blood!'"

These unhappy fanatics were divided into a great number of sects, animated by the bitterest hatred towards one another. Peter Vaillant, one of their leaders, was thought by the Vaillantistes to be the prophet Elijah; whilst Darnaud the priest boldly assured his deluded disciples that he was Enoch. The sect of the Augustinians also rendered itself noted for the extravagance of its members, whom the other Convulsionaries considered as heretics. As they already looked upon themselves as martyrs, whom the tyranny of their rulers would soon call upon to suffer in what they deemed the true cause, they made it a practice of walking every night in a procession, with torches in their hands, and halters round their necks, to the porch of Nôtre Dame, and thence to the Place de Grève, the spot where criminals then usually suffered; thus, as it were, rehearsing the circumstances which were to attend their supposed execution.

The wisest course would undoubtedly have been to leave to public ridicule and contempt the task of awakening those misguided individuals from their folly. But government showed itself so hostile to them from the first, that what originally was a limited and obscure sect of fanatics, soon grew by persecution into a large and powerful body of men, whose madness had still enough method and reason in it to be highly dangerous. It was in vain that the harshest measures were resorted to; that for no less than five-and-thirty years the Bastile was filled with Convulsionaries; and that all their adherents, or those merely suspected of being such, were certain of utter ruin; their numbers not only remained undiminished, but even considerably increased, and men remarkable for their talents, riches, or rank in life were not unfrequently found amongst their most ardent supporters.

The ingenuity with which the Convulsionaries defied the utmost efforts of their persecutors, though it cannot inspire us with any sympathy for their cause, is still worthy of notice. Not only did they hold their secret meetings in spite of the police, but they also contrived to disseminate in the capital an immense number of tracts and pamphlets in defence of their doctrines, and even to cover the walls of Paris with bills and caricatures, by which they attacked the highest personages of the state. To effect this, they employed different stratagems, of which the following one generally proved most successful:—A woman, raggedly dressed, and with a large basket or pannier on her back, would lean her burden against the wall, as though she wished to rest herself. A child, who was in the basket, when she stopped, immediately raised the lid, and fixed a bill on the wall. When his task was done, he drew down the cover, and the woman, resuming her load, would carry him to some other con-

venient spot. An innumerable quantity of bills were thus every year placarded in the streets of Paris.

But the inefficiency of the police to repress the Convulsionaries was never so much shown as in the publication of one of their periodical works entitled "Ecclesiastical News." For more than twenty years was the government foiled in its attempts to seize not only on the writers of this obnoxious production, but even on those who printed and distributed it. Sometimes the printing-press was worked in a boat on the Seine, or hidden among piles of timber, whilst the printers were disguised as sawyers. On one occasion it was secreted under the very dome of the Luxembourg, one of the royal palaces, and a spot where few were likely to seek for it. When this celebrated paper was printed in the vicinity of Paris, many ingenious means were likewise employed to smuggle it into the town. Amongst these stratagems one is worthy of notice, as being still frequently practised on the frontiers of France and Belgium. Water-dogs, of a peculiar breed, having previously been trained for this purpose, were closely shorn; the papers were wrapped round them, a large rough skin was carefully sewn over the whole, and the sagacious animals then took their way, unsuspected, to their several destinations. Such was indeed the audacity of the Convulsionaries, and the success with which they baffled the lieutenant of police, who was one of their bitterest foes, that when he and his satellites were on one occasion searching a house which they suspected of being a printing-office, a bundle of the papers, wet from the press, was thrown into his carriage almost before his face.

Discouraged by those fruitless efforts, which only fanned the flame into a blaze, government at length allowed the Convulsionaries to remain unmolested. From that time they fell into obscurity and neglect, and soon ceased to exist as a body, though many individuals amongst them still tenaciously clung to the tenets of their sect. The greatest punishment endured by the Convulsionaries during the period of their persecution consisted in heavy fines and protracted imprisonments.

Peter Vaillant, who had already been confined for three years in the Bastile for an ecclesiastical offence, was again sent thither in 1734; and, after spending twenty-two years in this gloomy fortress, was thence transferred to the military prison of Vincennes, where he died. Several of his disciples, and amongst the rest Darnaud—he who had assumed the character of the prophet Enoch—were treated with great rigour, and likewise imprisoned in the Bastile, which was literally thronged with Convulsionaries: some of them, who had been sentenced to the pillory, obstinately refused the pardon which was offered to them. In 1775, when M. de Malesherbes visited the prison of the Conciergerie in Paris, he there found two Convulsionaries, a man and a woman, who had been confined for the last forty-one years. He proposed to procure them their liberty, if they would only

ask for it; but they replied that they were innocent of any crime, and that it was the business of justice to atone for its errors. After a short delay they were released.

These two individuals, in whom age and years of captivity had been unable to chill either their early enthusiasm or the stern memory of their wrongs, were most probably the last of the Convulsionaries.

Besides these unhappy fanatics, many individuals innocent of crime, and, at the most, guilty of very trifling offences, were treated with inconceivable rigour. Amongst these we need only mention De la Tude, whose name is already familiar to our readers by the account given of him in another number of this series.* Even when a man obnoxious to government was not, like De la Tude, doomed to spend his days in a prison, he generally was—that is to say, on every occasion when his slightest imprudence gave rise to suspicion—a constant visitor to the Bastile or some other place of confinement. Most of the literary men of the eighteenth century thus became, at one time or another, inmates of the gloomy Parisian fortress. Amongst its most frequent visitors was Lenglet du Fresnoy, an author of some repute in his day—he wrote nearly thirty works, and edited an equal number—but now, notwithstanding the fertility of his pen, almost entirely forgotten. He was born in 1674, and, from the year 1718 to 1751, was five different times sent to the Bastile for slight or imaginary offences. He became likewise, during that period, well acquainted with Vincennes and other jails. So accustomed was he, indeed, to receive lettres de cachet, that when he saw M. Tapin, the officer who used to deliver them, enter his apartment, he generally greeted him with a familiar nod, exclaiming, "Ah, M. Tapin, good-day to you! How do you do to-day, M. Tapin? I hope you have been quite well since I saw you last?" And then addressing his servant—"Come, be quick; don't you see M. Tapin is waiting? Make up my little bundle, and put in my linen and my snuff." And when all was ready—"Now, M. Tapin, I am at your service."

The cause of Lenglet's frequent imprisonments may perhaps be traced in his satirical disposition, and in an indomitable love of independence, which constantly led him to reject the offers of rich and influential personages. His death, which took place in 1755, was occasioned by his falling into the fire while he was asleep.

Literary men were not, however, the only individuals whom the enmity and caprice of a minister or court favourite could, for some imaginary offence, doom to imprisonment. Men who had shed their blood in the defence of their country, or devoted their lives to her glory and greatness, often shared the same fate. Amongst the numerous instances of this kind which occur

* "Story of De la Tude." No. 105.

in the annals of the Bastile during the eighteenth century, we will only mention two—those of La Bourdonnais the general, and La Chalotais the magistrate.

The conduct of the former, as governor of the Isles of France and Bourbon, was admirable in every respect, and such as to win for him the warm praise of the English, notwithstanding that, being then at war with France, they severely suffered by his military successes. But La Bourdonnais unfortunately had an enemy in Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry, who compelled him to surrender the command of the Isle of France. La Bourdonnais immediately returned to Europe, but on his way homeward, was taken by an English vessel. In England, where he was conveyed, he met with a reception that showed him how, there at least, his talents and virtues were duly appreciated. After a short stay, he was allowed to proceed on parole to his native country. A far different greeting there awaited him; his enemies, who had long been watching for an opportunity of effecting his ruin, had not been idle during his absence; and three days after his arrival in Paris his papers were seized, and he was hurriedly conveyed to the Bastile. For twenty-six months he remained in solitary confinement, deprived of the means of writing, and denied the melancholy satisfaction of seeing his wife and children. Amongst other absurd charges, La Bourdonnais was accused by a soldier, who had been bribed to commit this perjury, of having secretly conveyed on board of his vessel a large sum of money from Madras. In order to refute this charge, and to prove that the witness could not possibly, from the spot where he asserted himself to have been, have seen any such proceeding, even if it had really taken place, La Bourdonnais drew from memory an exact plan of Madras, and succeeded in having it conveyed to the commissioners who had been appointed to investigate the whole affair. This plan was drawn on a white handkerchief—for he was wholly destitute of proper materials—with a rude sort of pencil, formed from a slip of box-wood, and dipped in brown and yellow colours, which he obtained from coffee and the verdigris scraped from copper coins. This singular and interesting document drew the attention of his judges towards him, and quickened their proceedings. The question was, after numerous delays, at last decided; and, though not without having undergone an imprisonment of three years, La Bourdonnais was finally pronounced innocent, and released. But even liberty came too late for the unhappy captive; his health was destroyed by grief, anxiety, and the unwholesomeness of his dungeon, and his persecutors had contrived to destroy all his prospects. After lingering for some time in pain and poverty, he at length sunk beneath the accumulation of his woes, and died in the year 1755, at the age of fifty-six.

La Chalotais, a Breton magistrate, remarkable for his talents and integrity, had given offence to several powerful personages,

who, it is said, resolved to effect his ruin. He was accordingly accused, amongst other charges, of having written two anonymous letters to one of the secretaries of state, which contained insults upon the king and his ministers; and likewise of having entered into a conspiracy against the regal authority. Although several persons, accustomed to examine handwritings, asserted the letters to have been written by La Chalotais, the incorrect style and spelling which characterised them render this very improbable. The accused himself energetically denied this charge; and although then imprisoned in the citadel of St Malo, where he was deprived of pen and ink, he nevertheless contrived to compose in his defence three eloquent memorials, and even to have them widely circulated. These memorials were written on scraps of paper which he had found wrapped round his sugar and chocolate, with a pen made from a toothpick, and ink composed of soot, sugar, vinegar, and water. Such was the excitement these memorials created over all France, that although La Chalotais was now in the Bastile, government did not venture to proceed with his trial; but though released from his prison, he was banished to the town of Saintes, and was not allowed to resume his seat in parliament till after the death of Louis XV.

During the reign of Louis XVI. less abuses existed; but even the monarch could not always restrain the tyranny of his ministers; of this one striking instance will suffice. The king, wishing to learn the state of public opinion on different points of government, privately instructed Blaizot the bookseller to forward to him, with great secrecy, all the political pamphlets written for or against the state. The Baron de Breteuil, one of Louis XVI.'s ministers, found this out, and had the audacity to cause Blaizot to be thrown into the Bastile by means of a lettre de cachet. Surprised at not receiving his accustomed supply of books, Louis made inquiries, and learned the truth of the case. Blaizot was immediately released, and the Baron de Breteuil severely reprimanded. This shows how inefficient the will of the monarch was in most cases, and how fearful a degree of tyranny was exercised under his name. But the moment was come when this could no longer endure: the Revolution was at hand. The taking of the Bastile in 1789—a memorable epoch in French history—was the first prelude to this important event.

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILE.

On the 12th of July 1789 it became known in Paris that Necker, the popular minister, had been exiled, and replaced by men obnoxious to the people. The capital was immediately in a flame, and a severe contest took place between the Parisians and the German military on the Place Louis XV. The crowd, though at first driven back, soon rallied, and being assisted by the French guards, was victorious. During the whole of the night Paris

was in a state of unusual ferment; and it being reported that on the evening of the 14th the capital was to be attacked on seven different points, preparations were made by the people to resist to the utmost. The position of the Bastile, commanding as it did a considerable portion of the city, was a great impediment to the operations of the insurgents.

M. de Launay, the governor of the Bastile, had received instructions to defend himself to the last extremity: he was amply provided with arms and ammunition, but he had not provisions for more than twenty-four hours. The people at first only wished to secure his neutrality, and M. Thuriot was sent to prevail upon him to remove the cannon from the towers. M. de Launay replied that, without the king's orders, he could not venture to do this, but that he would withdraw them from the embrasures. Thuriot, who was allowed to inspect the summit of the fortress, vainly endeavoured to persuade the soldiers to surrender: they firmly refused, but promised not to be the first to fire. But though at first peaceable, the disposition of the people soon assumed a threatening aspect: from every quarter of Paris, and especially from the populous suburb of St Antoine, numerous throngs of armed men poured forth in the direction of the Bastile, shouting as they went, "Down with the troops! Down with the Bastile! We will have the Bastile!"

The first attack was made upon the guard-house: two of the volunteers having ascended the roof, broke the chains of the great drawbridge with their axes. The assailants followed into the court, advancing towards the second bridge, and firing on the garrison; but they were repelled, and forced to seek for shelter: they, however, kept up a brisk and incessant discharge of musketry. The committee having intercepted a despatch intended for the governor, and informing him that succour was at hand, sent another deputation, in order to prevail upon him to admit the Parisian militia. The deputation having reached the outer court, was invited to enter by some of the officers; but intimidated by the carnage of which this court still bore the traces, or mistaking the meaning of the officers, it retired without having delivered its message. The people immediately recommenced firing, and the soldiers in the Bastile answered with deadly effect. The besiegers attempted to set fire to the outer buildings with three wagon-loads of straw, but only succeeded in impeding their own progress. They were obliged to remove the straw, and in doing this received a discharge of grape-shot from the only cannon fired by the besieged during the whole of the contest.

At this moment the French guards arrived with four pieces of cannon, in order to take part in the attack. The besieged, who were aware of this reinforcement, were now very much discouraged, and required the governor to capitulate. M. de Launay refused; and suspecting, doubtless, the fate which

awaited him, he seized a lighted match in order to set fire to the powder magazine. He would thus have destroyed not only the Bastile itself, but a large portion of the neighbourhood. Two non-commissioned officers fortunately opposed him, and compelled him with their bayonets to leave the spot.

It was now resolved by the garrison to surrender: the invalids beat a parley on the drum, and a white flag was hoisted on one of the towers. In spite of these signs, which they perhaps did not perceive, the besiegers continued their fire; but noticing at length the silence of their antagonists, they advanced towards the last drawbridge of the Bastile, and summoned the garrison within to lower it. A Swiss officer having looked out through a loophole, demanded that his comrades should be allowed to leave the fortress with the honours of war. This was refused. He then declared that, provided their lives were safe, they would submit. This assurance having been repeatedly given, the governor gave the key of the bridge, and the conquerors entered in triumph.

No sooner, however, was the Bastile in their possession, than they began to massacre the soldiers. A young girl whom they found in a fainting fit, and supposed to be the governor's daughter, they were on the point of throwing into the flames, when she was saved by the interference of a Parisian volunteer. De Launay was forthwith taken to the town-hall, and after receiving innumerable stabs and wounds from his barbarous captors, he was put to death on the way, and his head, severed from the trunk, carried about in triumph. Five of his officers shared the same fate.

Eighty-two of the besiegers were killed in the attack, seventy-five, of whom fifteen subsequently died, were wounded, and thirteen crippled. Only seven prisoners were found in the Bastile—a fact which amply proves how much the number of lettres de cachet had decreased towards the end of Louis XVI.'s reign. Of those prisoners, four had been confined for forging bills to an enormous amount; one, the Count of Solange, had been imprisoned at his father's request for his dissipated conduct; and two, whose names were now forgotten, and unknown to the jailors themselves, were insane!

Not long after its capture, the Bastile was demolished by order of the local authorities, and a grand ball given on the place where it had formerly stood. As long as the Revolution lasted, the anniversary of the day on which it had been taken (14th of July 1789) was a festival throughout all France; and since the accession to the throne of Louis-Philippe in 1830, the handsome column of July has been erected on the spot formerly occupied by the bastion. At the foot of this column were transferred, a few years ago, the remains of those patriotic citizens who, in the revolution of the three days of July, had fallen in the cause of freedom.

PEARLS AND PEARL-FISHERIES.

FEW, if any, of our readers can be unacquainted with the appearance of the substance which we denominate pearl—a substance which, in its most perfect forms, has ever been held in the highest estimation as an ornament. Commercially, it occurs in two states: in drops or pellets, less or more spherical, from the size of a coriander seed to that of a boy's marble, called *pearls;* and in small plates or slips of variable thickness, called *mother-of-pearl.* The former are used in the manufacture of necklaces and head-dresses, or set as jewels in rings, earrings, bracelets, and other articles of personal ornament; the latter is employed in inlaying cabinet-work, in forming knife-handles and buttons, and in the construction of a vast variety of toys and fancy articles. These substances, lustrous and beautiful as they come from the hand of the artist—whether set as a stud on a common shoe, or as a jewel in the crown of royalty—have one and the same origin; are, in fact, the production of ordinary shellfish, the congeners of our vulgar mussels and oysters. It is the object of the following pages to illustrate the formation and natural history of pearls, the modes of obtaining them in various quarters of the world, the manner of preparing them for use, the value which has been set upon celebrated specimens in ancient and modern times, and generally to afford such information respecting them as may at once prove interesting and instructive.

ORIGIN AND FORMATION OF PEARLS.

If the reader will take the trouble to examine the inside of certain shells—as those of the fresh-water mussel, the pinna, the pearl oyster—or the staircase-shell of the curiosity dealer, he will find their inside coated with a smooth substance of a white, bluish, or yellowish-white colour, and of an opalescent, or rather iridescent lustre. This substance, known to the learned as "nacre," is, in reality, pearl; constituting mother-of-pearl when the shell is sufficiently large and thick to afford a workable plate after the rough outside surface has been ground away. Frequently attached to this nacreous lining are tuberculated pellets, of a form more or less approaching a perfect sphere, of greater hardness and lustre than the nacre to which they are attached, and altogether of greater beauty and attraction. Sometimes these pellets are free and detached within the muscular or fleshy part of the shellfish, in which case they are still more beautiful and perfect in form. These lustrous spherules constitute the

"pearls" of the jeweller; so called, it is said, on account of their form, from the Latin word *spherula;* and mother-of-pearl derives its designation as being the source or mother from which the true pearl springs. Substances so unlike the composition of the shells in which they are found, must naturally give rise to speculations respecting their origin; and thus we find in times ere science had determined their real nature, various amusing hypotheses to account for their existence. Pliny, the celebrated Roman naturalist, gravely tells us that the oyster which produces pearls does so from feeding upon heavenly dew, or as Drummond translates him—

> "With open shells in seas, on heavenly dew
> A shining oyster lusciously doth feed;
> And then the birth of that ethereal seed
> Shows, when conceived, if skies look dark or blue."

Our own early writers entertained the same notion; and Boethius, speaking of the pearl-mussel of the Scottish rivers, remarks, that "these mussels, early in the morning, when the sky is clear and temperate, open their mouths a little above the water, and most greedily swallow the dew of heaven; and after the measure and quantity of the dew which they swallow, they conceive and breed the pearl. These mussels," he continues, "are so exceedingly quick of touch and hearing, that, however faint the noise that may be made on the bank beside them, or however small the stone that may be thrown into the water, they sink at once to the bottom, knowing well in what estimation the fruit of their womb is to all people." In the East, the belief is equally common that these precious gems are

> ——— "Rain from the sky,
> Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea."

But alas for poesy and romance; the science of chemistry—which has, with its sledge-hammer of matter-of-fact, converted the all-glorious diamond into vulgar charcoal—has also pronounced the precious pearl to be composed of "concentric layers of membrane and carbonate of lime!"

Admitting its composition, the question still remains as to the cause of a substance so dissimilar in appearance to the shell in which it exists, and why it should be present in some shells, and absent in others. Many naturalists have maintained that pearls are the product of disease, or "a distemper in the creature that produces them." This is not the case, however. Pearls may be properly said to be the calcareous secretion of certain animals of the class *Mollusca*,* which inhabit chiefly bivalve shells—as

* In all animals of the class *Mollusca*, the body itself is of a soft consistence, as its name imports, and is enclosed in an elastic skin, lined with muscular fibres, which is termed the *mantle*. It is from the surface of this

oysters, mussels, &c. These shells have all a fine pearly lustrous internal surface; so much so, that it is said by Dampier, in his Voyage Round the World, that "the inside of the shell is more glorious than the pearl itself." This internal coat is the *nacre* of the chemist; and upon analysing pearls, we find that they consist of alternate layers of very fine membrane, and layers of this nacre, regularly spread over each other like the coats of an onion. These pearls are found either adhering firmly to the inside of the shell, or lying loose in the very substance of the animal itself, commonly in its thickest and most fleshy part. According to the situation in which they are found, so are they more or less valuable, and require a different explanation to account satisfactorily for their growth.

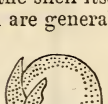
In all cases, it appears that the ultimate cause of the animal's forming this beautiful substance is to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mantle of the oyster and the shell, and which, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre. At other times, it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside to get within reach of its prey. With a plug of this same matter, the oyster immediately fills up the opening made, and shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases, we find the pearl usually adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best, however, and the most valuable specimens, are

mantle that the calcareous matter is exuded which forms the shell, in those species which possess such a protection: its particles are held together by a sort of glue or gelatine, which exists in much larger proportions in some species than in others. In very hard and brittle shells, if the calcareous matter be removed by the action of an acid, the animal matter that remains appears in the form of separate flakes; but in many other shells thus treated, the animal portion retains its form after the removal of the lime, and there are few in which the (so-called) shell consists only of a substance like horn, without any intermixture of calcareous particles. Such a substance appears to be formed by the young animal before the true shell is secreted; and it is also the first that appears when the animal is repairing the effects of an injury to the old one. It is this that constitutes what is called the *epidermis* of shells—a covering possessed in their natural state by all that are not enveloped in a fold of the mantle. The shell is most solid and massive in those species which lead an inactive life, and is usually light and thin, or altogether deficient in those whose powers of locomotion are greater. Its thickness often varies greatly among different individuals of the same species, according to the roughness or tranquillity of the waters they inhabit. These explanations may be of use to the inquiring reader who will take the trouble to compare such animals as the common naked slug, the garden helix or snail, the mussel, cockle, oyster, the large strombus used as a mantel-piece ornament, the mother-of-pearl shell in the window of the curiosity dealer, and the elegant paper nautilus, all of which are members of the class *Mollusca*.

generally found in the body itself of the animal; and the source of irritation here is proved, according to the observations of Sir Everard Home, who has paid great attention to this subject, to be an ovum or egg of the animal, which, instead of becoming ripe, proves abortive, and is not thrown out by the mother along with the others, but remains behind in the capsule, in which the ova are originally contained. This capsule, being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the animal spreads over the internal surface of the shell. This discovery was rather pompously announced by Sir Everard some years ago, when he stated, "If I can prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man, either in beauty of form or brilliancy of lustre, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment!"

We are certainly indebted to the learned baronet for calling the attention of scientific men to this subject; but long before that time Sandius had made known the same fact, and gives as his authority for the statement the testimony of an eye-witness, "Henricus Arnoldi, an ingenious and veracious Dane." In a letter which he sent to the Royal Society of London, dated 1st December 1673, he says, "Pearl shells in Norway do breed in sweet waters; their shells are like mussels, but larger; the fish is like an oyster, it produces clusters of eggs; these, when ripe, are cast out, and become like those that cast them; but sometimes it appears that one or two of these eggs stick fast to the side of the matrix, and are not voided with the rest. These are fed by the oyster against her will, and they do grow, according to the length of time, into pearls of different bigness, and do imprint a mark both on fish and shell by the situation conform to its figure." Sir Everard Home does not appear to have been aware of this statement of Sandius at the time he first made his discovery of this curious fact; but was led to it when investigating the mode of breeding of the fresh-water mussel, by generally finding in the ovarium round hard bodies, too small to be noticed by the naked eye, having exactly the appearance of seed-pearls, as they are called. Sometimes he found these bodies connected with the surface of the shell, in contact with the membrane covering it. In further examining into the structure of pearls, he ascertained that all split pearls upon which he could lay his hands universally possessed a small central cell, which surprised him by its extreme brightness of polish; and in comparing the size of this cell with that of the ovum when ready to drop off from its pedicle, he found it sufficiently large to enclose it. He came thus to the conclusion that these abortive eggs are the commencement or nuclei of the pearl. Being once formed, the animal continues to increase its size by the addition of fresh

coats, adding, it is said, a fresh layer every year. It is extremely probable, however, that its presence being still a source of irritation to the creature, the nacral covering is more rapidly deposited upon the pearl than upon the shell itself. Those pearls found in the substance of the animal are generally round (*a*), but occasionally we find them of a pyramidal form, the pedicle by which the egg is attached appearing to have received a coat of nacre as well as itself (*b*). People conversant with the pearl-fishery assert that they do not appear till the animal has reached its fourth year, and that it takes from seven to nine years for the oyster to reach maturity.



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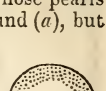
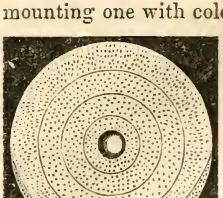


a

The true pearl is remarkable, as is well known, for its beautiful lustre—a lustre which cannot altogether be given to artificial ones. According to Sir Everard Home, this peculiar lustre arises from the central cell, which is lined with a highly-polished coat of nacre; and the substance of the pearl itself being diaphanous, the rays of light easily pervade it. Previous to Sir Everard's theory, it was supposed by opticians that the peculiar splendour was the effect of light reflected from the external surface. They took for granted that pearls were solid bodies, denied them to be diaphanous, and therefore, considering the subject mathematically, they contended that their brilliancy must be produced by the reflection from the nacral surface. In the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, we are told by Sir David Brewster that the fine pearly lustre and iridescence of the inside of the pearl-oyster arises from the circumstance, that we find in all "mother-of-pearl a grooved structure upon its surface, resembling very closely the delicate texture of the skin at the top of an infant's finger, or the minute corrugations which are often seen on surfaces covered with varnish or with oil paint." Similar appearances, we are told, are to be seen in the structure of pearls. "The direction of the grooves," says Sir David, "is in every case at right angles to the line joining the common image and the coloured image; hence in irregularly-formed mother-of-pearl, where the grooves are often circular, and have every possible direction, the coloured images appear irregularly scattered round the ordinary image. In the real pearl these coloured images are crowded into a small space round the common image, partly on account of the spherical form of the pearl; and the various hues are thus blended into a white unformed light, which gives to this substance its high value as an ornament." Pearls, however, at least the most valuable, are not perfectly solid, and are certainly translucent. In fact, in a split pearl we find the transparency to be considerable. "Upon taking a split pearl," says Sir Everard Home, "and putting a candle behind the cell, the surface of the pearl became immediately illuminated; and upon

mounting one with coloured foil behind the cell, and by putting a candle behind the foil, the outer convex surface became universally of a beautiful pink colour." If we take a split pearl and set it in a ring with the divided surface outwards, and look at this through a magnifying glass, this central cell becomes very conspicuous, and the different layers of which the pearl is composed are also beautifully displayed, as may be seen in the accompanying sketch.



ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

It is the brilliancy above described that distinguishes the real from the factitious pearl—a lustre which no art can altogether give, though often attempted with considerable success. The Romans, who valued pearls so highly, do not seem to have been aware of any method of manufacturing them; but soon after their time, attempts were made to create them by artificial means. Philostratus, in his life of Apollonius, informs us that in the first centuries of the Christian era, the Arabians on the shores of the Red Sea adopted a plan by which they were able to form pearls at pleasure. "The Arabs," he says, "first poured oil upon the sea, which it is well known has the effect of calming the agitation of the waves, and consequently rendering the water more transparent at the bottom. They then dived in those spots where they knew the fish were to be found, and enticed them to open their shells by rubbing them with some kind of ointment as a bait; which, having effected, they pricked them with a sharp instrument, having first placed near them a vessel hollowed out in various places into the form of pearls, into which moulds the liquor which flowed from the wound was received, and there hardened into the shape, colour, and consistence of the native gems." The method thus described is sufficiently apocryphal to induce even the most credulous to withhold his belief as to the exact mode adopted. That, however, some attempts were then made to form pearls in a somewhat similar manner, is extremely probable, as we know that the Chinese have long been famous for a similar artifice. Two or three different methods have been described, by which that ingenious people caused them to be produced within the pearl-producing shells.

One method is, by taking a small portion of the substance of the shell, and turning it in a lathe, into hemispheres of different sizes. These small hemispheres they introduce through the shell of the oyster, with the convex surface toward the animal. This prominent part proving a source of irritation to the creature, consequently soon gets covered with a coat of

nacre, and a fresh coat is added every year. Half pearls are thus formed in a few years; and these, when set, will readily pass off undiscovered by an inexperienced eye. Another method is said to be "by opening the shell very carefully, and scraping off a small portion of the internal surface of the shell. In its place is inserted a spherical piece of mother-of-pearl, about the size of a small grain of shot. This serves as a nucleus, on which is deposited the pearly matter, and in time forms pearls." In the British Museum there is a fine specimen of a fresh-water shell from China, nearly allied to the fresh-water mussel, containing several very fine regular-shaped semi-orbicular pearls of most beautiful water. There are several fragments also of the same shell, with similar pearls upon them; "and on the attentive examination," says Mr Gray, "of one of these, which was cracked across, I observed it to be formed of a thick coat, consisting of several concentric plates formed over a piece of mother-of-pearl, roughly filed into a plano-convex form, like the top of a mother-of-pearl button. On examining the other pearls, they all appeared to be formed on the same plan. In one or two places where the pearl had been destroyed, or cut out, there was left in the inside of the shell a circular cavity with a flat base, about the depth, or rather less than the thickness of the coat that covered the pearls, which distinctly proves that these pieces of mother-of-pearl must have been introduced when the shells were younger and thinner; and the only manner that they could have been placed in this part of the shell, must be by the introduction of them between the leaf of the mantle and internal coat of shell; for they could not have been put in through a hole in the shell, as there was not the slightest appearance of any injury near the situation of the pearls on the outer coat." Mr Gray describes another pearl found in the same species of shell from China, and which is deposited in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. Upon attentively examining it, he found that this pearl was formed upon a small piece of silver wire, which had been introduced between the mantle of the animal (while yet alive) and the shell.

In 1748, the celebrated naturalist Linnæus had his attention turned to this subject. He may have remarked the formation of pearls in shells, the outer coat of which had been perforated by some marine worm, and the hole caused by which had been plugged up as already mentioned; or he might have acquired some knowledge of the Chinese methods of making pearls, and turned it to his own account. In a letter to his friend Haller, he says, "At length I have ascertained the manner in which pearls originate and grow in shells; and I am able to produce, in any mother-of-pearl shell that can be held in the hand, in the course of five or six years, a pearl as large as the seed of a common vetch." This is believed to have been accomplished by his puncturing the shell with a pointed flexible wire, the end of which

perhaps remained therein; and the discovery seems at first to have been viewed in such an important light by the States of Sweden, that they rewarded him with a premium of eighteen hundred dollars, a sum equal to about £450, which at that time, and in that country, must have been a very considerable sum. This illustrious naturalist was soon after raised to the rank of nobility, and it is understood to have been in part owing to this discovery. The Swedish government at first made a great secret of it, and established artificial pearl manufactories; but at the end of a few years it was obliged to abandon them, the benefits derived being far from sufficient to cover the expenses. In fact, of the great number of pearls so formed, it was very rare to find any that had that perfect form and lustre which give to the gem its principal value.

All pearls produced by these unnatural methods have this great fault—they cannot be strung; they are only fit for being set. The Chinese, however, ever fertile in plans for not over-honestly making money, seem to have tried a different mode still. They open the live shell carefully, and throw into it five or six minute mother-of-pearl beads strung on a thread; and it is said in the course of one year they are found covered with a crust perfectly resembling real pearl. In these methods of manufacturing pearls, though art was called in, and beautiful specimens were produced, still it was to the animal itself that the lustre was owing; and it required time and patience, often, indeed, several years, before success attended such efforts. A quicker mode was invented by the Italians in the beginning of the sixteenth century. They constructed small hollow beads, and incrusted them internally with a pearl-coloured varnish. A considerable quantity seems to have been manufactured, for at last the government prohibited the sale as being fraudulent.

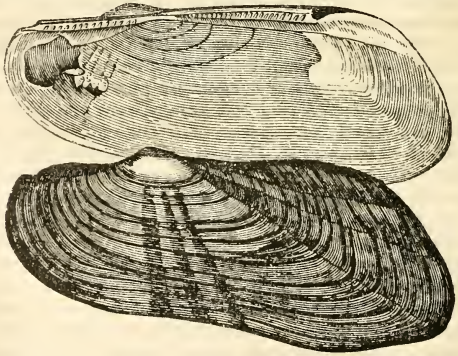
Towards the end of the same century, we are informed by Humboldt that the Venetians had imitated pearls so exactly, that it materially contributed to injure the pearl-fishery that had by that time existed for a considerable period on the shores of America. The method they adopted is not mentioned, nor does it seem to have continued long; but in Paris a bead manufacturer, about the year 1656, invented a mode of making artificial pearls, which seems to have been exceedingly successful, as it was difficult at first to distinguish them from the best Oriental; and the celebrated Reaumur informs us, that many necklaces were made so beautifully, that the most expert jewellers would have estimated them at immense prices, if they had seen them round the neck of a princess. This M. Jacquin, for so was he called, carried on his business in the Rue du Petit Lion, at Paris, where his heirs continued the manufactory for many years, and perhaps do so still. He was led to this discovery by observing that after washing the small fish called the Bleak (*Cyprinus alburnus*), the water contained a great number of scales of a bright

silvery lustre. These scales he dried and reduced to powder, and this he used as an enamel, with which small beads made of wax, alabaster, or glass, were coated externally. It was soon found out, however, by the ladies, that when necklaces made of these beads were worn in hot weather, the enamel separated from them, and adhered to the skin. A lady then recommended him to use *kollow* beads, as had been already practised by the Italian manufacturers. By doing so, and making other improvements, he at length succeeded.

The practice was long kept secret, but the celebrated naturalist Reaumur explained the process before the French Academy in 1716; and from him we learn that it is only the silver-like substance found upon the under surface of the scales that is used to produce the pearly lustre. The scales, taken off the fish, are washed and rubbed with several fresh quantities of water, and the several liquors suffered to settle; after which the water is poured off, and the pearly matter, of the consistence of oil, remains at the bottom. This substance is called by the French "Essence d'Orient," or "Essence of Pearl." Beckmann, in his "History of Inventions," thus describes the process:—"Of a peculiar kind of fine glass, of a bluish tint, slender tubes are formed, which are then blown into small hollow globules; and the better to imitate nature, the artist gives to some of these small blemishes like those occasionally seen in real pearls. In order to incrust these, he mixes the essence with melted isinglass, and blows this varnish into each bead with a fine glass pipe, diffusing it equally over the internal surface by immediately placing the bead thus prepared in a vessel suspended over the table at which he works, and which he keeps in constant motion with his foot. To render the beads solid, they are then filled with white wax, and being perforated with a needle, they are threaded in strings for sale; but the holes are first lined with thin paper, to prevent the thread from adhering to the wax. Of the little fish from which this essence is procured, and which are found in abundance in the river Seine at Paris, four thousand will scarcely produce a pound of scales, from which not more than four ounces of pearl essence can be obtained; and as this soon becomes putrid, great inconvenience was often occasioned by the necessity of using it immediately." Reaumur made many attempts to preserve it, but failed. It is now known that it can be kept without injury in volatile alkali. The date of the *introduction* of these pearls is not exactly known; but that it was practised with success in 1686 is well ascertained, as we learn from an anecdote mentioned in one of the periodicals of the day—"The Mercure Gallant" of that year. A certain French marquis had, it appears, insinuated himself into the good graces of a young lady by the present of a necklace of pearls valued at two thousand livres, but which proved on inspection to be false, and had been purchased for three louis!

PEARL-PRODUCING SHELLS.

There are many kinds of shells which produce pearls; and indeed, from what has been said of their formation, it seems natural to expect to find them in all shells, the interior of which are highly nacred and polished. They are not confined, as has been asserted, to bivalve shells, though they are more frequent in them than in others; and they are generally of the same colour as the inside of the shell which produces them. Our common edible oyster (*Ostrea edulis*) frequently produces them. In the British Museum there is a specimen of an oyster shell which contains one of very large dimensions, occupying, in fact, nearly one-half the inside of the shell. It is of a dull white colour, irregular in shape, and of an uneven surface, and therefore valueless as an ornament. Our common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) is another shell which produces pearls. In the same collection there is a considerable series of large, well-formed pearls taken from this common shell, and they are of a very dark or deep blue colour, resembling the interior of the shell. They frequently occur also in the large swan mussels (*Anadonta cygneus* and *Anatinus*) of our fresh-water ponds (see fig.); but the most

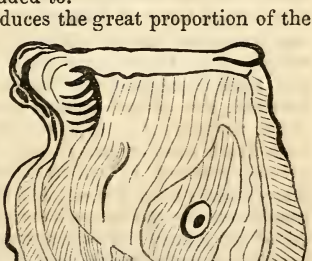


esteemed pearls that are found in this country, are taken from the species generally called the Pearl Mussel (*Alasmadon margaritiferus*), found in large and rapid streams like the Tay. This shell is of a considerable size, and externally of a very rough and black appearance. In the British Museum there are many pearls to be seen taken from this mussel, perfectly round, beautifully white, and apparently of a fine water.

The shell which we have already mentioned as producing the pearls in China, is a large species of fresh-water mussel, of a somewhat wrinkled or corrugated appearance externally, flat,

and of an oval figure, and of a fine, highly-polished surface internally. Another shell, mentioned by Pliny, and found in the Mediterranean and in the Red Sea, produces pearls, but not perhaps to any great extent. This is the pinna or wing-shell, which often grows to a large size, and is moored, as it were, to the bottom, by a thick rope of fine silky fibres, called the *byssus*, or beard, and from which gloves and other similar objects are sometimes manufactured by the curious. The inside of this shell is of a reddish hue, and the pearls found in it are of a fine pink colour. Bruce, in his journey to explore the sources of the Nile, tells us that this shell occurs abundantly in the Red Sea; and that, in all probability, these beautiful pink-coloured pearls are those we find mentioned in Scripture, and which, in our versions of the Bible, are sometimes erroneously translated *rubies*. When Solomon, he says, terms them the most precious of all productions, he must be understood to mean chiefly this species of pearl, as having been the most valued in the land of Judea. There are three very fine, large, rosy-coloured pearls, of a beautiful form and colour, to be seen in the British Museum. These used to be considered the produce of the large stromb-shell, so common on our mantel-shelves, and which is of a rich pink colour internally. It is now ascertained, however, that they are formed by the animal inhabiting the *Turbinellus*, a shell which comes from New Providence. A fine specimen, with a large pink-coloured pearl in its mouth, may now be seen in the magnificent collection alluded to.

The shell, however, which produces the great proportion of the pearls of commerce, and which is found in both East and West Indies, is what is usually known by the name of the pearl-oyster, or mother-of-pearl shell (*Meleagrina margaritifera*). This shell is often of a large size, thick, and of an imperfect oval, or almost round figure. It sometimes occurs from eight to ten inches in diameter, though in general they measure about four. The outside of the shell is smooth and variegated in structure, and the inside (see fig.) is even brighter and more beautiful than the pearl itself.



The body of the oyster is white and fleshy, much fatter and more glutinous than the common edible oyster, and so rank, as to be unfit for the table. Dampier, in his Voyage Round the World, tells us of the pearl-oysters of America, that, "when opened, one part is as red as a cherry, the rest white; they are so large, that one stewed is a meal for five

men; the crew ate them for want of better food." And again he describes them "as so large, that one stewed with pepper and vinegar is enough for two men: very tolerable food." Almost all writers agree that they are almost unfit for food, except Mr Morier, who says those in the Persian Gulf are considered excellent, and that there is no difference to be perceived in respect of taste between them and the common oyster.

VALUE OF PEARLS.

Pearls seem to have been considered as an article of value from the very earliest periods. Even in the days of Job we find them mentioned as articles of great price; for in the reproof which he administers to his *comforting* friend Bildad, he says—"But where shall wisdom be found? Man knoweth not the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of *pearls;* for the price of wisdom is above rubies." History too teaches us, that from time immemorial the princes and princesses of the East sought this kind of ornament with avidity, and employed them in decorating their garments, and even their instruments. The Romans, at the period of their greatest glory and luxury, esteemed them highly; and Pliny tells us that, in his time, pearls held the very highest rank in everything that was valuable. The Roman ladies used them on all parts of their dress, and over the whole of their bodies; and when they wore them as earrings, had three or four to each ear. Sometimes these were of immense value; hence the moralist Seneca reproves some one by telling him, "that his wife carried all the wealth of his house in her ears." Julius Cæsar presented one of this kind to Servilia, the mother of Marcus Brutus, valued at £48,417, 10s. of our present money; and the celebrated Cleopatra, wishing, it is said, to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in his most sumptuous repasts, in procuring which he had lavished all the riches of the East, took a large pearl from her ear, and throwing it into a cup of vinegar, swallowed it—the eccentric draught costing about £80,729, 3s. 4d. of our money! It was not uncommon amongst that luxurious people to dissolve pearls and drink them; for Valerius Maximus informs us that Clodius, the son of Æsopus the tragedian, swallowed one worth £8072, 18s. 4d.—a goodly sum for the son of a playactor to expend in a single draught. Athenæus tells us that amongst the ancient Persians the value of pearls was their weight in gold; but Tavernier informs us that even as late as his time, immense sums were given for pearls by the natives of the East. One bought by that traveller at Catifa, in Arabia, and now in the possession of the shah of Persia, was valued at £110,000; and one obtained by Philip II. of Spain, in 1587, from the island of Margarita, off the Colombian coast, which weighed 250 carats, was estimated at 150,000 dollars.

The grand sources from whence these early nations procured their supplies were, according to Pliny and other authors, from the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the Red Sea; and it is curious enough, that though many other parts of the world produce shells that form pearls, some of these same fisheries, which existed so many centuries ago, are still the most productive, and at this day furnish nearly all the pearls of commerce. Those on the Red Sea, it is true, have nearly disappeared; they have either been exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, tells us that Dahalac was the chief port of the pearl trade on the southern coast of the Red Sea, and Suakem on the north. The principal divers were furnished by Dahalac; and near Suakem, at a place called Gungunnah, the largest pearls were usually found. They were said to be inferior to none in water or roundness; and it is traditionally reported that they belonged exclusively to the Pharaohs, and ancient kings of Egypt. "Under the Ptolomies, and even long after—under the caliphs—these were islands whose merchants were princes; but their bustle and glory have long since departed from them, and they are now thinly inhabited by a race of miserable fishermen." The two grand fisheries in the East are now at Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condatchy in the Gulf of Manaar, off the island of Ceylon. Oysters containing beautiful pearls are found, it is true, all along the coast of Arabia, and amongst the various islands in the Persian Gulf, and are frequently fished in these localities. They are also abundant in different parts of the Indian Ocean, along the Coromandel coast, where the East India Company have a fishing station at Tutucoreen, and in various other places; but the two first mentioned localities furnish the grand supply at the present day.

EAST INDIAN FISHERIES.

The fishery at Ceylon is a monopoly of our own government. Previous to 1796 this fishery was in the hands of the Dutch, though they had not fished there since 1768. In 1797 the produce of the fishery was £144,000; in 1798 it yielded £192,000; but in 1799 it decreased to £30,000—the fishery having been exhausted by the three previous years. In 1804 it was leased by government for £120,000; but in 1828 it brought only £30,612. A fishery which could yield such large sums annually, must, it can easily be believed, be of great importance to the place where it is carried on. "There is no spectacle the island affords," says Mr Perceval in his account of Ceylon, "more striking to a European than the Bay of Condatchy during the season of the pearl fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost anything I ever witnessed—several thousands of

people, of different colours, countries, casts, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious-expecting countenances of the boat owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast number of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use: all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene."

The principal oyster bank is situated opposite Condatchy, and is about twenty miles from the shore; and the best fishing is said to be found in from six to eight fathoms water. There are fourteen banks, but not all equally productive; and before the fishing commences, these banks are surveyed. The state of the oysters is thus ascertained, and a report is then made to government. If it is found that the quantity is sufficient, and that the oysters have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, or are kept in the hands of government to be fished on its own account. The pearl-oyster, as already mentioned, is supposed to reach its maturity in about from seven to nine years; and it is said that after that period the pearl becomes disagreeably large to the fish, and is then vomited out of the shell. The Dutch, with inconsiderate avarice, had nearly exhausted the banks; but since the island of Ceylon has come into our hands, a different policy has been adopted to prevent such an accident happening again. The banks are divided into several portions, and not more than two or three can be fished in one season. These different portions are leased annually in succession; so that now a sufficient time is given for the oysters to increase in size and numbers. Moreover, the period during which the fishing is permitted to be carried on, is only about six weeks or two months at the most, commencing in February, and ending about the beginning of April; and so numerous are the holidays amongst the divers, that the number of fishing days in each season seldom exceed thirty. During the season, the boats regularly sail and return together. A signal gun is fired at the station Arippo about ten at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land breeze. They reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise they commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied till about noon, when the sea breeze sets in, and

warns them to return. When the boats come in sight, another gun is fired and the colours hoisted, to give notice to the anxious owners of their arrival. The cargoes are taken out immediately the boats arrive, so as to be completely unloaded before night sets in.

Each boat carries twenty men, with a *tindal* or chief boatman as pilot. Ten of these men are rowers, and also assist the divers in ascending; and the other ten are divers. Those from Colang, a small place on the Malabar coast, are reckoned the most expert, and are only rivalled by the Lubbahs, who remain in the island of Manaar for the purpose of being trained. These divers go down five at a time alternately, thus giving each other time to recruit. Accustomed to this trade from their infancy, these men fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms water; and to accelerate their descent, they use a large stone. Five of these are brought in each boat, composed of red granite, of a pyramidal shape, round at top and bottom, and having the smaller end perforated with a hole, so as to admit a rope. When about to plunge, the diver seizes the rope to which the stone is attached with the toes of his right foot, taking a bag made of network with his left. Accustomed to make use of his toes to work with and to hold by, the Indian can pick up articles with them almost as well as a European can with his fingers. He then seizes hold of another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with his left, plunges to the bottom. He there contrives to hang his net around his neck, and with much dexterity and despatch collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water; then pulling the rope, which he continues to hold in his right hand, he gives the signal to his comrades in the boat, who draw him up with his cargo, the large stone which he carried down being left behind to be drawn up by the rope attached to it. The oysters are sometimes found, according to Sir Alexander Johnston, in what are called cables or ropes, of which a good diver is immediately sensible, and coils the whole into his net without breaking it. At such times, or when the ground is well clothed with them, the diver will bring up one hundred and fifty shells at a dip.

The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from the mouth, ears, and nostrils, and frequently even blood. This does not, however, prevent them going down again; and they will often make from forty to fifty plunges in a day. Some rub their bodies with oil, and stuff their ears and nostrils to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precautions whatever. The time the divers can remain under water, at the depth of seven fathoms, seldom exceeds one minute, sometimes one and a half, though they are occasionally known to remain about two. Mr Perceval asserts that there are instances known of divers who could even remain four or five

minutes; which was the case, he says, of a Caffre boy, the last year he visited the fishery. The longest instance ever known, he adds, was a diver who came from Arjango in 1797, who remained under water absolutely full six minutes. This, we imagine, is rather apocryphal; though Mr Morier, in his journey through Persia, asserts that the divers at Bahrein can remain five minutes under water. They seldom live to a great age; their bodies break out in sores, and their eyes become very weak and bloodshot. Indeed, they often die from over-exertion, being struck down on arriving at the surface as if by a shock of apoplexy. It is recorded of one, that he died immediately after he had reached land, having brought with him, amongst other shells, one that contained a pearl of surprising size and lustre; and on this incident Mr Proctor has founded the exquisite lines entitled "The Pearl-Wearer:"—

"Within the midnight of her hair,
Half-hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl
(All filmy-eyed), for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes—there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil's withdrawn—
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet, what doth all avail?
All its beauty all its grace?
All the honours of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling—dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil, by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

Gentle bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What! needest *thou* a diadem?—
Thou, within whose eastern eyes,
Thought (a starry genius) lies?—
Thou, whom beauty has arrayed?—
Thou, whom love and truth have made
Beautiful—in whom we trace
Woman's softness; angel's grace;
All we hope for; all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams?

Oh, sweet lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!

Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be *thou* for ever known
By thy natural light alone!"

The danger, however, which the divers dread most, arises from the chance of their falling in with the ground shark; a terrible creature, which prowls near the bottom, and proves a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous pearl-fisher. No wonder that, with such an object of terror constantly before their eyes, these superstitious people should eagerly have recourse to supernatural means to insure their safety. They fly to the conjurer for assistance, and no business is begun till he has been consulted. Nor will they attempt to descend till he has performed his ceremonies. They place implicit reliance upon his supernatural powers; and term him, in the Malabar language, *Pillal Harras*, or *Binder of Sharks*. These conjurers, we are told, "during the time of the fishery, stand on the shore from the morning till the boats return in the afternoon, all the while muttering and mumbling prayers, distorting their bodies into various strange attitudes, and performing ceremonies to which no one, not even themselves, can attach any meaning. All this while it is necessary for them to abstain from food or drink, otherwise their prayers would be of no avail. These acts of abstinence, however, they sometimes dispense with, and regale themselves with toddy, a species of liquor distilled from the palm-tree, till they are no longer able to stand at their devotions."

The address of these fellows in redeeming their credit when any untoward accident happens to falsify their predictions, deserves to be noticed. Since the island came into our possession, a diver at the fishery one year lost his leg, upon which the head conjurer was called to account for the disaster. His answer gives a most striking picture of the knowledge and capacity of the people he had to deal with. He gravely told them that an old witch, who owed him a grudge, had just come from Colang on the Malabar coast, and effected a counter-conjuration, which, for the time, rendered his spells fruitless; that this had come to his knowledge too late to prevent the accident which had happened; but that he would now show his superiority over his antagonist by enchanting the sharks, and binding up their mouths, so that no more accidents should happen during the season! "Fortunately for the conjurer," says our informant, "the event answered his prediction, and no further damage was sustained from the sharks during the fishing of that year." So well grounded, however, is the divers' dread of these ravenous creatures, that the appearance of a single shark will produce as great a panic amongst the whole body as a hawk does when

descried hovering over a brood of partridges. Should a diver perchance come roughly against a sharp stone at the bottom, straightway his fears conjure up the shark, he ascends immediately, gives the alarm to the rest of the divers, and perhaps the whole fleet of boats will return to shore before the real cause of alarm has been discovered.

The divers are paid differently, according to the agreement made before the fishing begins. Sometimes they receive their wages in money, and at others in oysters, receiving a certain number upon the chance of their finding pearls in them. This latter method, indeed, is the one they most frequently prefer; and they get up besides, amongst themselves, oyster lotteries, in which the European residents often join. A quantity of shells is purchased by an individual unopened, and he takes the risk whether they contain pearls or not. One hundred and fifty pearls, including the small ones called seed pearls, have been found in one oyster, whilst again as many oysters have been opened without finding a single specimen. The divers frequently purloin the best pearls; and the conjurers, by way of giving their devotees more courage against their dreaded enemies the sharks, often accompany them in the boats, when they are always on the look-out to pilfer and steal. The oyster, when left undisturbed for a time, will often open its shell of its own accord; a large pearl may then be easily discovered, and the thief, adroitly gagging the shell, by introducing a piece of soft wood or a bit of grass, will watch his opportunity for picking it out unseen.

CEYLONESE MODE OF PREPARING THE PEARL.

The mode of extracting and subsequently preparing the pearls for the market are as follow:—"As soon as the oysters are taken out of the boats, they are carried by the different people to whom they belong, and placed in holes or pits dug in the ground to the depth of about two feet, or in small square hollow places cleared and fenced round for the purpose, each person having his own separate division. Mats are spread below them, to prevent the oysters from touching the earth, and here they are left to die and rot. As soon as they have passed through a state of putrefaction, and have become dry, they are easily opened, without any danger of injuring the pearls, which might be the case if they were opened fresh, as at that time to do so requires great force. On the shell being opened, the oyster is minutely examined for the pearls; it is usual even to boil the oyster, as the pearl is frequently found in the body of the fish. The stench occasioned by the oysters being left to putrefy is intolerable, and remains for a long time after the fishery is over. It corrupts the atmosphere for several miles round Condatchy, and renders the neighbourhood of that country extremely unpleasant till the monsoons and violent south-west winds set in and purify the air."

After being extracted and perfectly cleaned, the pearls are rounded and polished with a powder made of the pearls themselves. They are then sorted into classes according to size. This is accomplished by passing them through brass sieves, or saucers full of round holes. These saucers are ten in number, and are all apparently of one size, but made so as to go one within the other. They are distinguished by the numbers 20, 30, 50, 80, 100, 200, 400, 600, 800, and 1000. "This is a kind of ratio," says Mr Milburn, "to estimate the value of the different sizes of pearls; and probably the distinguishing numbers in some measure correspond with the quantity of holes in each basin." These completely occupy the bottom of the vessel, and as they increase in number, necessarily decrease in size. The pearls are thrown in a promiscuous heap into the uppermost sieve, which, being raised a little and shaken, the greater part of them pass through into the second sieve, and only those remain which exceed a large pea in size. The second sieve is shaken in the same manner, the pearls remaining in it being the size of a small pea or grain of black pepper. The quantity of pearls gradually increases as the size diminishes. Those which fall through all the ten saucers belong to the class of *Tool* or seed-pearls, so called from the smallness of their size. The pearls contained in the sieves 20 to 80 inclusive, are distinguished by the general name of *Mell*, or the first order. Those from 100 to 1000 are called *Vadivoo*, or the second order. Both these orders are divided into various sorts, according to shape, lustre, and other qualities. The first sort, called *Annees*, are perfectly round, and of the most brilliant lustre. An inferior kind of this first sort is called *Annadaree*. The second sort are called *Kayarel;* they are not so completely round, and are of a duller colour. An inferior kind of this sort is called *Samadiem*, nearly of the form of a pear; and another *Kallipoo*, having flat sides. The third sort are called *Koorwell*. The pearls of this sort are double, ill-shaped, and of a dull water. To this kind belong the *Pesul*, the most deformed of all; and the *Tool* or seed-pearl, the most diminutive. These different kinds are sent to different markets; but at the fishery, all the kinds are sold together, mixed, at two hundred pagodas per pound. The method of determining the price (according to the last quoted authority) of the different sorts, is regulated by an imaginary criterion, estimating the proportion of that quality which attaches to them their highest value. It has the appearance of being intricate and difficult, but is considered simple by those who understand it. Size, roundness, and brightness, seem to be the qualities on which it depends."

The next process is drilling the pearls and stringing them. In this the natives are very expert, a good workman being able to perforate three hundred small or six hundred large ones in a day. "I was very much struck," says Mr Perceval, "with the instru-

ment they employ in drilling, as well as the dexterity in using it. A machine made of wood, and of a shape resembling an obtuse inverted cone, about six inches in length and four in breadth, is supported upon three feet, each twelve inches long. In the upper flat surface of this machine, holes or pits are formed to receive the larger pearls, the smaller ones being beat in with a little wooden hammer. The drilling instruments are spindles of various sizes, according to that of the pearls; they are turned round in a wooden head by means of a bow-handle, to which they are attached. The pearls being placed in the pits which we have already mentioned, and the point of the spindle adjusted to them, the workman presses on the wooden head of the machine with his left hand, while his right is employed in turning round the bow-handle. During the process of drilling, he occasionally moistens the pearl by dipping the little finger of his right hand in a cocoa-nut filled with water, which is placed by him for that purpose; this he does with a quickness and dexterity which scarcely impedes the operation, and can only be acquired by much practice." They are next washed in salt and water, to prevent any stains they may have acquired from the drilling instrument, and then they are strung. This is considered the most difficult operation of the pearl merchant, and is one in which very few excel.

The pearls of largest size being most costly, and esteemed as emblems of greatness, find a ready sale amongst the rich natives of India, in the Nizam's dominions, in Guzerat, &c. The finest *annee* pearls from sieve 30 to 80, which make most beautiful necklaces, are sent to Europe. A handsome necklace of pearls, smaller than a large pea, costs from £170 to £300; but one consisting of pearls about the size of a peppercorn, will only cost about £15. The former pearls sell at a guinea each, and the latter about 1s. 6d. When they descend to the size of small shot, they are sold at a low price. The smaller sorts are sent to the markets of Hydrabad, Poona, and Guzerat, in which latter place pearls of a yellow tinge are preferred, being considered to have arisen to a higher state of maturity, to be less liable to fade, and to retain their lustre longer. The refuse and lower orders of pearls are sold readily in China. The pearls obtained in the Ceylon fishery are more esteemed in England than those from any other part of the world, being of a more regular form, and of a fine clear and brilliant silvery white. The true shape of the pearl is a perfect sphere; but if pearls of a considerable size are of the shape of a pear, as is not unfrequently the case, they are not less valued, as they then serve for earrings and other ornaments, and often bring a large price.

PERSIAN FISHERIES.

Though we have spoken thus largely of the Ceylon fishery, as being perhaps the most interesting to British readers, yet

that which is carried on at Bahrein island, in the Persian Gulf, is even more valuable, and may be considered as the greatest pearl-fishery in the world. The fishery extends along the whole of the Arabian coast, and to a large proportion of the Persian side of the gulf, though the most productive banks are those off the island Bahrein and Kharrack. The fishery, we are told by Major Wilson, late political resident at Bushire, and to whom we owe many details in the following account, is now an entire monopoly in the hands of the sheik of Bushire. "The fishing season," he says, "is divided into two portions: the one called the short and cold, the other the long and hot. In the cooler weather of the month of June, diving is practised along the coast in shallow water; but it is not until the intensely hot months of July, August, and September, that the Bahrein banks are much frequented. The water on them is about seven fathoms deep, and the divers are much inconvenienced when it is cold; indeed, they can do little when it is not as warm as the air, and it frequently becomes even more so in the hottest months of the summer. When they dive, they compress their nostrils tightly with a small piece of horn, which keeps the water out, and stuff their ears with bees'-wax for the same purpose. They attach a net to their waists to contain the oysters, and aid their descent by means of a stone, which they hold by a rope attached to a boat, and shake it when they wish to be drawn up." From what the major could learn, he considers two minutes as rather above the average time of their remaining under water. Although severe labour, and very exhausting at the time, diving is not considered at Bahrein as particularly injurious to the constitution: even old men practise it. A person usually dives from twelve to fifteen times a-day in favourable weather; but when otherwise, three or four times only. The work is performed on an empty stomach. When the diver becomes fatigued, he goes to sleep, and does not eat till he has slept some time.

At Bahrein alone, the annual amount produced by the pearl-fishery may be reckoned at from £200,000 to £240,000. If to this the purchases made by the Bahrein merchants or agents at Aboottabee, Sharga, Ras-ul-Rymack, &c. be added, which may amount to half as much more, there will be a total of about £300,000 or £360,000; but this is calculated to include the whole pearl trade of the gulf; for it is believed that all the principal merchants of India, Arabia, and Persia, who deal in pearls, make their purchases through agents at Bahrein. Such is the estimate of Major Wilson, whose situation gave him no doubt good opportunities of making such a calculation. "I have not admitted," he adds, "in the above estimate, much more than one-sixth of the amount some native merchants have stated it to be, as a good deal seemed to be matter of guess or opinion, and it is difficult to get at facts. My own estimate is in some measure checked by the estimated profits of the small

boats; but even the sum which I have estimated is an enormous annual value for an article found in other parts of the world as well as here, and which is never used in its best and most valuable state, except as an ornament." Large quantities of the very small or seed-pearls are used throughout Asia in the composition of majoons or electuaries, to form which nearly all kinds of precious stones are occasionally mixed, after being pounded. The majoon, in which there is a large proportion of pearl-powder, is much sought for and valued on account of its supposed stimulating and restorative qualities.* The Bahrein fishing-boats are reckoned to amount to about fifteen hundred, and the trade is in the hands of merchants, some of whom possess considerable capital. They bear hard on the producers or fishers; and even those who make the greatest exertions in diving hardly have food to eat. The merchant advances some money to the fishermen at cent. per cent., and a portion of dates, rice, and other necessary articles, all at the supplier's own price; he also lets a boat to them, for which he gets one share of the gross profits of all that is fished; and finally, he purchases the pearls nearly at his own price, for the unhappy fishermen are generally in his debt, and therefore at his mercy.

A great many of the pearls found at Bahrein are of a beautiful yellow hue. Though these are not esteemed much in Europe, they are highly prized in the East, where they are considered to retain their colour better than those of Ceylon, and not to become tarnished by wearing them. Mr Morier, who visited this fishery in 1812, says, "The pearl of Ceylon peels off, that of the gulf is as firm as the rock upon which it grows; and though it loses in colour and water one per cent. annually for fifty years, yet it still loses less than that of Ceylon. It ceases after fifty years to lose anything." It is said the pearls fished in deep water off the islands Kharrack and Congo are formed of eight layers, while others have only five. Catifa, on the Arabian coast, situated opposite to Bahrein, was the site of a celebrated fishery in the days of Pliny, and it was at this place that the largest and most perfect pearl, as regards colour and water, was found that has ever yet been discovered. Tavernier, who travelled through Persia previous to the year 1670, has described this famous gem, and gives a figure of it, which we have copied in the accompanying engraving. It belonged to the king of Persia, who bought it in the year 1633 from an Arab, for the enormous sum of 1,400,000 livres, or about £110,000 of our money! It is

* Pearls were formerly used medicinally in our own country; but their medical operation is not different from that of any other calcareous earth. A little lime-water or prepared chalk is quite as efficacious as the most expensive solution of pearl.

pear-shaped, of a regular form, and without the slightest blemish. It measures sixty-three inches in diameter at the largest part, and is nearly one and a-half inch long. Pearls of great value have also been found at Ormus, an island off the Persian coast. Tavernier gives an interesting account of one which he saw there, which he describes as the most beautiful pearl in the world: not so much for its size, he says, for it does not weigh more than twelve 1-16th carats, nor from its perfect roundness, but because it was so clear and so transparent that you could almost see the light through it. It belonged to Imenheit, Prince of Muscat. At the conclusion of a grand entertainment given by the Khan of Ormus to this prince, at which Tavernier was present, Imenheit drew from a small purse he had suspended round his neck this beautiful pearl, and exhibited it to the company. The Khan of Ormus wished to purchase it from the prince, to make a present of it to the king of Persia, and offered 2000 tomans for it; but the owner of the pearl would not part with it. He was afterwards offered by a Banyan merchant, an agent for the Grand Mogul, 40,000 crowns; but the prince would not accept the offer, so highly did he prize it.

BRITISH AND EUROPEAN PEARLS.

That pearls were found in Great Britain, seems to have been known to the ancients at an early period. So famous had the report of their value become, that Suetonius relates, as a fact, that Julius Cæsar was induced in a great measure to undertake the conquest of Britain for the sake of its pearls. He seems to have been a great connoisseur in this precious ornament; for so expert had he become at comparing the sizes, as sometimes to have ascertained their weight by his hand alone. It is generally believed that Cæsar was disappointed in his hopes with regard to the value of the British pearls, as they were found, says Pliny, to be small and colourless. That, however, he did collect a good number during his expedition is certain, as the last mentioned author informs us also that he brought home to Rome a buckler made of British pearls, and hung it up in the temple which he had dedicated to the goddess Venus.

Pearls are found in various places in Great Britain. At one time a fishery to a considerable extent existed at Perth. Pennant tells us, that from 1761 to 1764, £10,000 worth were sent to London, and sold from 10s. to £1, 16s. the ounce. "I was told," says this traveller, "that a pearl has been taken there that weighed thirty-three grains; but the fishery is at present exhausted from the avarice of the undertakers. It once extended as far as Loch Tay." The mode of fishing in the Tay is thus described in the old "Statistical Account of Scotland:"—"The mussels are fished with a kind of spear, consisting of a long shaft, and shod at the point with two iron spoons, having their mouths inverted; their handles are long and elastic, and joined at the

extremity, which is formed into a socket to receive the shaft. With this machine in his hand by way of staff, the fisher, being often up to the chin in water, gropes with his feet for the mussels, which are fixed in the mud and sand by one end, and presses down the iron spoon upon their point; so that, by the spring in the handles, they open to receive the mussel, hold it fast, and pull it up to the surface of the water. He has a pouch or bag of network hanging by his side, to carry the mussels till he come ashore, where they are opened. In shallow water the operation is much easier."—Other Scottish rivers besides the Tay seem to have been in early times fished for pearls. Boethius thus quaintly describes the mode of capture practised in the Don and Dee:—First, four or five persons wade into the river together, and stand in manner of a circle with the water up to their shoulders. Each one of them has a staff in his hand, that he may not slide; and then they look through the clear water, until they see the mussels; and because they cannot reach them with their hands, they take them up with their toes, and sling them to the nearest bank. The pearls, adds this old chronicler, that are found in Scotland, are not of small value; for they have a clear shining whiteness, round and light, and sometimes are as large as a man's finger-nail, as specimens in our possession can testify. It was shown to him by some traveller that there were similar mussels in Spain; but these, he adds, contained no pearl, for they lived in salt water!

The river Irt in Cumberland was also famous for pearl mussels. The famous navigator Sir John Hawkins had a patent for fishing that river. Having observed pearls plentifully in the Straits of Magellan, he flattered himself with the hope of being enriched by procuring them within his own island. The river Conway in North Wales was noted for producing pearls in the time of Camden; and it is said that Sir Richard Wynn of Gwydir, chamberlain to Catharine, queen of Charles II., presented her majesty with one taken from that river, which is to this day honoured with a place in the royal crown. A fishery still exists there; and a writer in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History" says, that he has been informed "that a lady on the Conway nets nearly £1000 a-year by the pearls of that river, under a charter." The fishery exists at the mouth of the Conway, and is carried on by many of the inhabitants of that part of the country, who obtain their livelihood entirely by their industry in procuring the pearls. "When the tide is out, they go in several boats to the bar at the mouth of the river, with their sacks, and gather as many shells as they can before the return of the tide. The mussels are then put in a large kettle over a fire, to be opened, and the fish taken out singly from the shells with the fingers, and put into a tub, into which one of the fishers goes bare-footed, and stamps upon them until they are reduced into a sort of pulp. They next pour in water, to separate the fishy

substance, which they call *solach*, from the more heavy parts, consisting of sand, small pebbles, and the pearls, which settle in the bottom. After numerous washings, until the fishy part is entirely removed, the sediment, if I may so term it, is put out to dry, and each pearl separated on a large wooden platter, one at a time, with a feather; and when a sufficient quantity is obtained, they are taken to the overseer, who pays the fisher so much per ounce for them." The pearls found at the mouth of the river are generally very small, of a dirty-white or sometimes blue colour, and the shell from which they are taken is the common edible mussel. About twelve miles farther up, however, and near Llanrwst, they have been found as large as a moderate-sized pea, and have been sold for a guinea the couple; but the search is very precarious, and good pearls are rarely met with. The shell in which these latter pearls are found is the *Alasmadon margaritiferus;* and the Welsh call them "Cregin y Dylu," or Shells of the Flood.

Ireland, too, can boast of her pearls. In the last century several of great size were found in the rivers of the counties Tyrone and Donegal. The river Bann was at one period famous for its pearl-fishery, and pearls are still occasionally found there. In the old Down Survey, we find the following particulars:—"The pearls are found in fresh-water mussels, in shape and colour like the sea-mussels, but of a larger size; the shells of which are sometimes used by the poorer people instead of spoons. The fish of this mussel cuts like the oyster, is of a dark-green colour, and soon corrupts; but being of an insipid disagreeable taste, it is seldom eaten even by the poor. The shell is fastened by two cartilages, one at each end, and in this particular differs from the oyster and scallop, which have only one in the middle. Sir Robert Reading, in a letter to the Royal Society, dated October 13, 1688, from his own experience gives an account of these fish, and the manner of fishing for them in some rivers in the county of Tyrone; which, as it differs little from the Bann practice, may be applicable here. He tells us he saw the mussels lying in part opened, putting forth their white fins, like a tongue out of the mouth, which direct the eye of the fisher to them, being otherwise black as the stones in the river. That the backs of the shells above the hinges, on which the valves open, are broken and bruised, and discover the several crusts and scales that form the shell, which, he thinks, is caused by great stones being driven over them by the impetuosity of the floods. The insides of the shells are of a pearly colour, and of a substance like a flat pearl, especially when first opened; and he was told by an ingenious person on the spot, that he had observed in some shells under the first coat a liquor orient and clear, that would move on the pressure of the finger; but that such a mussel never had a pearl: and Sir Robert judges this liquor to be the true mother-of-pearl. He tells us that the pearl lies in the toe or

lesser end of the shell, at the extremity of the gut, and out of the body of the fish, between the two films that line the shell. He is of opinion, with some naturalists, that the pearl answers to the stone in other animals, and, like that, increaseth by several crusts growing over one another, which appears by pinching the pearl in a vice, when the upper coat will crack and leap away; and that this stone or concretion is cast off by the mussel, and voided as it is able.

"Sir Robert affirms that the shells containing the best pearls are wrinkled, or bunched, and not smooth and equal as those that have none; which the fishers so well know, that though they are carefully watched, yet they will open such shells under the water, and conceal the pearls. That those pearls, if once dark, will never clear upon any alteration in the health or age of the mussel; and that if the first seed be black, all the coats superinduced will be clouded. He adds that a vast number of fair merchantable pearls are offered for sale every summer assize, some gentlemen of the country making good advantage thereof. That he saw one pearl bought for fifty shillings that weighed thirty-six carats, and was valued at £40; and that, had it been as clear as some others produced with it, would have been very valuable. That a miller found a pearl, which he sold for £4, 10s. to a man that sold it for £10, who disposed of it to the Lady Glenawly for £30, with whom he saw it in a necklace, for which she refused £80 from the old Duchess of Ormond."

Pearls are likewise found in several of the continental rivers, as in the Elster in Saxony, from its origin down to the town of Elsterberg, as well as in the rivulets that fall into Elster. Since 1621 a pearl-fishery has been established there, of course for the benefit of the sovereign. Also in the river Watawa in Bohemia, and in the Moldau river from Kramau to Frauenberg, pearls are found sometimes of great beauty, and difficult to be distinguished from the Oriental pearl. The fishery there is the property of the landowner.

AMERICAN FISHERIES.

In almost all countries we thus find that that sea-born gem, the beauteous pearl, was at the earliest periods of their history in high estimation. In the East, and in various parts of Europe, the prices given for them were often enormous; and we have seen that the fisheries were objects of national importance. The western hemisphere presents no exception to this remark; and it appears certain, that long before the discovery of America, pearls were in high esteem by the natives. The Spaniards, upon their first landing in the new world, were surprised to find the savages decked out with pearl necklaces and bracelets; and soon afterwards observed that the comparatively civilised natives of Mexico, were as eager in the search of a pearl of a beautiful form

as were the people of Europe. Hernando de Soto found an immense quantity in Florida, where the tombs of the princes were adorned with them; and amongst the presents made to Cortes by Montezuma before his entry into Mexico, and which were sent to the Emperor Charles V., were necklaces garnished with rubies, emeralds, and pearls. The natives of Peru also attached a great value to this gem; but the laws of Mancocapac forbade the Peruvians the task of diving, as being little useful to the state, and dangerous to those who undertook it.

The fishery of the ancient kings of Mexico seems to have been on the west coast, between Acapulco and the Gulf of Tehuantepec; but the Spaniards sought for them in the Caribbean Sea, near the small islands of Cubagua, Margarita, and Coche. And such was their success, that soon cities rose there into splendour and affluence. The wealth and luxury of their merchants has been handed down to us; but in the sixteenth century the fishing rapidly diminished; by 1683 it had already ceased, the islands had almost become unknown, and now not a vestige of their cities remains, and downs of shifting sands cover the desolate islands. At first the island of Coche alone furnished 1500 marks' worth of pearls, or 3000 dollars a month. The tax or "quint" which the king's officers drew from the produce, was 15,000 ducats. Till 1530 the value of the pearls sent to Europe amounted yearly, on an average, to more than 800,000 piastres. In 1587 there was sent to Seville 697 pounds weight, amongst which a good many of great beauty were reserved for Philip II. This same monarch had a magnificent one sent him from the island of Margarita, which weighed 250 carats, and was valued at 150,000 dollars. These islands, then so productive, became the frequent objects of mercantile speculations. The Emperor Charles V. granted the privilege of proceeding with five vessels for this purpose to the coast of Cumăna, to a person named Lewis Lampagnano, who was a relation of the assassin of the Duke of Milan. The colonists, however, sent him back with this bold answer, "The emperor, too liberal of what was not his own, had not the right to dispose of the oysters which lie at the bottom of the sea." The poor adventurer not being able to pay the merchants of Seville the sums they had advanced for his outfit, remained at the island of Cubagua for five years, and then died insane.

Las Cases, the great apologist of the Indians, describes the great cruelties practised upon the poor divers by the Spaniards at the time of the conquest, "as a tyranny than which there could be nothing more cruel or more detestable." As soon as the diver rose to the surface, he says, a cruel overseer was close at hand; and should the miserable wretch presume to remain a little time to draw his breath, and rest a few minutes from his toil, his tormentor beat him with many blows; and seizing him by the hair of his head, forced him again to descend. The food

allowed them was such as was not sufficient to allay the pangs of hunger, and their bed was the cold ground. Frequently they descended in quest of the shells, but never reappeared, having been devoured by the sharks which prowled around them. If they escaped these cruel monsters of the deep, they soon fell victims to their equally ruthless masters; for they quickly died of profuse spitting of blood, while their hair had already, from a deep glossy black, the natural colour, become of a dull gray, like that of the sea wolf; and so injurious was their dreadful trade, that they had assumed the appearance more of a monster in shape of a man, than a man himself. The avarice of the Spaniards soon destroyed their fisheries: they exhausted the banks by their never-ceasing and indiscriminate destruction of the oysters; and now the pearl-fishery of America is comparatively of no amount.

The only places which now furnish pearls for commerce are the gulfs of Panama and California. The fishery in the latter place had, soon after the commencement of the seventeenth century, began to rival the older established ones; and the pearls found there were often very large, and of a fine water. The Indians and negroes, however, employed in the fisheries, were so ill paid by the Europeans, that the fishing soon became almost abandoned; and the disturbed state of these countries have of late years prevented the governments from making fresh exertions. In our time, various attempts indeed have been made by Englishmen to renew the fishery; but not with much success. Joint-stock companies have been formed, and commissioners sent out to examine the banks; and as good divers were difficult to be had, proposals were made to use diving-bells instead. In 1825, one of these companies, "The General Pearl and Coral-Fishing Association of London," sent out Lieutenant Hardy, R. N., to Mexico, as their commissioner, to examine into the state of the fishing, and their prospect of success. The fishery he found in a very poor state; and further ascertained that the use of diving-bells for the purpose, however desirable they might be, could not be made available. He found that in many places the divers are afraid to go down for fear of the *tentereros* or ground sharks, and the *mantas* or *marrayos*. This latter fish, he was informed, is an immense broad fish, formed like a skate. They hug the divers with two large fins, and carry the poor fellows off. One was struck by a Captain Hall with a harpoon, and when taken, was found to measure twenty feet across the back! Notwithstanding these dangers, and anxious himself to ascertain the state of the oyster banks, Mr Hardy became a diver; and with his graphic account of this perilous trade, as practised by himself, we shall conclude this section of our subject.

"If it be difficult to learn to swim," says Mr Hardy, "it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts, I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise

again to the surface; but by degrees I got down to two or three fathoms, at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great, that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth, was extremely short; but as I had been assured that so soon as the ears should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth; and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to brave the excessive pain, till the bursting should as it were liberate me from a kind of cord, which limited my range downwards, in the same way that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards. Accordingly, taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature—namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards—the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs. But, alas! who can count upon the firmness of his resolution? The change of temperature from hot to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating farther into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and the yawning jaws of sharks and tintereros, or the death-embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain I felt in my eyes and ears: in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hands and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; the delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and in the next instant found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit was rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril! In fact, it was a new sensation, which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it, however, to be of long duration. Once more I essayed, with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonizing sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and after-

wards reached the bottom with a facility which I had thought unattainable. . . . I no sooner found myself at the surface again, than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth: I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tintereros have an astonishing quick scent for blood."

In a short time our adventurous hero became a most expert diver; and after numerous submarine excursions, he ascertained that, on the coast of California, the pearl-oysters are not lying, as he had always previously supposed them to be, in regular beds or heaps, but that they chiefly occurred in sheltered bays, the bottoms of which were covered with large rocks; and that they were most abundant in fissures or clefts of these rocks, adhering firmly by a strong byssus, so strongly indeed that it requires no little force to tear them away. In such a coast as that, therefore, diving-bells, he soon saw, could be of no use; for though they would afford a complete protection to the diver from the voracious monsters of the deep, yet the particular situations in which the oysters occurred most abundantly, would necessarily prevent the people employed in descending in the diving-bells from reaching them.

In diving, Mr Hardy tells us it is usual for the person so employed to carry a short stick about nine inches long, and pointed at both ends. Armed with this, an experienced diver will often fight the shark in its own domain. He grasps the stick in the middle; and when attacked by the shark, he thrusts it into the monster's expanded jaws, in such a position that, in attempting to seize his victim, the jaws close upon the two sharp points. He had no adventure of this sort to boast of himself, during his diving excursions; but a native of the name of Don Pablo Ochon, who was for many years a superintendent of the fishery, and himself a most expert diver, gave him the following account of one of his watery adventures:—

"The Placér de la Piedra Negada, which is near Loréto, was supposed to have quantities of very large pearl-oysters round it—a supposition which was at once confirmed by the great difficulty of finding this sunken rock. Don Pablo, however, succeeded in sounding it; and, in search of specimens of the largest and oldest shells, dived down in eleven fathoms waters. The rock is not above a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference; and our adventurer swam round and examined it in all directions, but without meeting any inducement to prolong his stay. Accordingly, being satisfied that there were no oysters, he thought of ascending to the surface of the water; but first he cast a look upwards, as all divers are obliged to do who hope to avoid the hungry jaws of a monster. If the *coast is clear*, they may rise without apprehension. Don Pablo, however, when he cast a hasty glance upwards, found that a tinterero had taken

a station three or four yards immediately above him, and most probably had been watching during the whole time that he had been down. A double-pointed stick was a useless weapon against such a tinterero, as its mouth was of such enormous dimensions, that both man and stick would be swallowed together. He therefore felt himself *rather nervous,* as his retreat was now completely intercepted. But under water, time is too great an object to be spent in reflection, and therefore he swam round to another part of the rock, hoping by this means to avoid the vigilance of his persecutor. What was his dismay, when he again looked, to find the pertinacious tinterero still hovering over him, as a hawk would follow a bird! He described him as having large, round, and inflamed eyes, apparently just ready to dart from the sockets with eagerness, and a mouth (at the recollection of which he still shuddered) that was continually opening and shutting, as if the monster was already, in imagination, devouring his victim, or at least that the contemplation of his prey imparted a foretaste of the gout! Two alternatives now presented themselves to the mind of Don Pablo—one, to suffer himself to be drowned; the other, to be eaten. He had already been under water so considerable a time, that he found it impossible any longer to retain his breath, and was on the point of giving himself up for lost with as much philosophy as he possessed. But what is dearer than life? The invention of man is seldom at a loss to find expedients for its preservation in cases of great extremity. On a sudden he recollected that on one side of the rock he had observed a sandy spot, and to this he swam with all imaginable speed; his attentive friend still watching his movements, and keeping a measured pace with him. As soon as he reached the spot, he commenced stirring it with his pointed stick, in such a way that the fine particles rose and rendered the water perfectly turbid, so that he could not see the monster, nor the monster him. Availing himself of the *cloud* by which himself and the tinterero were enveloped, he swam very far out in a transvertical direction, and reached the surface in safety, although completely exhausted. Fortunately, he rose close to one of the boats, and those who were within, seeing him in such a state, and knowing that an enemy must have been persecuting him, and that by some artifice he had saved his life, jumped overboard, as is their common practice in such cases, to frighten the creature away by splashing the water; and Don Pablo was taken into the boat more dead than alive."

MOTHER-OF-PEARL.

It has been already stated that mother-of-pearl differs from true pearl only in form, and in being less compact and lustrous. Chemically speaking, it is one and the same substance; and as it constitutes the shell or protection of the animal, must be a natural secretion, and not an accidental concretion, which most of the

real pearls are, whether attached to the inside of the shell, or free and enveloped in the folds of the mantle. Carbonate of lime is the great ingredient of all shells; some being coarse and earthy in aspect, as the common cockle; others porcellanous, as the cowrie; some horny, as the common mussel; and others pearly and nacreous, according to the manner in which the layers of lime and animal albumen are arranged and compacted. We have mentioned that the brilliant hues of mother-of-pearl do not depend upon the nature of the substance, but upon its structure. The microscopic wrinkles or furrows which run across the surface of every slice, act upon the reflected light in such a manner as to produce the chromatic effect; and Sir David Brewster, to whom we are indebted for the discovery, has shown that if we take, with very fine black wax, or with the fusible alloy of D'Arcet, an impression of mother-of-pearl, it will possess the iridescent appearance. According to this discovery, therefore, the lustre and beauty of any plate of mother-of-pearl will be determined by the minuteness and arrangement of these furrows, and not by the mere composition and compactness of the substance.

It is the nacreous class of shells, whether containing pearls or not, which furnish the mother-of-pearl of commerce—the shell, with the exception of the rough outside, being entirely composed of that substance; and it is the large oysters of the Indian seas alone that secrete this coat of sufficient thickness to render it available to the purposes of manufactures. Our chief supply is obtained from the Gulf of Persia, and from the seas, straits, and creeks of the Indian archipelago. When stowed loose as dunnage, the shells are allowed to pass free of freight; and in this way about 950,000 pounds' weight are annually imported into Britain. Of course it is only those of the largest size, of a fine lustre, thick, even, and free from stains, that are chosen; and if the reader will take the trouble to examine some Chinese fancy-box, a parasol handle, a pearl paper-folder, or the like, it will enable him to form some conception of the size, thickness, and beauty of these shells. Mother-of-pearl is somewhat difficult and delicate to work: it is fashioned by saws, files, and drills, with the aid sometimes of a corrosive acid, and finally polished with the colcothar of vitriol. As an ornamental substance, it is extensively used in the arts, particularly in inlaid work, and in the manufacture of handles for knives, folders, buttons, toys, snuff-boxes, and the like. The Chinese have employed the substance from time immemorial, fashioning it into beads, fish, counters, spoons, fancy-boxes, &c.; and giving to it a finish to which European artists, with all their mechanical facilities, have not been able to attain.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

BYRON—THOMSON—GRAY—GOLDSMITH, &c.

LOCH-NA-GARR.

Away ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love.
Yet Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Ah, there my young footsteps in infancy wandered!
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As daily I strode through the pine-covered glade.
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch-na-Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own Highland vale?
Round Loch-na-Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers—
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch-na-Garr.

"Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden?
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:
Still were you happy, in death's earthy slumber
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch-na-Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch-na-Garr, since I left you;
Years must elapse ere I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar;
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch-na-Garr!

—*Hours of Idleness.*

SOLITUDE.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

—*Childe Harold.*

GREECE.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,

Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed, yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And, but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these, and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
The first, last look by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore:
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain cave
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;
And he who in the strife expires,

Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid;
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command—
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

—*The Giaour.*

FIRST LOVE.

——— 'Tis sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come;
'Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

* * *

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,
Is first and passionate love: it stands alone,
Like Adam's recollection of his fall;
The tree of knowledge has been plucked: all's known—

And life yield's nothing further to recall
Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,
No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven
Fire which Prometheus filched for us from heaven.
—*Don Juan.*

SHIPWRECK.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
—*Ibid.*

EVENING.

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah, surely nothing dies but something mourns!
—*Ibid.*

THE EAST.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

—*Bride of Abydos.*

THE TEAR.

When friendship or love our sympathies move,
When truth in a glance should appear,
The lips may beguile with a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection 's a tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear;
Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

Mild charity's glow, to us mortals below,
Shows the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

The man doomed to sail with the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer;
As he bends o'er the wave which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful wreath
In glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe when in battle laid low,
And bathes every wound with a tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimsoned spear,
All his toils are repaid, when, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the tear.

Sweet scene of my youth! seat of friendship and truth!
Where love chased each fast-fleeting year,
Loath to leave thee, I mourned, for a last look I turned,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a tear.

Ye friends of my heart! ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near—
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a tear!

When my soul wings her flight to the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier,
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume,
Oh moisten their dust with a tear!

May no marble bestow the splendour of wo,
Which the children of vanity rear!
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear!

—*Hours of Idleness.*

I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD.

I WOULD I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;
The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride
Accords not with the free-born soul,
Which love's the mountain's craggy side,
And seeks the rocks where billows roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,
Take back this name of splendid sound!
I hate the touch of servile hands,
I hate the slaves that cringe around.
Place me along the rocks I love,
Which sound to ocean's wildest roar;
I ask but this—again to rove
Through scenes my youth hath known before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me:
Ah! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss:
Truth! wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone;
Had friends—my early friends are fled:
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart, the heart is lonely still.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men:
I seek to shun, not hate mankind;
My breast requires the sullen glen,
Whose gloom may suit a darkened mind.
Oh that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest!
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To flee away, and be at rest.

—*Ibid.*

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
  And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
  Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
  Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
  Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
  A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
  Ah no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
  And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
  Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
  And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
  Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
  The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

—*Don Juan.*

INCIDENT IN SHIPWRECK.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view,
But he died early; and when he was gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance at him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;" and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate:
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed;
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half-glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

—*Ibid.*

EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblessed. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;

Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touched with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestowed.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, concealed from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

—YOUNG.

A WINTER SCENE.

THROUGH the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling family askance,

And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

—THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

SHOWERS IN SPRING.

——————THE effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining either, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

—*Ibid.*

SUMMER MORNING.

With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn;
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

—*Ibid.*

SUMMER EVENING.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears. * *
Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamors for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed

Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns the fairest lamp of night.

—*Ibid.*

DEPENDENCE ON PROVIDENCE.

When my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear,
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt His doctrines did impart,
And thus He raised from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;

Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shivering limbs again.
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song:
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing, when spring renews the plain;
To him they cry, in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow.
What regal vestments can with them compare,
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven He feeds;
If o'er the fields such lucid robes He spreads;
Will He not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is He unwise? or are ye less than they?

—*Ibid.*

ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

The maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest;
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as ease and health retire
To breezy lawn or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which love and pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year!

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"Oh! vales, and wild-woods," shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

—COLLINS.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,

And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' wo.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

—GRAY.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride,
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray,
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—*Ibid.*

THE VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm!
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove—
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

—GOLDSMITH.

THE VILLAGE PASTOR.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;

But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

—*Ibid.*

THE VILLAGE TEACHER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

—*Ibid.*

ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream, in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flowered with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale:
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrowned with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

—Smollett.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.

'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain:
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew
When first the horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, "Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence: a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked, "Her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained,
"His sides a load of wool sustained;"
Said, "He was slow"—confessed his fears,
"For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those—how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then: you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see, the hounds are just in view."

—GAY.

THE SHEPHERD AND PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities lived a swain,
Unvexed with all the cares of gain;
His head was silvered o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penned the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country raised his name.
A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explored his reach of thought.
"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
And the vast sense of Plato weighed?
Hath Socrates thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathomed Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed?"
The shepherd modestly replied,
"I ne'er the paths of learning tried;
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practised in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?

The little knowledge I have gained,
Was all from simple nature drained;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I took my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."
"Thy fame is just," the sage replies;
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

—*Ibid.*

CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixed; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—POPE.

VIRTUE.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to know),
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began—
All end in love of God and love of man.

—*Ibid.*

SYSTEM IN CREATION.

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high, progressive life may go!
Around, how wide, how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing. On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed;
From nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—ah, madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head!
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame:
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great Directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

—*Ibid.*

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
  Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
  Or aught thy goodness lent.

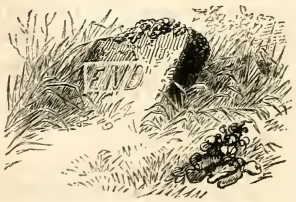
Teach me to feel another's wo,
  To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
  That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
  Since quickened by thy breath;
Oh lead me wheresoe'er I go,
  Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
  All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowst if best bestowed or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
  Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
  All nature's incense rise!

—*Ibid.*



CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.

CHAMBERS'S

MISCELLANY

OF

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING

TRACTS

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

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NEWTON

IN the whole range of human science, no subject is calculated to excite such sublime ideas as astronomy; and to its study, therefore, the greatest minds have been directed both in ancient and modern times. Ancient, however, as are the investigations into the relations of the heavenly bodies, a correct idea of the planetary system was scarcely known before the sixteenth century of the Christian era. The theory generally received on that subject by the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient nations, and which continued predominant till a comparatively recent period, described the earth as the centre of all the bodies occupying space, while the Moon, Venus, Mercury, the Sun, the other planets, and the stars, revolved around it on a succession of

solid spheres, at different distances, and at different rates of speed, so as to produce the appearances which are daily and nightly presented to our eyes in the heavens. Six centuries before the commencement of our era, Anaximander, Pythagoras, and other Grecian philosophers, had conceived some faint notion of a more correct system; but when they ventured to suggest that the sun was a fixed body, and that the earth was only one of a set of planets moving round it, they experienced so much persecution on account of the inconsistency of their doctrines with the religious ideas of the people, that they failed to establish their theory on a permanent basis. When learning and the arts revived in Italy in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, some attention was paid in the universities to astronomy; but the system taught was no better than that which Aristotle, Ptolemy, and other ancient astronomers had sanctioned, and which represented the sun and planets as moving round the earth. The time at length arrived for the revival of the correct notions entertained by Anaximander and Pythagoras.

COPERNICUS.

Nicolas Copernicus, the modern to whom the honour of reviving that doctrine is due, was born, February 19, 1473, at Thorn, on the Vistula—a place now included in the dominions of the king of Prussia. The father of Copernicus was a native of Westphalia, a part of Germany: he had chanced to settle at Thorn, as a surgeon, about ten years before the birth of his son. Young Copernicus was educated for the profession of medicine at the university of Cracow; but his favourite studies were mathematics, perspective, astronomy, and painting. At an early age, inspired by an eager wish to distinguish himself in astronomy, he proceeded to Italy, and studied that science at the university of Bologna. It is supposed that a discovery of his teacher Dominic Maria, respecting the changes of the axis of the earth, was what first awakened his mind to the errors of the planetary system then taught. From Bologna he proceeded to Rome, where for some time he taught mathematics with great success—pursuing all the while, as far as circumstances would permit, his astronomical observations.

When he afterwards returned to his native country, his maternal uncle, the bishop of Ermeland, appointed him a canon in the cathedral of Frauenburg, and at the same time he was nominated by the inhabitants of his native town to be archdeacon in one of their churches. He then resolved to devote his life to three objects—the performance of his clerical duties, gratuitous medical attendance on the poor, and the pursuit of his favourite studies. His residence was established in one of the houses belonging to the canons of Frauenburg, on the brow of a height near the cathedral, where astronomical observations

could be conducted under very favourable circumstances; and in its walls are still to be seen the openings which he made, in order to observe the passage of stars across the meridian. It is supposed to have been about the year 1507 that he first became convinced of the superiority of the planetary theory of Pythagoras. He determined, however, to be very cautious in adopting, and still more cautious in announcing, an opinion so much at variance with the ordinary ideas of mankind. Mathematical instruments were in that age very rude, and the telescope had not been invented. The only implements which Copernicus had for making observations were two, coarsely framed of firwood, with measures marked by lines of ink. Thus provided, he devoted himself for several years to the inquiries necessary for proving his theory; and at length, about the year 1530, he had completed a work, in which the whole system was expounded—namely, the immobility of the sun in the centre of the planetary system; while its apparent motion, and the alternations of day and night, were to be attributed to the annual and diurnal movements of the earth. The real distances of the planets, and the declination of the pole of the earth, were also explained.

The doctrines of Copernicus were already known to a considerable number of learned and comparatively enlightened persons, who received them with due respect; and it is creditable to the Romish church that several of its dignitaries were among the number. But the bulk of mankind, including their religious teachers, were then comparatively ignorant, and accordingly prejudiced; and however firm the conviction of the astronomer as to the truth of his theory, he yet hesitated to make it public, dreading the opposition it would have to encounter—seeing that it opposed the inveterate prejudices of the learned, and the illusory testimony of the senses. In reasoning, they acted under the guidance of rules which made it scarcely possible for them to ascertain truth, or to acknowledge it when it was presented to them in the clearest light. If anything had been said in former times by a person whose memory they respected, they would not willingly listen to anything which contradicted, or seemed to contradict it. They walked, in short, by authority, and not by the dictates of reflection; and the consequence was, that every new truth which experience or the inquiries of the best minds brought forth, had to contend with the less worthy notions which had come down from earlier and darker ages. Amongst the opinions received by them, was that which represented the earth as the immovable centre of the universe. It was sanctioned by the greatest men of ancient times; it had long been taught; it was conformable to the common appearances of things; and various passages in the Scriptures were believed to assert it, though in reality those passages only do not contradict (and this probably for wise purposes) the ordinary ideas of mankind respecting the stability of the earth. Copernicus only

acted, therefore, with necessary caution, when he hesitated to publish the work which had cost him the labour of so many years.

Rheticus, one of the friends to whom he had communicated his theory, at length, in 1540, ventured to give an outline of it to the world in a small pamphlet, which he published without his name. As this excited no disapprobation, the same person reprinted it next year with his name. In both publications the doctrines were ascribed openly to Nicolas Copernicus. About the same time, a learned man, Erasmus Reinhold, in a work which he published, spoke of the new doctrines with the greatest respect, and styled their author a second Ptolemy; for it often happens that the greatest compliment that can be paid to the discoverer of truth, is to mention him in the same breath with some founder of error. Copernicus now allowed himself to be persuaded by his friends to publish his work; and it was accordingly put to press at Nuremberg, under the care of some learned persons of that city. But he was now an old man, and it was not his lot to live to see the book published. As soon as it was printed, a copy of it was sent to him by his friend Rheticus, but it only reached him, May 23, 1543, a few hours before he expired. He appeared to be scarcely conscious of the object to which so many years of his life had been devoted. But his mission was accomplished. Committed to the perpetuating operations of the infant printing-press, all danger was over of losing the germ of those great and fertile truths which in our days render astronomy the most perfect of sciences.

The theory of Copernicus was thus brought before the world; but, whether from the death of the philosopher, or because little disturbance of popular notions was anticipated from so learned a work, or from whatever other circumstances, it was visited with no marks of reprobation from any quarter at the time. In proportion, however, as it became known, so did its opponents increase. Those were the days when the fagot and stake made short work with those who presumed to strike out a course of thinking for themselves; and though the author of the system and its immediate adopters passed unmolested, yet during the century which ensued were its followers and supporters persecuted with all the zeal and cruelty that bigotry and ignorant prejudice could devise. Truth, however, is imperishable; and, though repressed and retarded for a season, is ever sure to take its right place among the established beliefs of mankind. And thus it has been with the Copernican theory, whose importance to the progress of accurate science we cannot in reality overestimate. To form anything like an adequate idea of the value of its author's services to the cause of science, we must place ourselves back in the times and circumstances which saw their birth. Then, it must be remembered, the want of telescopes rendered all appearances in the sky much more difficult of explanation than they would have been a century later. The accu-

mulated errors and superstitions of fourteen centuries were not to be easily shaken and removed; neither were the prejudices and dogmas of the learned to be disturbed with impunity. What might have been astronomical science, was, even in the writings of the fathers, little better than a mass of absurd and subtle disquisitions on the substance of the heavens and the heavenly bodies. All these Copernicus had to surmount; and the elaboration of his theory presents an ever-memorable example of the power of patient and earnest thought in the investigation of a complicated subject, and acuteness of discrimination between the true and the fallacious.

TYCHO BRAHÉ.

Of eminent astronomers, the next in point of time was Tycho Brahé, who, though adopting the Ptolemaic notion of the earth being the fixed and immovable centre of the universe, yet did good service to the progress of the science by his numerous observations and discoveries. Descended of an ancient and noble family, originally of Sweden, but settled in Denmark, Tycho was born December 14, 1546, at Knub Strup, in the bailiwick of Schönen, the jurisdiction of which was then held by his father. When seven years old, he commenced the study of the classics, his education, as well as that of his brothers, being intrusted to private tutors. His father dying, his uncle sent him, in 1559, to study philosophy and rhetoric at Copenhagen, where it was intended to train him for some civil employment. The great eclipse of the sun on the 21st August 1560 happening at the precise time the astronomers foretold, he began to look upon astronomy as something divine; and purchasing the tables of Stadius, gained some notion of the theory of the planets. His thoughts were now wholly engrossed with astronomy; and though sent by his uncle, in 1562, to study jurisprudence at Leipsic, mathematics, and not law, were the subject of his private labours. It is told of him, that, having procured a small celestial globe, he was wont to wait till his tutor had gone to bed, in order to examine the constellations and learn their names; and that, when the sky was clear, he used to spend whole nights in viewing the stars. He abandoned the amusements and pleasures fitting for his age, and devoted his pocket-money to the purchase of mathematical and astronomical books, the perusal of which he persisted in, in spite of the remonstrances and rebukes of his preceptor. About this time he also began to apply himself to chemistry, less perhaps for the cause of the science, than with a view to discover the Philosopher's Stone and the grand Elixir of Life—a digression from his astronomical career, prompted no doubt by the natural superstition and enthusiasm of his constitution.

In 1571 he returned to Denmark; and was favoured by his mother's brother, Steno Belle, a lover of learning, with a convenient place at the castle of Herritzvad, near Knub Strup, for conducting his observations and building a laboratory: but marrying a peasant girl beneath his rank, such a violent quarrel ensued between him and his relations, that Frederick II., king of Denmark, was obliged to interpose to reconcile them. In 1575 he began his travels through Germany, and proceeded as far as Venice, meeting with the kindliest attention from various philosophers and crowned heads. This attention, conjoined with certain offers made him by the Landgrave of Hesse, and the greater facility of procuring better apparatus, induced him to think of removing his family to Basil; but Frederick of Denmark, being informed of his design, and unwilling to lose such an ornament to his country, promised (to enable him to pursue his studies) to bestow upon him for life the island of Hveen in the Sound, to erect an observatory and laboratory there, and to defray all the expenses necessary for carrying on his designs. Tycho Brahé readily embraced this proposal; and, accordingly, the first stone of the observatory was laid in August 1576. The king also bestowed on him a pension of two thousand crowns, a fee in Norway, and a canonry, which brought him one thousand more. In this retreat he was visited by various princes; among others, by James VI. of Scotland, when proceeding to Denmark to marry the princess Anne. This monarch, of literary memory, made the astronomer several presents, and with his own hand wrote some verses in his praise. In Uranienborg, for such he had styled his new erection, he framed that system of the universe which is yet known by his name; namely, that the earth remains fixed and immovable as the grand centre, and that the sun and all the heavenly bodies revolve round it—a doctrine the reverse of that of Copernicus, which all succeeding astronomers have adopted. But though mistaken in this conception, we are indebted to him for a more correct catalogue of the fixed stars; for several important discoveries respecting the motions of the moon and the comets, and the refraction of the rays of light; and for valuable improvements in astronomical instruments. Tycho was likewise a skilful chemist, and found in poetry his recreation from severer studies. His Latin poems are said to exhibit considerable merit; but his chemical manipulations partook too much of the alchemy of his day to be of use to future inquirers.

Happy might our philosopher have been in the castle of Uranienborg, had not his impetuous character, and his fondness for satire, made him many enemies, who prejudiced Christian IV., the successor of Frederick II., against him. On the death of his patron, he was deprived of his pension, fee, and canonry; and finding himself incapable of bearing the expenses of his observatory, he went to Copenhagen, whither he brought some of his instruments, and continued his observations in the city, till Val-

kendorf, chamberlain to Christian, commanded him, by the king's orders, to discontinue them. He then removed his family to Rostock, and afterwards to Holstein, to solicit Henry Ranzon to introduce him to the Emperor Rodolphus, who was a great friend to astronomy and astrology. Succeeding in his wishes, he was received by the emperor with the greatest civility and respect; provided with a magnificent house, till he could procure one more fit for astronomical observations; allotted a pension of three hundred crowns; and promised, upon the first opportunity, a fee for himself and his descendants. Unluckily, he did not long enjoy this happy situation; for, being suddenly taken ill with a fatal disease, he was cut off on the 24th of October 1601, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp and ceremony in the principal church of Prague, where a noble monument was erected to his memory; thus, like many other men of eminence, receiving in a strange land the honours that had been denied him in his own.

Tycho was, notwithstanding his faults and weaknesses, a remarkable man for the age in which he lived; his errors and misjudgments being to a great extent those of his era. His skill in astronomy is universally admitted; and though failing to establish his system over that of Copernicus, yet no one can deny him the merit of advancing by his labours the progress of the science. That he was addicted to astrology, presages, and the occult sciences, is true; but these were features of the age more than of individuals: that he was impetuous, sarcastic, and unamiable, is to be regretted; but it must also be admitted that the grossest injustice was done him and the cause of science by the successor of his patron. Most of his works, which were numerous, and written in Latin, are still extant. The Emperor Rodolphus purchased his expensive astronomical and other instruments; but they were mostly destroyed after the battle of the Weisseberg, near Prague, in 1620. A large sextant alone remains in Prague. The famous brass celestial globe, which was six feet in diameter, and cost about a thousand pounds, returned to Copenhagen after various adventures, but perished in the great fire of 1728. The castle of Uranienborg, where he nightly watched and pondered, has long been in ruins, leaving scarcely a trace of its structure and character. All, however, has not perished, nor been fruitless. "It was the friendship of Tycho," says an eminent authority, "which formed Kepler, and directed him in the career of astronomy. Without this friendship, and without the numerous observations of Tycho, of which Kepler found himself the depositary after the death of his master, he would never have been able to discover those great laws of the system of the world which have been called 'Kepler's Laws,' and which, combined with the theory of central forces, discovered by Hüygens, conducted Newton to the grandest discovery which has ever been made in the sciences—that of universal gravitation."

GALILEO.

The Copernican theory, which Tycho had laboured in vain to supersede, was next received and supported by an Italian philosopher, whose name and history are inseparably interwoven with the progress of astronomy. That illustrious individual, Galileo Galilei, usually known by his Christian name, was born at Pisa in 1564. His father, a Tuscan nobleman of small fortune, caused him to be educated for the profession of medicine at the university of his native city. While studying there, he became deeply sensible of the absurdities of the philosophy of Aristotle, as it had then come to be taught, and he became its declared enemy. That spirit of observation for which he was so distinguished was early developed. When only nineteen years old, the swinging of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral in Pisa, led him to investigate the laws of the oscillation of the pendulum, which he was the first to employ as a measurer of time. He left it incomplete, however, and it was brought to perfection by his son, Vincenzo, and particularly by Hüygens, the latter of whom must be regarded as the true inventor of the pendulum. About this period Galileo devoted himself exclusively to mathematics and natural science, and in 1586 was led to the invention of the hydrostatic balance. In 1589, his distinction in the exact sciences gained for him the chair of mathematics in his native university, where, immediately on his installation, he began to assert the laws of nature against a perverted philosophy. In the presence of numerous spectators, he performed a series of experiments in the tower of the cathedral, to show that weight has no influence on the velocity of falling bodies. By this means he excited the opposition of the adherents of Aristotle to such a degree, that, after two years, he was forced to resign his professorship. Driven from Pisa, he retired into private life; but his genius being appreciated in another part of Italy, he was, in 1592, appointed professor of mathematics at Padua. He lectured here with unparalleled success. Scholars from the most distant regions of Europe crowded round him. He delivered his lectures in the Italian language instead of Latin, which was considered a daring innovation.

During eighteen years which he spent at Padua, he made many discoveries in natural philosophy, which he introduced into his lectures, without regard to their inconsistency with the doctrines previously taught. Among these may be mentioned his discovery of the rate of descent in falling bodies; certain improvements on the thermometer; some interesting observations on the magnet; and a number of experiments relative to the floating and sinking of solid bodies in water. In 1609, hearing that one Jansen, a Dutchman, had made an instrument by which distant objects were made to appear near, Galileo,

whose mind was prepared for the discovery, instantly conceived on what principle it was constructed, and, without losing a day, he fashioned a similar instrument with many improvements: such was the origin of the telescope, the most interesting of all instruments connected with science.

Turning his optical tube towards the heavens, Galileo perceived the moon to be a body of uneven surface, the elevations of which he computed by their shadows; and the sun to be occasionally spotted; and from the regular advance from east to west of these spots, he inferred the rotation of the sun, and the inclination of its axis to the plane of the ecliptic. From a particular nebula, which his rude instrument enabled him to resolve into individual stars, he even conjectured, what Lord Rosse has but recently proved, that the whole Milky Way was but a vast assemblage of stars and systems. He discovered that the planet Venus waxed and waned like the moon, that Saturn had something like wings by its sides (afterwards found to be a ring), and that Jupiter was surrounded by four satellites. It is now altogether impossible to imagine the wonder and delight with which these discoveries must have filled the mind of a philosopher like Galileo, who had perhaps long surmised that all was not as it seemed in the heavens, but despaired of ever being able to penetrate the mystery. In the year 1611, while entering upon his investigations, he was induced, by the invitation of his prince, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to Pisa, and resume the chair of mathematics there, with a large salary. It was consequently at that city that he first gave his discoveries to the world. That persecution which had only been suspended by accident in the case of Copernicus, now fell with full weight on the head of the Italian philosopher. Having openly declared, in a work which he published, that his discoveries proved the truth of the Copernican theory, he was denounced by the clergy as an heretic, and obliged, in 1615, to proceed to Rome, and appear before the court of Inquisition, who obliged him to promise that he would never more broach such dangerous doctrines. It has been stated, but is not quite certain, that he was on this occasion imprisoned by the Inquisition for five months, and that he would have suffered still more severely if the Grand Duke had not interceded for him.

For several years he observed the silence enjoined upon him, but continued to pursue the study of the true theory of the heavens. Panting to make known to the world a complete account of the system of Copernicus, yet dreading the prejudices of his enemies, he fell upon the expedient of writing a work, in which, without giving his own opinion, he introduces three persons in a dialogue, of whom the first defends the Copernican system, the second the Ptolemæan (or that of Aristotle), and the third weighs the reasons of both in such a way, that the subject seems problematical, though it is impossible to mistake

the preponderance of arguments in favour of Copernicus. With this great work, which is still held in reverence, Galileo went to Rome in 1630, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and, by an extraordinary stretch of favour, received permission to print it. Scarcely had it appeared at Rome and Florence, when it was attacked by the disciples of Aristotle, and most violently of all by the teacher of philosophy at Pisa. A congregation of cardinals, monks, and mathematicians, was appointed to examine his work, which they unhesitatingly condemned as highly dangerous, and summoned him before the tribunal of the Inquisition. This blow fell heavily on the head of Galileo, now an old man, and left defenceless by the death of his friend and patron, Cosmo II. He was compelled to go to Rome in the winter of 1633, and was immediately immured in a cell in one of the prisons of the Inquisition. There he remained for several months, when, being brought before an assembly of his judges, he was condemned to renounce, kneeling before them, with his hand upon the gospels, what were called the "sinful and detestable errors and heresies" which he had maintained. The firmness of Galileo gave way at this critical moment of his life: he pronounced the recantation. But at the moment he rose, indignant at having sworn in violation of his conviction, he exclaimed, stamping his foot, "*E pur si muove!*"—("It still moves!") Upon this dreadful relapse into heresy, he was sentenced to imprisonment in the Inquisition for life, and every week for three years was to repeat the seven penitential psalms; his "Dialogues" were also prohibited, and his system utterly condemned. Although Galileo was in this manner sentenced to confinement, it appeared to those who judged him that he would not be able, from his age, to endure such a severe punishment, and they mercifully banished him to a particular spot near Florence.

Here Galileo lived for several years, employing his time in the study of mechanics and other branches of natural philosophy. The results are found in two important works on the laws of motion, the foundation of the present system of physics and astronomy. At the same time he tried to make use of Jupiter's satellites for the calculation of longitudes; and though he brought nothing to perfection in this branch, he was the first who reflected systematically on such a method of fixing geographical longitudes. He was at this time afflicted with a disease in his eyes, one of which was wholly blind, and the other almost useless, when, in 1637, he discovered the libration of the moon. Blindness, deafness, want of sleep, and pain in his limbs, united to imbitter his declining years; still his mind was active. "In my darkness," he writes in the year 1638, "I muse now upon this object of nature, and now upon that, and find it impossible to soothe my restless head, however much I wish it. This perpetual action of mind deprives me almost wholly of sleep." In this condition, and affected by a slowly-consuming fever, he

expired in January 1642, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His relics were deposited in the church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where posterity did justice to his memory by erecting a splendid monument in 1737.

Galileo is represented by his biographers as of diminutive stature, but strong and healthy, of agreeable countenance, and lively conversation and manner. He preferred living in the country, where his relaxations consisted in the cultivation of his garden, and in the company and conversation of his friends. He loved music, drawing, and poetry; and is said to have been so fond of Ariosto, that he knew the whole of the "Orlando" by heart. He had few books: "The best book," he said, "is nature." A complete edition of his works, in thirteen volumes, appeared at Milan in 1803, the style of which is natural and fluent, so elegant and pure, that it has been held up by competent judges as a model of classical Italian. "Altogether," says Professor Playfair, "Galileo is one of those to whom human knowledge is under the greatest obligation. His discoveries in the theory of motion, in the laws of the descent of heavy bodies, and in the motion of projectiles, laid the foundation of all the great improvements which have since been made by the application of mathematics to natural philosophy. If to these we add the invention of the telescope, the discoveries made by that instrument, the confirmation of the Copernican system which these discoveries afforded, and lastly, the wit and argument with which he combated and exposed the prejudice and presumption of the schools, we must admit that the history of human knowledge contains few greater names than that of Galileo."

KEPLER.

Cotemporary with Tycho Brahé and Galileo, and to some extent the associate and successor of the former, was John Kepler, one of the most eminent astronomers who have appeared in any age, and to whom the science is indebted for much of its present perfection. He was born on the 27th December 1571, at Wiel in Wurtemberg, and was descended of a noble but reduced family. His father, originally an officer of distinction in the army of Wurtemberg, was, at the time of young Kepler's birth, in the humble capacity of a small innkeeper; and thus, as is too often the case with genius, our philosopher had to struggle into fame through poverty and the vicissitudes of his father's fortune. Poor, unbefriended, of a weakly constitution, and one of the most diminutive of children, Kepler received the rudiments of knowledge at the monastic school of Maulbrunn, where he gave early indications of talent, and of that irrepressible spirit which, amid the severest obstructions, was never diverted from the main object of its pur-

suit. After his father's death, which took place in his eighteenth year, he left Maulbrunn, and succeeded in entering the college of Tubingen. Here he completed the course of study then prescribed —first philosophy and mathematics, and then theology; taking the degree of Bachelor in the year 1588, and that of Master of Philosophy in 1591. Of apt inquiring powers as a divine, and of more than average eloquence as a preacher, Kepler could now have readily succeeded in the church; but mathematics and the exact sciences were his favourite themes; and it may be fairly questioned if ever he turned a single thought to the clerical profession, beyond what the curriculum of the university compelled. In 1593–4, his reputation as a geometrician had so increased, that he was invited to fill the mathematical chair in the university of Gratz, in Styria. Here he pursued his astronomical studies with the most commendable zeal, devoting himself especially to the investigation of the physical causes of the motion of the celestial bodies.

Shortly after his instalment, he married a lady descended from a noble family, and was beginning to enjoy that domestic happiness and studious quiet so congenial to his wishes, when persecution on account of his religion compelled him to leave Gratz, to which, however, he was afterwards recalled by the states of Styria. Meanwhile Tycho Brahé, who had come to Germany, and was comfortably settled under the munificent patronage of Rodolphus, fixed upon Kepler as a fitting assistant, and soon induced him, by urgent letters and flattering promises, to accept of the situation. Compelled in a great measure by the unsettled state of affairs in Austria, Kepler speedily repaired to Prague, and applied himself, in conjunction with Tycho, to the completion of the Rodolphine Tables, which were first published at Ulm in 1626. At Tycho's recommendation, he was established at that place; but as his office and science did not afford him a subsistence, he studied medicine, in order to gain a livelihood by its practice. The emperor had assigned him a salary, but in the period of trouble which preceded the Thirty Years' War, it was not paid. Even when he was appointed imperial mathematician by Matthias, Rodolphus's successor, his hopes of recovering his arrears were disappointed. Fresh controversies with the clergy, and the disturbed state of the country, made his situation very uncomfortable: he therefore left Lintz, repaired to Ratisbon, declined an invitation to England, was confirmed by the succeeding emperor, Ferdinand, in the office of imperial mathematician, and afterwards went to Ulm to superintend the printing of the Rodolphine Tables. In 1627 he returned to Prague, and received from the emperor six thousand guilders. He finally became a professor at Rostock, on the recommendation of Albert, Duke of Wallenstein, but did not receive the promised compensation. In 1630 he went, by permission of the emperor, to Ratisbon, to claim payment of the arrears of his pension; but he was there

seized with a violent fever, supposed to have been brought upon him by too hard riding; and to this he fell a victim in the month of November, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In 1808, a monument, consisting of a Doric temple enshrining his bust, was erected to his memory in Ratisbon by Charles Theodore Von Dalberg.

Kepler is represented by his biographers as a man of small stature, thin, of a weak constitution, and defective sight; but of somewhat gay and sportive manners. He was attached to his science with the most fervent enthusiasm: he sought after truth with eagerness, but forgot, in the search, the maxims of worldly prudence. To him were allotted but a scanty share of what are commonly esteemed the pleasures of life; but he endured all calamities with firmness, being consoled by the higher enjoyments which science never fails to impart to her true and cordial votaries. "As an astronomer," says Lalande, "he is as famous in astronomy for the sagacious application which he made of Tycho's numerous observations (for he was not himself an observer), as the Danish philosopher for the collection of such vast materials." To him, says another authority, the world is indebted for the discovery of the true figure of the planetary orbits, and the proportions of the motions of the solar system. Like the disciples of Pythagoras and Plato, Kepler was seized with a peculiar passion for finding analogies and harmonies in nature; and though this led him to the adoption of strange and ridiculous conceits, we shall readily be disposed to overlook these, when we reflect they were the means of leading him to the most important discoveries. He was the first who discovered that astronomers had been mistaken in ascribing circular orbits and uniform motions to the planets, since each of them moves in an ellipse, having one of its foci in the sun; and after a variety of fruitless efforts, he, on the 15th of May 1618, made his splendid discovery, that the squares of the periodic times of the planets are always in the same proportion as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. The sagacity of this wonderful man, and his incessant application to the study of the planetary motions, pointed out to him some of the genuine principles from which these motions originate. He considered gravity as a power that is mutual between bodies; that the earth and moon tend toward each other, and would meet in a point so many times nearer to the earth than to the moon as the earth is greater than the moon, if their motions did not prevent it. His opinion of the tides was, that they arise from the gravitation of the waters towards the moon; but his notions of the laws of motion not being accurate, he could not turn his conceptions to the best advantage. The prediction he uttered at the end of his epitome of astronomy, has been long since verified by the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton; namely, that the determination of the true laws of gravity was reserved for the succeeding age, when the Author of Nature would be pleased to reveal these mysteries.

NEWTON.

The year in which Galileo died, was that in which Isaac Newton was born. This eminent individual, who was destined to establish the truth of the discoveries of his illustrious predecessors, Copernicus and Galileo, was born on the 25th of December 1642, at Coltersworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated his own moderate paternal property. After receiving the rudiments of education, under the superintendence of his mother, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to the grammar school at Grantham, where the bias of his early genius was shown by a skill in mechanical contrivances, which excited no small admiration. Whilst other boys were at play, his leisure hours were employed in forming working models of mills and machinery; he constructed a water clock from an old box, which had an index moved by a piece of wood sinking as the drops fell from the bottom, and a regular dial-plate to indicate the hours.

On his removal from school, it was intended that he should follow the profession of a farmer, but his utter unfitness for the laborious toils of such a life was soon manifested. He was frequently found reading under a tree when he should have been inspecting cattle, or superintending labourers; and when he was sent to dispose of farming produce at Grantham market, he was occupied in solving mathematical problems in a garret or hay-loft, whilst the business was transacted by an old servant who had accompanied him to town. These strong indications of the bias of his disposition were not neglected by his anxious mother; she sent him again for a few months to school, and on the 5th of June 1660 he was admitted a student of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The combination of industry and talents, with an amiable disposition and unassuming manners, naturally attracted the notice of his tutors, and the friendship of his admiring companions; amongst these was Isaac Barrow, afterwards justly celebrated as a preacher and a mathematician. Saunderson's Logic, Kepler's Optics, and the Arithmetic of Infinites by Wallis, were the books first studied by Newton at Cambridge. He read the Geometry of Descartes diligently, and looked into the subject of judicial astrology, which then engaged some attention. He read little of Euclid, and is said to have regretted, in a subsequent part of his life, that he had not studied the old mathematicians more deeply.

The attention of Newton, while he was pursuing his studies at Cambridge, was attracted to a branch of natural philosophy hitherto little understood—namely, light. It was the opinion of the celebrated philosopher Descartes that light is caused by a certain motion or undulation of a very thin elastic medium,

which he supposed pervaded space. Newton overturned this theory. Taking a piece of glass with angular sides, called a prism, he caused the sun to shine upon it through a small hole in the shutter of a darkened apartment. By this experiment he found that the light, in passing through the glass, was so refracted or broken, as to exhibit on the wall an image of seven different tints or colours; and after varying his experiments in a most ingenious way, he established the very interesting facts, that light is composed of rays resoluble into particles, that every ray of white light consists of three primary and differently-coloured rays (red, yellow, and blue), each of which three is more or less refrangible than the other. This remarkable discovery laid the foundation of the science of optics.

In 1665, the students of the university of Cambridge were suddenly dispersed by the breaking out of a pestilential disorder in the place. Newton retired for safety to his paternal estate; and though he lost for a time the advantages of public libraries and literary conversation, he rendered the years of his retreat a memorable era in his own existence, and in the history of science, by another of his great discoveries—that of the theory of gravitation, or the tendency of bodies towards the centre of our globe. One day, while sitting in his garden, he happened to see an apple fall from a tree, and immediately began to consider the general laws which must regulate all falling bodies. Resuming the subject afterwards, he found that the same cause which made the apple fall to the ground, retained the moon and planets in their orbits, and regulated, with a simplicity and power truly wonderful, the motions of all the heavenly bodies. In this manner was discovered the principle of gravitation, by a knowledge of which the science of astronomy is rendered comparatively perfect.

On his return to Cambridge in 1667, he was elected Fellow of Trinity College; and two years afterwards, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the place of his friend Dr Barrow, who resigned. His great discoveries in the science of optics formed for some time the principal subject of his lectures, and his new theory of light and colours was explained, with a clearness arising from perfect knowledge, to the satisfaction of a crowded and admiring audience. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1671, and is reputed to have been compelled to apply for a dispensation from the usual payment of one shilling weekly, which is contributed by each member towards the expenses. He had at this period of his life no income except what he derived from his college and his professorship, the produce of his estate being absorbed in supporting his mother and her family. His personal wishes were so moderate, that he never could regret the want of money, except in as much as it limited his purchases of books and scientific instruments, and restricted his power of relieving the distresses of others. About the year

1683, he composed his great work, *The Principia*, or *Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy*. In 1688, the memorable year of the Revolution, he was chosen to represent the university in parliament, and the honour thus conferred on him was repeated in 1701. His great merit at last attracted the notice of those who had it in their power to bestow substantial rewards, and he was appointed warden of the Mint, an office for which his patient and accurate investigations singularly fitted him, and which he held with general approbation till his death. Honours and emoluments at last flowed upon him. Leibnitz, having felt envious of the discoveries of Newton, tried to revenge himself by transmitting a problem, which he thought would show his superiority, by baffling the skill of the English mathematician. It was received by Newton in the evening, after his usual day's labour at the Mint, and he solved it before he retired to rest. After this there was no further attempt made to traduce his fame. In 1705 he received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne.

Newton's benevolence of disposition led him to perform all the minor duties of social life with great exactness; he paid and received frequent visits; he assumed no superiority in his conversation; he was candid, cheerful, and affable; his society was therefore much sought, and he submitted to intrusions on his valuable time without a murmur; but by early rising, and by a methodical distribution of his hours, he found leisure to study and compose, and every moment which he could command, he passed with a pen in his hand and a book before him. He was generous and charitable—one of his maxims being, *that those who gave nothing before death, never, in fact, gave at all.* His wonderful faculties were very little impaired, even in extreme old age; and his cheerful disposition, combined with temperance and a constitution naturally sound, preserved him from the usual infirmities of life. He was of middle size, with a figure inclining to plumpness; his eyes were animated, piercing, and intelligent; the general expression of his countenance was full of life and kindness; his sight was preserved to the last; and his hair in the decline of his days was white as snow. The severe trial of bodily suffering was reserved for the last stage of his existence, and he supported it with characteristic resignation. On the 20th of March 1727 he expired at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

The character of Newton cannot be delineated and discussed like that of ordinary men; it is so beautiful, that the biographer dwells upon it with delight, and the inquiry, by what means he attained an undisputed superiority over his fellow-creatures, must be both interesting and useful. Newton was endowed with talents of the highest order; but those who are less eminently gifted, may study his life with advantage, and derive instruction from every part of his career. With a power of intellect almost

divine, he demonstrated the motions of the planets, the orbits of the comets, and the cause of the tides of the ocean; he investigated, with complete success, the properties of light and colours, which no man before had even suspected; he was the diligent, sagacious, faithful interpreter of nature, while his researches all tended to illustrate the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. Notwithstanding, also, his reach of understanding and knowledge, his modesty was such, that he thought nothing of his own acquirements; and he left behind him the celebrated saying, "that he appeared to himself as only a child picking up pebbles from the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before him."

HÜYGENS.

While Newton, in England, was thus enlarging the boundaries of astronomy, and conferring upon it a degree of accuracy and system hitherto unknown, a number of continental philosophers were contributing materials, which, though of a humble character, was not the less necessary to the future progress of the science. First among these was Christian Hüygens, Lord of Zeelhem, born at the Hague on the 14th of April 1629, and descended of a rich and respected family. His father, secretary and counsellor to the Princes of Orange, and distinguished as a scholar and poet, was not slow in observing the genius of his son, and, full of paternal solicitude for his improvement, became his first instructor. He early taught him music, arithmetic, and geography—says a writer in the Encyclopædia, from which we select the materials of this notice—and initiated him, when about thirteen, in the knowledge of mechanics, for which the boy had evinced a surprising aptitude. At fifteen, he received the assistance of a master in mathematics, under whose tuition he made great progress; and at sixteen, was sent to Leyden, to study law under the eminent jurisconsult Vinnius. He did not, however, permit jurisprudence to divert him from his mathematical studies, which he now prosecuted with success, as well as afterwards at Breda, at the university of which he resided from 1646 to 1648. In these two cities he had respectively as masters two very able geometers, Francis Schooten and John Pell; and his first essays were so successful, that they attracted the notice of Descartes, to whom the author, in his admiration of that great philosopher, had communicated them. Descartes predicted his future greatness, but did not live to appreciate his discoveries.

On quitting the university, Hüygens, as was then the custom, made the tour of Europe; and after his travels, settled in his native country, where he commenced that series of inventions which have rendered his name so justly celebrated. Between

the years 1650-60, his pursuits were chiefly mathematical, resulting in several publications of acknowledged merit. In 1655 he travelled into France, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Angers; and in 1658 made known his invention of the pendulum clock. In the following year he published his discoveries relative to the planet Saturn; discoveries which inseparably associate his name with the science of astronomy. Galileo had endeavoured to explain some of the appearances exhibited by that planet. He had at first observed two attendant stars, but some time afterwards was surprised to find that they had disappeared. Hüygens, desirous to account for these changes, laboured with his brother Constantine to improve the construction of telescopes; and having at length made an instrument of this kind, possessing greater power than any which had yet been contrived, he proceeded to observe the phases of Saturn, and to record all the different aspects of that planet. The results were of equal interest and importance to the science of astronomy. He discovered a satellite of that planet which had hitherto escaped the notice of astronomers; and after a long course of observation, he showed that the planet is surrounded by a solid and permanent ring, which never changes its situation. In 1660 he took a second journey into France; and the year following he visited England, where he communicated the art of polishing glasses for telescopes, and was admitted a member of the Royal Society. The air-pump, then recently invented, he materially improved; and about the same time he also discovered the laws of the collision of elastic bodies, as did afterwards our own countrymen Wallis and Wren, who disputed with him the honour of the discovery. After a stay of some months in England, Hüygens returned to France, where, in 1633, his merit became so conspicuous, that Colbert resolved to bestow on him such a pension as might induce him to establish himself at Paris. This resolution was not carried into effect until 1665, when letters in the king's name were written to the Hague, where the philosopher then resided, inviting him to repair to Paris, and offering him a considerable pension, with other advantages. Hüygens accepted the proposal; and from 1666 to 1681, settled at Paris, where he was admitted a member of the Royal Academy.

During this period he was chiefly engaged in mathematical pursuits: he wrote and published several works, which were favourably received; and he invented and improved some useful instruments and machines. By continued application, his health began to be impaired, and he at length found it necessary to return to his native country—a step somewhat accelerated by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which rendered him liable to molestations, although assured of the fullest privilege to follow his own religious opinions. He accordingly left the French metropolis in 1681; passed the remainder of his days in his own

country, and in the pursuit of his favourite subjects; and died at the Hague on the 8th of June 1683, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. "This illustrious man," continues our authority, "gave his whole time to science; he loved a quiet studious life, and found sufficient enjoyment in pursuing curious and useful researches. He was modest, amiable, cheerful, and in all respects as estimable in private life as he was eminent in science. It is not a little singular that the discovery of the real nature, or at least of the true figure, of the luminous ring which encompasses the planet Saturn, should have been made by the same individual who invented the pendulum clock and the micrometer." His inventions, however, were more of a mathematical and mechanical than of an astronomical character; and we safely predict, that had Hüygens lived in the present day, he would have risen to superlative fame as a mechanician and engineer.

HALLEY.

Dr Edmund Halley, a name well known in the annals of astronomy, was the only son of a soap-boiler in London, and was born in 1656. He received the rudiments of his education at St Paul's School in his native city; and in his seventeenth year, became a commoner in Queen's College, Oxford. At first he applied himself to the study of the languages and sciences, but at length gave himself wholly up to that of astronomy; and before he had attained his nineteenth year, published a method of finding the aphelia and eccentricity of planets, which supplied a defect in the Keplerian theory of planetary motions. By some observations on a spot on the sun's disk in the summer of 1676, he established the certainty of the motion of that body round its own axis; and in the same year fixed the longitude of the Cape of Good Hope, by his observation of the occultation of Mars by the moon. Immediately after, he went to St Helena, where he stayed till 1678, completing a catalogue of the fixed stars of the southern hemisphere, which was published in the following year, and gained for its author the appellation of the "Southern Tycho." In 1679 he was called upon to settle a dispute between the English philosopher Hooke and the celebrated Hevelius, respecting the use of optical instruments in astronomy, and for this purpose went to Dantzic, where, with honourable impartiality, he decided against his own countryman. In 1680 he made the tour of Europe, making the acquaintance of Cassini at Paris, and completing his observations from the Royal Observatory of France on the comet which now bears his name. After spending the greater part of 1681 in Italy, he returned to England, and settled at Islington, where he fitted up an observatory for his astronomical researches.

In 1683 he published his Theory of the Variation of the Mag-

netical Compass, in which he endeavoured to account for the phenomenon, by the supposition of the whole globe being one great magnet, having four circulating magnetical poles or points of attraction. His theory, though unsatisfactory, is ingenious. The doctrines of Kepler relative to the motions of the planets next engaged his attention; and finding himself disappointed in his endeavours to obtain information on the subject from Hooke and Sir Christopher Wren, he went to Cambridge, where Newton, then mathematical professor, satisfied all his inquiries. In 1691 he was candidate for the Savilian professorship of astronomy at Oxford—a chair which he would have obtained, had he not refused to profess his thorough belief in all the doctrines of the Christian religion, as taught by the church of England. For the purpose of making further observations relative to the variation of the compass, he set sail on a voyage in 1699 (having obtained the command of a vessel from King William, who was anxious to promote the cause of geographical and astronomical science); and after traversing both hemispheres, and making important observations at numerous stations, he returned to England in September 1700. As the result of his researches, he published a general chart, showing at one view the variation of the compass in all those seas where the English navigators were acquainted; and thus laid the foundation of that department of science which has since received the attention of the greatest philosophers. His next employment, under the patronage of the king, was to observe the tides in the English Channel, with the latitudes and longitudes of the principal headlands; observations which were shortly after published in a large map of the Channel. In 1703, he was engaged by the emperor of Germany to survey the coast of Dalmatia; and returning in November of that year to England, he was elected Savilian professor of geometry on the death of Dr Wallis, and was also honoured with the diploma of LL.D.; a title somewhat more in consonance with his pursuits than that of "Captain," by which he had been styled from the time of his appointment to the command of the surveying vessel furnished him by King William. Dr Halley now gave his mind more entirely to mathematics, translating into Latin from the Arabic and Greek several treatises, which he afterwards published with supplementary matter, such as those of Appolonius and Serenus.

In 1719 he received the appointment of astronomer-royal at Greenwich, where he afterwards chiefly resided, devoting his time to completing the theory of the motion of the moon, which, notwithstanding his age, he pursued with enthusiastic ardour. In 1721 he began his observations, and for the space of eighteen years, scarcely ever missed taking a meridian view of the moon when the weather was favourable. He died at Greenwich in 1742, at the advanced age of eighty-six, having spent one of the most active and useful lives on record. His honours and titles

were numerous, but not more than his multifarious occupations and achievements entitled him to. In all, he exhibited the same promptness of resolve and incessant assiduity, willing to assist or be assisted; and never deigning it beneath him to confess when ignorant, nor to receive information from any quarter, however humble. Whether as Captain Halley, as secretary to the Royal Society, consulting engineer to the emperor of Germany, or astronomer-royal, he was the same ardent, prompt, and indefatigable labourer. His publications and papers were numerous; he gave important assistance to Dr D. Gregory in the preparation of the conic sections of Appolonius; and to Halley are we also indebted for the publication of several of the works of Sir Isaac Newton, who had a particular friendship for him, and to whom he frequently communicated his discoveries.

FERGUSON.

We pass by several authors and observers who contributed, during the time of Hüygens and Halley, to the advancement of astronomy, to notice the life of an individual whose career, while beneficial to the science under review, furnishes an ever-memorable instance of the acquirement of knowledge under the most pressing difficulties and obstructions. The most of those to whom we have adverted were men in independent circumstances, or at least so situated as to obtain at once a liberal education and the patronage and support of the great and wealthy. James Ferguson, the ingenious experimental philosopher, mechanist, and astronomer, to whom we allude, had no such advantages. He was born in 1710, a few miles from Keith, a village in Banffshire, in the north of Scotland. His parents were of the poorest order, but honest and religious, and, by toilsome labour in the cultivation of a few rented acres, contrived to rear to manhood a large family of children. Of the manner in which James acquired the rudiments of education, and how he struggled to rise from obscurity to distinction, we have a most interesting account in a memoir by himself, which we cannot do better than quote in an abridged form.

After mentioning how he learned to read with a very scanty aid from an old woman and his father, and that little more than three months' tuition at the grammar school of Keith was all the education he ever received, he thus proceeds:—"My taste for mechanics was soon developed; but as my father could not afford to maintain me while I was in pursuit only of these matters, and as I was rather too young and weak for hard labour, he put me out to a neighbour to keep sheep, which I continued to do for some years; and in that time I began to study the stars in the night. In the daytime I amused myself by making models of mills, spinning-wheels, and such other things as I happened to

see. I then went to serve a considerable farmer in the neighbourhood, whose name was James Glashan. I found him very kind and indulgent; but he soon observed, that in the evenings, when my work was over, I went into a field with a blanket about me, lay down on my back, and stretched a thread with small beads upon it, at arm's-length, between my eye and the stars, sliding the beads upon it till they hid such and such stars from my eye, in order to take their apparent distances from one another; and then, laying the thread down on a paper, I marked the stars thereon by the beads, according to their respective positions, having a candle by me. My master at first laughed at me; but when I explained my meaning to him, he encouraged me to go on; and, that I might make fair copies in the daytime of what I had done in the night, he often worked for me himself. I shall always have a respect for the memory of that man.

"I soon after was introduced by a schoolmaster whom I knew to a Mr Cantley, an ingenious man, who acted as butler to Thomas Grant, Esq. of Achoynaney, and from whom I received some instruction, particularly in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the first elements of geometry. He also made me a present of 'Gordon's Geographical Grammar,' which at that time was to me a great treasure. There is no figure of a globe in it, although it contains a tolerable description of the globes, and their use. From this description I made a globe in three weeks at my father's, having turned the ball thereof out of a piece of wood, which ball I covered with paper, and delineated a map of the world upon it, made the meridian ring and horizon of wood, covered them with paper, and graduated them; and I was happy to find that by my globe, which was the first I ever saw, I could solve the problems. But this was not likely to afford me bread; and I could not think of staying with my father, who, I knew full well, could not maintain me in that way, as it could be of no service to him; and he had, without my assistance, hands sufficient for all his work."

Thinking it would be a very easy matter to attend a mill, and that he would have plenty of leisure for study, poor Ferguson next engaged himself to a miller; but the fellow turned out to be a harsh, ignorant drunkard, who required every moment of the boy's time, starving and ill-using him besides, so that at the end of a year he had to betake himself to the roof of his father. He next hired himself to a farmer; but here, again, he was worked beyond the strength of his naturally delicate constitution: illness ensued, and he had again to seek the paternal refuge. "In order to amuse myself in this low state, I made a wooden clock, the frame of which was also of wood; and it kept time pretty well. The bell on which the hammer struck the hours was the neck of a broken bottle. Having then no idea how any timekeeper could go but by a weight and a line, I wondered how a watch could go in all positions, and was sorry that

I had never thought of asking Mr Cantley, who could very easily have informed me. But happening one day to see a gentleman ride by my father's house, which was close by a public road, I asked him what o'clock it then was; he looked at his watch, and told me. As he did that with so much good-nature, I begged of him to show me the inside of his watch; and though he was an entire stranger, he immediately opened the watch, and put it into my hands. I saw the spring-box with part of the chain round it, and asked him what it was that made the box turn round; he told me that it was turned round by a steel spring within it. Having then never seen any other spring than that of my father's gun-lock, I asked how a spring within a box could turn the box so often round as to wind all the chain upon it. He answered that the spring was long and thin, that one end of it was fastened to the axis of the box, and the other end to the inside of the box; that the axis was fixed, and the box was loose upon it. I told him I did not yet thoroughly understand the matter. 'Well, my lad,' says he, 'take a long thin piece of whalebone, hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it round your finger, it will then endeavour to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside of the hoop.' I thanked the gentleman, and told him I understood the thing very well. I then tried to make a watch with wooden wheels, and made the spring of whalebone; but found that I could not make the watch go when the balance was put on, because the teeth of the wheels were rather too weak to bear the force of a spring sufficient to move the balance, although the wheels would run fast enough when the balance was taken off. I enclosed the whole in a wooden case very little bigger than a breakfast teacup; but a clumsy neighbour one day looking at my watch, happened to let it fall, and turning hastily about to pick it up, set his foot upon it, and crushed it all to pieces; which so provoked my father, that he was almost ready to beat the man, and discouraged me so much, that I never attempted to make such another machine again, especially as I was thoroughly convinced I could never make one that would be of any real use."

He now turned his attention to the repairing and cleaning of clocks, and in this way managed for some time to make a livelihood. While travelling the country for this purpose, he happened to attract the notice of Sir James Dunbar of Durn, who bestowed on him the warmest patronage, and requested him to make his mansion his home. While there, geometry, mechanics, and astronomy, alternately engaged him. "Two large globular stones stood on the top of his gate; on one of them I painted with oil colours a map of the terrestrial globe, and on the other a map of the celestial, from a planisphere of the stars which I copied on paper from a celestial globe belonging

to a neighbouring gentleman. The poles of the painted globe stood toward the poles of the heavens; on each the twenty-four hours were placed around the equinoctial, so as to show the time of the day when the sun shone out, by the boundary where the half of the globe at any time enlightened by the sun was parted from the other half in the shade; the enlightened parts of the terrestrial globe answering to the like enlightened parts of the earth at all times; so that, whenever the sun shone on the globe, one might see to what places the sun was then rising, to what places it was setting, and all the places where it was then day or night throughout the earth."

While enjoying the hospitality of Durn, he was introduced to Lady Dipple, Sir James's sister, who also extended to him the warmest patronage. This lady, seeing his taste for design, employed him in drawing patterns for needlework on gowns, aprons, &c. recommended his work to her acquaintances, and in a short while created, as it were, a flourishing domestic trade for the young philosopher. On removing to Edinburgh, she advised Ferguson to accompany her household, in which he would have the benefit of another year's hospitality, assured that, in the more extensive field of the metropolis, he would have a much better opportunity of rising into notice. Thither he accordingly went; was introduced into new families of distinction; drew and designed for fancy needlework; and latterly turned his attention to miniature painting, in which he so far excelled, that for six-and-twenty years after, it was the business to which he trusted for a maintenance. But while engaged in painting, and enjoying the estimation of those who had been his patrons, "I somehow or other took a violent inclination to study anatomy, surgery, and physic, all from reading of books and conversing with gentlemen on these subjects, which for that time put all thoughts of astronomy out of my mind; and I had no inclination to become acquainted with any one there who taught either mathematics or astronomy, for nothing would serve me but to be a doctor.

"At the end of the second year I left Edinburgh, and went to see my father, thinking myself tolerably well qualified to be a physician in that part of the country, and I carried a good deal of medicines, plasters, &c. thither; but, to my mortification, I soon found that all my medical theories and study were of little use in practice. And then, finding that very few paid me for the medicines they had, and that I was far from being so successful as I could wish, I quite left off that business, and began to think of taking to the more sure one of drawing pictures again. For this purpose I went to Inverness, where I had eight months' business. When I was there, I began to think of astronomy again, and was heartily sorry for having quite neglected it at Edinburgh, where I might have improved my knowledge by conversing with those who were very able to assist me."

Having spent some time in astronomical pursuits at Inverness, Ferguson returned to Edinburgh, where he made himself known to Mr Maclaurin, professor of mathematics, by whom he was kindly patronised, and instructed on points wherein he was deficient. Being greatly delighted with the orrery of the professor, he set about constructing one after a somewhat different principle, and succeeded so well in the undertaking, that his patron not only commended it to the young men attending his class, but desired the constructor to read them a lecture on it. This so far encouraged the young philosopher, that he instantly set about the construction of another more complex, and of higher finish. This was purchased by Sir Dudley Rider when Ferguson first went to London; and he mentions in his memoir, that altogether eight orreries were constructed chiefly by his own hand, and that in no two of them was the wheelwork alike. We now follow him to London, whither he went in May 1743.

"I had a letter of recommendation from Mr Baron Eldin at Edinburgh to the Right Hon. Stephen Poyntz, Esq. at St James's, who had been preceptor to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, and was well known to be possessed of all the good qualities that can adorn a human mind. To me his goodness was really beyond my power of expression; and I had not been a month in London, till he informed me that he had written to an eminent professor of mathematics to take me into his house, and give me board and lodging, with all proper instructions to qualify me for teaching a mathematical school he (Mr Poyntz) had in view for me, and would get me settled in it. This I should have liked very well, especially as I began to be tired of drawing pictures; in which, I confess, I never strove to excel, because my mind was still pursuing things more agreeable. He soon after told me he had just received an answer from the mathematical master, desiring I might be sent immediately to him. On hearing this, I told Mr Poyntz that I did not know how to maintain my wife during the time I must be under the master's tuition. 'What!' says he, 'are you a married man?' I told him I had been so ever since May, in the year 1739. He said he was sorry for it, because it quite defeated his scheme, as the master of the school he had in view for me must be a bachelor.

"He then asked me what business I intended to follow. I answered that I knew of none besides that of drawing pictures. On this he desired me to draw the pictures of his lady and children, that he might show them, in order to recommend me to others; and told me that when I was out of business, I should come to him, and he would find me as much as he could—and I soon found as much as I could execute; but he died in a few years after, to my inexpressible grief.

"Soon afterwards it appeared to me, that although the moon goes round the earth, and that the sun is far on the outside of

the moon's orbit, yet the moon's motion must be in a line—that is, always concave towards the sun; and upon making a delineation representing her absolute path in the heavens, I found it to be really so. I then made a simple machine for delineating both her path and the earth's on a long paper laid on the floor. I carried the machine and delineation to the late Martin Felkes, Esq., president of the Royal Society, on a Thursday afternoon. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing it, as it was a new discovery; and took me that evening with him to the Royal Society, where I showed the delineation, and the method of doing it.

"In the year 1747, I published a dissertation on the phenomena of the harvest moon, with the description of a new orrery, in which there are only four wheels. But having never had grammatical education, nor time to study the rules of just composition, I acknowledge that I was afraid to put it to the press; and for the same cause I ought to have the same fears still. But having the pleasure to find that this my first work was not ill received, I was emboldened to go on in publishing my 'Astronomy,' 'Mechanical Lectures,' 'Tables and Tracts relative to several Arts and Sciences,' 'The Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy,' a small treatise on 'Electricity,' and 'Select Mechanical Exercises.'

"In the year 1748, I ventured to read lectures on the eclipse of the sun that fell on the 14th of July in that year. Afterwards I began to read astronomical lectures on an orrery which I made, and of which the figures of all the wheelwork are contained in the 6th and 7th plates of 'Mechanical Exercises.' I next began to make an apparatus for lectures on mechanics, and gradually increased the apparatus for other parts of experimental philosophy, buying from others what I could not make for myself. I then entirely left off drawing pictures, and employed myself in the much pleasanter business of reading lectures on mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics, pneumatics, electricity, and astronomy; in all which my encouragement has been greater than I could have expected."

To this narrative we shall add the few particulars which are necessary to complete the view of Ferguson's life and character. It was through the zeal of George III. in behalf of science, that Ferguson was honoured with the royal bounty of £50 a-year. His majesty had attended some of the lectures of the ingenious astronomer, and often, after his accession, sent for him to converse upon scientific topics. He had the extraordinary honour of being elected a member of the Royal Society, without paying either the initiatory or the annual fees, which were dispensed with in his case, from a supposition of his being too poor to pay them without inconvenience. To the astonishment of all who knew him, it was discovered, after his death, that he was possessed of considerable wealth—about £6000. "Ferguson," says Charles

Hutton in his *Mathematical Dictionary*, "must be allowed to have been a very uncommon genius, especially in mechanical contrivances and inventions, for he constructed many machines himself in a very neat manner. He had also a good taste in astronomy, as well as in natural and experimental philosophy, and was possessed of a happy manner of explaining himself in a clear, easy, and familiar way. His general mathematical knowledge, however, was little or nothing. Of algebra he understood little more than the notation; and he has often told me that he could never demonstrate one proposition in Euclid's Elements; his constant method being to satisfy himself as to the truth of any problem with a measurement by scale and compasses." He was a man of very clear judgment in everything that he professed, and of unwearied application to study: benevolent, meek, and innocent in his manners as a child: humble, courteous, and communicative: instead of pedantry, philosophy seemed to produce in him only diffidence and urbanity. After a long and useful life, worn out with study, age, and infirmities, he died November 16, 1776.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

The science of astronomy, which, from the time of Copernicus, had been gradually improving, through the laborious exertions of Tycho Brahé, Galileo, Kepler, Hüygens, Newton, Halley, Delisle, Lalande, and other eminent observers of the starry firmament, was considerably advanced by the discoveries of Herschel, whose biography now comes under our notice.

William Herschel was born at Hanover on the 15th of November 1738. He was the second of four sons, all of whom were brought up to their father's profession, which was that of a musician. Having at an early age shown a peculiar taste for intellectual pursuits, his father provided him with a tutor, who instructed him in the rudiments of logic, ethics, and metaphysics, in which abstract studies he made considerable progress. Owing, however, to the circumscribed means of his parents, and certain untoward circumstances, these intellectual pursuits were soon interrupted, and at the age of fourteen he was placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards, a detachment of which he accompanied to England about the year 1757 or 1759. His father came with him to England, but after the lapse of a few months, he returned home, leaving his son, in conformity with his own wish, to try his fortune in Great Britain—the adopted home of many an ingenious foreigner. How or when he left the regimental band in which he had been engaged, we are not informed. After struggling with innumerable difficulties, and no doubt embarrassed by his comparative ignorance of the English tongue, he had the good fortune to attract the notice of

the Earl of Darlington, who engaged him to superintend and instruct a military band at the time forming for the Durham militia. After fulfilling this engagement, he passed several years in Yorkshire, in the capacity of teacher of music. He gave lessons to pupils in the principal towns, and officiated as leader in oratorios or concerts of sacred music—a kind of employment in which the Germans are eminently skilled, from their love of musical performances. Herschel, however, while thus engaged in earning an honourable livelihood, did not allow his professional pursuits to engross all his thoughts. He sedulously devoted his leisure hours in improving his knowledge of the English and Italian languages, and in instructing himself in Latin, as well as a little Greek. At this period he probably looked to these attainments principally with a view to the advantage he might derive from them in the prosecution of his professional studies; and it was no doubt with this view also that he afterwards applied himself to the perusal of Dr Robert Smith's "Treatise on Harmonics"—one of the most profound works on the science of music which then existed in the English language. But the acquaintance he formed with this work was destined ere long to change altogether the character of his pursuits. He soon found that it was necessary to make himself a mathematician before he could make much progress in following Dr Smith's demonstrations. He now, therefore, turned with his characteristic alacrity and resolution to the new study to which his attention was thus directed; and it was not long before he became so attached to it, that almost all the other pursuits of his leisure hours were laid aside for its sake.

Through the interest and good offices of a Mr Bates, to whom the merits of Herschel had become known, he was, about the close of 1765, appointed to the situation of church-organist at Halifax. Next year, having gone with his elder brother to fulfil a short engagement at Bath, he gave so much satisfaction by his performances, that he was appointed organist in the Octagon chapel of that city, upon which he went to reside there. The place which he now held was one of some value; and from the opportunities which he enjoyed, besides, of adding to its emoluments by engagements at the rooms, the theatre, and private concerts, as well as by taking pupils, he had the certain prospect of deriving a good income from his profession, if he had made that his only or his chief object. This accession of employment did not by any means abate his propensity to study for mental improvement. Frequently, after the fatigue of twelve or fourteen hours occupied in musical performances, he sought relaxation, as he considered it, in extending his knowledge of the pure and mixed mathematics. In this manner he attained a competent knowledge of geometry, and found himself in a condition to proceed to the study of the different branches of physical science which depend upon the mathe-

matics. Among the first of these latter that attracted his attention, were the kindred departments of astronomy and optics. Some discoveries about this time made in astronomy awakened his curiosity, and to this science he now directed his investigations at his intervals of leisure. Being anxious to observe some of those wonders in the planetary system of which he had read, he borrowed from a neighbour a two-feet Gregorian telescope, which delighted him so much, that he forthwith commissioned one of larger dimensions from London. The price of such an instrument, he was vexed to find, exceeded both his calculations and his means; but though chagrined, he was not discouraged: he immediately resolved to attempt with his own hand the construction of a telescope equally powerful with that which he was unable to purchase; and in this, after repeated disappointments, which served only to stimulate his exertions, he finally succeeded.

Herschel was now on the path in which his genius was calculated to shine. In the year 1774, he had the inexpressible pleasure of beholding the planet Saturn through a five-feet Newtonian reflector made by his own hands. This was the beginning of a long and brilliant course of triumphs in the same walk of art, and also in that of astronomical discovery. Herschel now became so much more ardently attached to his philosophical pursuits, that, regardless of the sacrifice of emolument he was making, he began gradually to limit his professional engagements and the number of his pupils. Meanwhile, he continued to employ his leisure in the fabrication of still more powerful instruments than the one he had first constructed; and in no long time he produced telescopes of seven, ten, and even twenty feet focal distance. In fashioning the mirrors for these instruments, his perseverance was indefatigable. For his seven-feet reflector, it is asserted that he actually finished and made trial of no fewer than two hundred mirrors before he found one that satisfied him. When he sat down to prepare a mirror, his practice was to work at it for twelve or fourteen hours, without quitting his occupation for a moment. He would not even take his hand from what he was about, to help himself to food; and the little that he ate on such occasions was put into his mouth by his sister. He gave the mirror its proper shape more by a certain natural tact than by rule; and when his hand was once in, as the phrase is, he was afraid that the perfection of the finish might be impaired by the least intermission of his labours.

It was on the 13th of March 1781 that Herschel made the discovery to which he owes, perhaps, most of his popular reputation. He had been engaged for nearly a year and a-half in making a regular survey of the heavens, when, on the evening of the day that has been mentioned, having turned his telescope—an excellent seven-feet reflector, of his own constructing—to a particular part of the sky, he observed among the other stars

one which seemed to shine with a more steady radiance than those around it; and, on account of that, and some other peculiarities in its appearance, which excited his suspicions, he determined to observe it more narrowly. On reverting to it after some hours, he was a good deal surprised to find that it had perceptibly changed its place—a fact which, the next day, became still more indisputable. At first he was somewhat in doubt whether or not it was the same star which he had seen on these different occasions; but after continuing his observations for a few days longer, all uncertainty upon that head vanished. He now communicated what he had observed to the astronomer-royal, Dr Maskelyne, who concluded that the luminary could be nothing else than a new comet. Continued observation of it, however, for a few months, dissipated this error; and it became evident that it was, in reality, a hitherto undiscovered planet. This new world, so unexpectedly found to form a part of the system to which our own belongs, received from Herschel the name of Georgium Sidus, or Georgian Star, in honour of the king of England; but by continental astronomers it has been more generally called either Herschel, after its discoverer, or Uranus. He afterwards discovered, successively, no fewer than six satellites or moons belonging to his new planet.

The announcement of the discovery of the Georgium Sidus at once made Herschel's name universally known. In the course of a few months the king bestowed upon him a pension of £300 a-year, that he might be enabled entirely to relinquish his engagements at Bath; and upon this he came to reside at Slough, near Windsor. He now devoted himself entirely to science; and the constructing of telescopes, and observations of the heavens, continued to form the occupations of the remainder of his life. Astronomy is indebted to him for many other most interesting discoveries besides the celebrated one of which we have just given an account, as well as for a variety of speculations of the most ingenious, original, and profound character. But of these we cannot here attempt any detail. He also introduced some important improvements into the construction of the reflecting telescope, besides continuing to fabricate that instrument of dimensions greatly exceeding any that had been formerly attempted, with powers surpassing, in nearly a corresponding degree, what had ever been before obtained. The largest telescope which he ever made was his famous one of forty feet long, which he erected at Slough, for the king. It was begun about the end of the year 1785, and on the 28th of August 1789 the enormous tube was poised on the complicated but ingeniously-contrived mechanism by which its movements were to be regulated, and ready for use. On the same day a new satellite of Saturn was detected by it, being the sixth which had been observed attendant upon that planet. A seventh was afterwards discovered by means of the same instrument. This telescope has since been

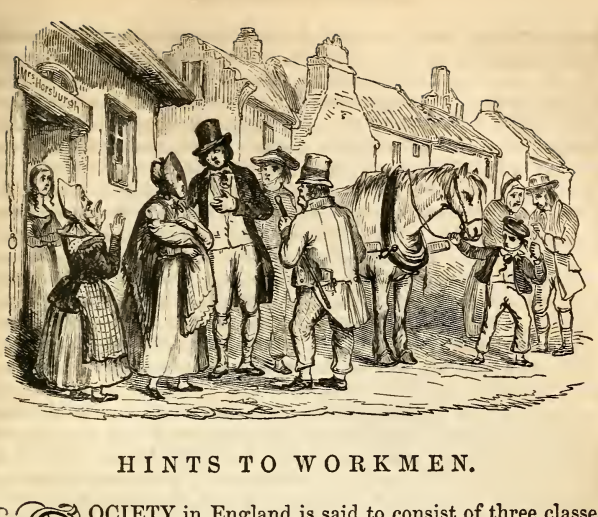
taken down, and replaced by another of only one-half the length, constructed by the distinguished son of the subject of our present sketch.

So extraordinary was the ardour of this great astronomer in the study of his favourite science, that for many years, it has been asserted, he never was in bed at any hour during which the stars were visible; and he made almost all his observations, whatever was the season of the year, not under cover, but in his garden, and in the open air—and generally without an attendant. By these investigations Herschel became acquainted with the character of the more distant stars, upon which he wrote a variety of papers. In 1802, he presented to the Royal Society a catalogue of five thousand new nebulæ, nebulous stars, planetary nebulæ, and clusters of stars; thus opening up a boundless field of research, and making the world aware of the sublime truth of there being an infinitude of heavenly bodies far beyond the reach of ordinary vision, and performing in their appointed places the offices of suns to unseen systems of planets.

These discoveries established Herschel's claims to rank amongst the most eminent astronomers of the age, and amply merited the distinctions conferred upon him by learned bodies and the reigning prince. In 1816, George IV., then prince regent, invested him with the Hanoverian and Guelphic order of knighthood. He was now, from being originally a poor lad in a regimental band, rewarded for his long course of honourable exertion in the cause of a science upon which so much of our national welfare depends. Herschel (now Sir William) did not relinquish his astronomical observations until within a few years of his death, which took place on the 23d of August 1822, when he had attained the age of eighty-three. He died full of years and honours, bequeathing a large fortune, and leaving a family which has inherited his genius.

Besides the eminent men of whose lives we have thus presented an outline, there are others who, since the time of Copernicus, have contributed materially to the advancement of astronomical science, but to whose labours our space will admit only of the briefest allusion. Foremost among these, both in point of time and merit, may be mentioned the Cassinis, father and son, who flourished in the seventeenth century; Delisle, a French savan (1675–1768), alike distinguished in natural science, geography, and astronomy; our revered countryman Bradley, who died in 1762; Lalande (1732–1807), another Frenchman of well-known fame; the celebrated La Place; and, of more recent reputation, our countrymen Sir John Herschel, Professor Airy, Sir J. South, and Lord Rosse; and the continental philosophers, Bode,

Encke, Bessel, Biot, Arago, and others, by whom important contributions have been made, and from whom much is yet expected. To these may be added the names of such men as Dr Thomas Dick, Professor Nichol, Sir J. Herschel, and others, who, by their general treatises, have brought the sublimest truths of the science to the level of the popular capacity; thereby not only extending its range, but eliciting, it may be, new observers and discoverers from among those to whom astronomy and all its glorious revelations would have otherwise remained uncared for and unknown. To each and all of these is astronomy less or more indebted for its present perfection and universal esteem as a science. Governed by laws now known, every planet and system holds on its course through space with undeviating regularity; their distances, dimensions, times of revolution, appearance and disappearance, are things ascertained with as much certainty as the commonest fact in terrestrial measurement; the most extraordinary phenomena of the heavens are things now familiar to the eye of science and reason, evincing in all their phases the most perfect beauty and harmony; and appearances under which ignorance formerly cowered in superstitious fear, are now regarded as additional themes of human adoration for the wisdom, power, and goodness of a common Creator.



HINTS TO WORKMEN.

SOCIETY in England is said to consist of three classes—the higher, middle, and lower. These distinctions are artificial, and owe their origin to traditional usages, or to the supposed degree of opulence of the respective parties. The division into three classes is a thing of modern times. Formerly, the classes in society were only two in number—the aristocracy and their vassals. The emancipation of the latter, by which they were enabled to pursue handicraft employment, and carry on trade on their own account, led to the gradual rise of a middle class. This class, which now consists of capitalists, merchants, tradesmen, professional men, and others, is therefore nothing more than an expansion upwards of the lower people—the descendants of the liberated serfs of the middle ages. The rise from a humble and obscure, to a comparatively high and conspicuous position, was effected by no undue means: it is a result of diligent industry, economy, and a reasonable share of ambition.

A foreigner, judging of English society, is apt to form the opinion that each of the three classes is a fixed entity, or at least that great difficulties are in the way of any transference from one to another. Careful examination would soon dispel such a delusion. The remarkable thing about society in Britain is the upward movement in rank. From the lower classes large numbers are continually ascending and taking their place in the middle classes; and from the middle classes a similar, though less extensive movement, is making into the higher classes. So far is the aristocracy from being a fixed determinate body, as it

is generally assumed to be, that unless it received constant accessions from the middle classes, it would speedily cease to exist. So also, as respects the middle classes, they would in no long time dwindle into insignificance, unless recruited from the ranks who, in point of fortune, are beneath them. Besides the general upward movement, there is in a lesser degree a movement downward, either actual or relative. In our highly artificial state of society, where so many are learned, skilful, and persevering, the competition is considerable; and unless an individual possess an average capacity, and be animated by a sincere wish to rise, or at least to keep his place, he has little chance of advancement, and will probably be mortified at seeing himself left behind in the general progress. Many, from defective education, and other untoward circumstances, but more frequently from an abandonment to mean habits, either gravitate downwards, or what is equivalent, are left in the rear, while others, more steady and energetic, are moving forwards.

It is a pleasant consideration that there exist no legal or constitutional impediments to the absorption of lower into higher classes. From one class to another the transition is effected by a series of movements, each apparently of little moment, though all tending to produce a distinct change of situation. All usually depends on the first effort. A desire to advance—that is, to improve in circumstances—must be formed in the mind, and what follows after is only a natural consequence. Very different ideas, however, are formed respecting the means of advance. In so important a matter, it is best to be governed by the experience of mankind. On looking around on society, we observe that the advance of men from one situation in life to another, has not been achieved by any miraculous or wonderful conjunction of circumstances—is not a result of any political or social revolution, or the passing of any particular law. The whole thing has evidently been a consequence of individual exertion—much anxious consideration, much personal trouble, much denial of present enjoyment, perhaps some contumely, certainly a degree of moral courage, self-respect, and ambition; rarely any assistance. Such is what daily observation brings to light on the subject.

We have been thus particular, from a conviction that erroneous views are afloat respecting the means of improving circumstances. A notion industriously propagated is, that advancement from a lower to a higher position is only to be effected through the means of certain vaguely-defined political changes. We are far from saying that individual does not depend on public liberty; nor can we deny the special advantages to the people of certain fiscal alterations. But, after all, a man's condition is only to be substantially bettered by his own unassisted exertions. He must not look to this or that law for an improvement in his means of living; but push on with a thorough determination to

work out his own advancement; or, at all events, the realisation of that comfort of mind which springs from a consciousness of having performed a prescribed and honourable duty.

Writers who recommend a course of industry, perseverance, and self-denial to the young, are sometimes accused of laying too exclusive a stress on these points, and of concealing from their readers that much in the way of success or comfort in life depends on chance circumstances. We are perfectly willing to allow that circumstances are of immense consequence—that many men, with all their industry and saving, would have been drudges all their days but for circumstances. But we must remember that much depends, first, on a person placing himself in a situation in which circumstances may be expected to act for his advantage, or, to use a common expression, "putting himself in the way of fortune;" and in the second place, his possessing such skill or abilities, that when favourable circumstances do arise, he will be able to make use of them. Of what value are circumstances or opportunities if a man has not the ability to take advantage of them? The circumstances longed for slip away from under him, and form the basis of fortune to some more active, skilful, or careful individual. Still it may be urged that thousands of persons have it never in their power, do what they will, to better their condition. This is, however, urging extreme cases. For example, it may be said, human beings born in slavery, doomed by the most cruel laws to live and die in slavery, and denied all means of mental culture, can never, by any possible means, improve their condition, or take advantage of circumstances. Also, that an innumerable body of artisans in this country in which we live are in a condition pretty nearly as hopeless. But it will not do for the moralist to remain silent, because *all* cannot profit by his admonitions. It is enough for us to say, that there are many individuals scattered throughout society, who have it in their power to improve their condition by the practices which are recommended. Besides, after all, if no actual benefit arise, as far as the means of daily subsistence are concerned, there is a happiness of no ordinary kind in the consciousness of having done one's duty, of having lost none of those opportunities of well-doing which may have been operating and maturing for our advantage.

It would help materially to improve the prospects of the working-classes, could they be brought to consider that there is no essential difference between their situation and that of persons belonging to the middle classes who possess the same amount of income. Many skilled artisans realise a wage of 30s. per week, or £75 yearly. This is as much as is realised by many clerks in banking-houses, dissenting ministers, and others who are expected to maintain the appearance of gentlemen. How do families in the middle classes with this small income support themselves in a creditable manner? By excessive economy; that is to say, every

shilling is carefully husbanded and dispensed; nothing superfluous is bought; every necessary is procured from the best dealers, and in quantities which insures saving. For example, instead of buying coal in hundredweights, it is purchased by the cart; and thus the very utmost is made of the slender means at command. That which supports families of this class in their economic arrangements, is the constant feeling of self-respect, along with a hope of seeing better days. Pains are taken to appear at all times respectable, and beyond want. The world is asked for no pity. The aim is to keep on an equality of rank with friends—not to lose caste; to give a good education to children, and inspire them with the proper desire of bettering their circumstances. Thousands of families in the middle ranks of life are at this moment engaged in this noble and arduous struggle. Why, then, should not workmen with their families address themselves to the same line of conduct? Why should not a well-employed operative be every whit as respectable, as comfortable, and have as agreeable prospects as hundreds of persons who are his superiors only in name? It is with the view of aiding the well-disposed in their efforts to improve their minds and circumstances, that we throw together the materials of the present sheet. We address ourselves not alone to working-men, skilled and unskilled, but to all who have it in their power to elevate themselves in the social scale.

INDEPENDENCE OF THOUGHT AND ACTION.

The working-classes generally are remarkable for their credulity. They too often believe, and allow themselves to be carried away, by opinions propounded by individuals of their own body, although these opinions are at variance with the experience, or with principles professed by the wisest men in the country. For example, every writer of any weight, from the time of Adam Smith, has shown that the rate of wages depends on *supply and demand*. If the supply of hands exceeds the demand for them, wages will fall; but if the supply falls short of the demand, wages will rise. Although this principle is consistent with all experience, it is observed that working-men either do not recognise its truth, or that, recognising it, they rarely possess the moral courage to avow their belief. Suffering themselves to be misled by a few forward and perhaps designing men, they proclaim doctrines respecting trade which all intelligent persons have long since given up. No fact more conclusively proves the deficiency of education among the people, than that large masses of men should be found maintaining principles which, sixty years ago, were exploded in every country in Europe.

What we should wish to see, is a little more spirit of independent thought and action among working-men. Instead of allowing themselves to be carried away by the harangues of any one

who sets up as their leader, let them go to the usual fountains of knowledge, and study the subject of debate for themselves. Books on every topic of interest are open for their perusal. There are few towns in which the works of Smith, and other writers on political and social economy, cannot be easily obtained. On the deficiency of this independence of action, we take leave to present the following passages from the work of an operative in a woollen factory, who may be presumed to speak with impartiality.*

"It is a remarkable proof of the willingness of ignorance to be led away by pompous appearances, that in nearly all instances of extensive 'turn-outs,' the bulk of the union has been governed by a few dominant self-interested demagogues. In the Bradford district a man arose among them who was a perfect stranger, but he had the requisite qualification of 'gab,' and a profusion of mysterious hints and observations on 'equality of wages.' He was supported by the misguided men in making his own employment, for he had only to suggest the necessity of a certain 'turn-out,' and he was supported with a zeal which would have been worthy of a nobler and a better cause. A succession of 'turn-outs' enabled him to have great power in the disposal of monies, and after having created grievous sores between master and men —having caused the utter ruin and consequent misery of starvation to become the familiar with hitherto comfortable families— having thrown still wider open, in that district, the gulf between master and man—and after having been domiciled at the ale-house for several months where the 'Union Grand Lodge' was held, wallowing in the earnings of industry—an inquiry arose one cold winter's morning, 'Where is Mr T——; the "turn-outs" are waiting for their weekly allowance, and it is not forthcoming?' Then there was running to and fro to learn his 'whereabouts;' and after they had finally come to the conclusion, that he had vacated the chair of his promotion and petty dignity— that he had indeed deserted 'so glorious a cause'—their next step was to examine his treasury box: but he had scampered away with upwards of one hundred pounds of their money, and the lid of the treasury box went down with a hollow and an ominous sound. This betokened a speedy dissolution of the union. The idler had to think of working again; the 'committee' would have to labour for their next bread; and the dupe who had been 'drawn out' from the comfortable workshop, where he had toiled honourably and industriously all his life until now—what of him? Where are the hopes that went with him to the 'lodge,' when he was first initiated? Where does he hide his shame—miserable delinquent that he is—on this bitter

* Spring Leaves of Prose and Poetry, by J. Bradshawe Walker. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1845. This work affords a striking instance of the polish of mind which may be attained in the most untoward circumstances.

winter's night; no 'lodge-room' for him to lounge in? And where are the helpless things that call him father? Alas! his children are in the poor-house, and the probability is, that his lifeless corpse will be found in the canal to-morrow morning! Oh that the working-classes would endeavour to *think* before they *act* in such momentous undertakings!

"It is not the province of those who live remote from the populous dwellings of the poor to form the least conception of that depth of human misery which is attendant upon those lamentable 'strikes.' The piteous wrecks they make are only known to those who are called to an intimate acquaintance with the wretched victims. The gray-headed and the young of both sexes share in the famine, and play their separate parts in the doleful drama. Dark, indeed, would be the chronicle of any 'turn-out,' if faithfully given. No pestilence ever left such irremediable evils behind it; for the seeds are only scattered during a 'turn-out,' of vitiated and loathsome weeds, that will shed their poisonous leaves upon the graves of thousands yet unborn!

"It seldom happens that a man, taken from the working-classes, and elevated to some point of distinction above his fellows in a public enterprise, can be recognised again as the same identical individual. He is sure to undergo a material change, in habits and demeanour at least; and this is rarely for the better, if the parties for whom he acts are established at the public-house.

"I once numbered among my acquaintance a young man whose studious habits had procured for him, at an early age, the respect of his wealthy neighbours; and through whose influence he was admitted to public lectures and private literary conversations, in the society of those parties who looked over his juvenile years and humble condition in life from a benevolent motive. They were wishful to water so young a plant with the drops that fall in edifying and instructive lessons, where men of talent congregate to shower forth the treasures of cultivated thought.

"A gentleman of great literary acquirements took this young student by the hand, and led him to the mechanics' institution of his native town, made him welcome to his own select library, and being a member of parliament, promised that great things should be done through his endeavours to obtain a lucrative birth for one whom he considered a rising genius. The young man continued to work at the vocation to which he had been apprenticed; he was a steady and exemplary character to all around him, and was making, at the same time, considerable progress in mathematics, architectural drawing, &c. and bade fair to be, at no distant day, removed from the necessity of factory labour.

"Light progressed with the aspiring youth without its shadow; and he developed a strong and vigorous intellect, which did not pass unnoticed among the few who had formed his acquaintance.

At length he arrived at manhood, and was on the eve of looking further into the depths of science, when, as a working-man, and a talented one, he was called to take an active part in the 'union' of that branch of the woollen trade to which he belonged. From that hour he fell. Intemperance waited upon every step he took as 'grand leader' of the district in conducting extensive strikes; and in the short space of two years he was a wretched blight, whom not even his fellow-men would dare to trust. He was now also a drunken father and a neglectful husband; and after lingering through the various gradations that reduce such a mind from its once lofty privileges to wallow in the mire of wretchedness, he died of *delirium tremens,* one of the most abandoned outcasts, and universally despised and shunned by those who at one time were cowed into obeisance by the might of his superior mind."

The following observations, which occur in "An Address delivered before the Members of the Windsor and Eton Literary Institution, by the Rev. J. Stoughton," may appropriately be appended to the foregoing.

AIM AT THE ATTAINMENT OF CLEAR AND ACCURATE HABITS OF THOUGHT.

"Thinking is the exercise which strengthens the mind, and without which no progress can be made in mental cultivation. A man may read, and hear, and talk; he may devour volumes, and listen to lectures every night; and yet, if he does not think, he will make after all but little, if any improvement. His head will be full of something; but it will be a crowd of lumber, like the articles in a broker's shop. He must *think;* he must turn over subjects in his mind; he must look at them on every side; he must trace the connexion between ideas, and have everything orderly arranged. A man may even think a great deal, and not think clearly; his mind may be at work, and yet always in confusion: there may be no clear arrangement; and it is quite possible to mistake muddiness for depth. There are some men who appear very thoughtful; but from never aiming at accurate habits of thought, they talk most unintelligibly. There seems to be neither beginning, nor middle, nor end, in what they say: all is a confused jumble. Now, writing carefully is a good plan for acquiring habits of clear and connected thought, since a man is more likely to detect the disorder of his thoughts in writing than in talking.

ACQUIRE HABITS OF OBSERVATION.

"This is all-important. We live in a world of wonders; and a thousand objects appeal to our observation, and will repay it. How much is to be learned by a proper use of our eyes and ears! I know no more striking instance of this than that which we have in Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' a book

which I would recommend to all, as deeply interesting, in which several hundred closely-printed pages are filled with the most curious and instructive observations upon nature, made for the most part in the little village of Selborne, where the author spent the greater part of his days. Dr Franklin, too, was remarkable for this useful habit; and it is well said by Mrs Barbauld, 'that he would not cross a street without making some observation beneficial to mankind.' Who that has read them can ever forget his essays, where a knowledge of men and things is discovered, which could only be the result of close and extensive observation? Books may teach us much; but observation in some respects may teach us more. That practical knowledge so useful in the progress of life—that tact in business so desirable to possess—can be gained only in this way. Observation, as a mode of study, is the cheapest and most convenient of all. It may be carried on almost anywhere and everywhere, because in nearly all places in which we are, there is something to be learned, if we are disposed to receive instruction. Observation is connected with curiosity: the one sharpens the other, and they produce a mutual influence. Now, when curiosity prompts a wish to know more than we do on any particular subject, and we have the means of information in an intelligent friend, we should never lose the opportunity of making the needful inquiries. Let not false pride, lest we should betray ignorance, prevent us from asking a question, when it can be answered. How much knowledge do we often lose by wishing to appear wiser than we really are! Mr Locke, on being asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, deep, and extensive, replied, 'that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down, of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own professions and pursuits;' and it was also a maxim of the great Sir William Jones, never to neglect an opportunity of improvement.

CULTIVATE HUMILITY.

"Humility is the attribute of great and noble minds; and how beautiful does it appear! Sir Isaac Newton, in the true spirit of humility, spoke of himself at the close of life as a child who had spent his time in gathering pebbles on the shore, while the ocean lay untraversed; and Mozart, just before he died, said, 'Now I begin to see what might be done in music.' These expressions were worthy of the men, and they invest their genius with greater loveliness, because they throw over it the graceful mantle of humility. They, in fact, knew much, and this taught them how much more remained to be known. They ascended to a high elevation on the mountain of knowledge, but this only gave them a better idea of the loftiness of the summit. If the circle of light be large, the boundary of darkness will be equally

so; and the more we know, the more we shall be convinced of our own ignorance. This is trite enough; but we cannot remember it too often and too much, especially at the commencement of the pursuit of knowledge. Then the young aspirant often fancies he knows everything; whereas, in fact, he knows nothing yet as he ought to know. Conceit and fancied superiority are the besetting sins of the mind, when it is beginning to acquire knowledge. This must be checked. If the great apostles of science and philosophy confessed they knew so little, what ground for boasting can there be for the tyro in their schools? When tempted to pride themselves on their attainments, let such look to the almost inexhaustible treasures of learning and genius which the illustrious dead and the illustrious living have accumulated, and mark the humility allied to true intellectual greatness, and then blush for their folly in thinking so highly of themselves. Humility, while it is so beautiful and becoming, is also highly advantageous. It is a habit favourable of itself to mental improvement, as it opens the mind to receive instruction with teachableness, and makes one willing to be taught, corrected, and helped.

"Lastly—remember the importance of moral and religious principles."

WASTE OF TIME.

Of late there has been much discussion on the subject of *short time;* that is, whether certain classes of operatives should work ten or twelve hours daily. We need not here debate this question. Let us at once take it for granted, that the working-classes labour only ten out of every twenty-four hours. Striking off other two hours for meals, and nine for sleep and dressing, three hours remain to be disposed of—probably four or five on Saturday. How these three hours daily should be spent, is a question which it behoves every man to put to himself. Let us offer him a little counsel in this difficult affair.

Our advice is, that these hours should be systematically devoted, partly to some kind of healthful recreation in the open air, when the weather permits, partly in attending to family interests, and partly in the duty of self-improvement. When there is a reading-room, a mechanics' institution, or a library, attach yourself to one or other of these useful establishments. Lectures, books, and periodicals, form an endless source of recreation and instruction. Avoid drinking or debating clubs, take no hand in party wranglings, shun ill-disposed acquaintances, don't spend your precious time lounging in the open street. It is most painful to see the amount of valuable time consumed by working-men in the streets. At meal-hours, and after their day's work, they may be seen standing with their hands in their pockets, doing literally nothing but looking in each other's faces like so many sheep. Such practices display an extraordinary

vacuity of mind, a total want of all ambition for improvement. When to this is added the time too often misspent lounging about on Sundays, it may be said that great numbers of the working-classes allow at least a fifth or sixth part of their whole waking existence to go to utter waste. It is by making a good use of spare hours that so many men in the middle ranks have risen to eminence; and there is no reason whatever that the members of any handicraft should not reap like advantages from making a similar use of their spare time.

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

Colonel Maceroni, among his "Seasonable Hints" in the Mechanics' Magazine for January 1836, states that he has had only three pairs of boots for three years, and he thinks he shall not want any more for five years to come. And why? Why, because he has studied out a preserving preparation, suitable to the leather, and applied it in a suitable manner. Now, is there *no use* in that, brother mechanic? A little matter I know it is. Life, and the comforts of it, and the expense of it, and the use of it too, are all made up of little matters. The ocean and the land are made up of little matters—drops of water and particles of dust. I come every way, in a word, to one and the same conclusion. The mechanic, to conduct his business to advantage, or to live like a decent human being, to enjoy health and strength, to do justice to himself or family—to be, in a word, a comfortable, a respectable, or a useful person—must not be an ignorant or an inattentive man; and the more he knows and studies of the right sort of knowledge, the better it will be. This he must do for himself. Other men may do something for him. They *have* done a great deal. But they have not done, they cannot do all; no, nor the best part. A man's mind, like his eating and breathing, belongs to himself; and I should be as sorry to have my *thinking* done by my neighbour, as to have him eat up all my bread and potatoes, when I am as hungry as he is. I do not know why Colonel Maceroni, or anybody else, should have the better of me or my reader in that affair of the boots. I advise you to see to it, at anyrate. And do you ask what is the colonel's recipe? I'll tell you what *mine* is. Go, see for yourself, my good friend. You might have invented it as well as he; but as you have not, do the best you can: read it, remember it, and practise it. Do the same in other matters. Keep a bright look-out. Take care of yourself. Mind your business. See, hear, read, think; and, my life on it, you'll come out as well as Colonel Maceroni.

There is a great deal which passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking, your "*lucky fellows*," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it *in the right way*. Their luck comes to them because they work for it: it is luck well

earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be *hard* luck indeed if he do not get at least employers, customers, and friends. "One needs only," says an American writer, "to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and facts which no one had observed, or which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly-discovered processes." And yet these are the men who are called the *lucky* fellows, and sometimes envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned? or that it is just as much in *my* power to "go ahead," as the Yankees say, as it was in theirs.*

A TASTE FOR READING.

In an admirable speech on the subject of common-school education, delivered by Governor Everett at a public meeting at Taunton, Bristol county, in one of the New-England States, the following passages occur on the cultivation of a taste for reading: —

"It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. I believe the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, has quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge, acquired from books. There would be more such men, if education in our common schools were, as it well might be, of a higher order; and if common-school libraries, well furnished, were introduced into every district, as I trust in due time they will be. It is surprising how much may be effected, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written, I am sure, without the least view to publicity.

'I was the youngest,' says the writer, 'of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and these again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indo-

* From an excellent little book called "Hints to Mechanics."

mitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupto, tupteis, tuptei,* unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labours of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer, and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application, I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this, and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of Oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and after many plans, I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and Oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find

some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the hall of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the hall, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spend about three hours daily at the hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and Oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of *fifty* of them with more or less facility.'

"I trust I shall be pardoned by the ingenuous author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, for the liberty I have taken, unexpected, I am sure, by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a resolute purpose of improvement (under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind) which excites my admiration, I may say my veneration. It is enough to make one who has had good opportunities for education hang his head in shame."

The party thus alluded to is Elihu Burritt, well known as a journalist and a lecturer on Peace.

ECONOMY.

Of this indispensable virtue something has already been said. Economy signifies management—the proper management of means. It is an old saying, "that a penny in the purse is better than a friend at court." There is much truth in this; for if we cannot help ourselves by any little reserve which we may have laid up for the day of misfortune, we shall perhaps find that we are held in very little estimation even by those whom we suppose to be our friends. "Help yourselves, and your friends will like you the better," is a capital old proverb to keep in remembrance; nothing being more certain than that we shall be the more thought well of, the more we do not require to ask any favours or assistance. To working-men it should be an object of high ambition to attain as great proficiency as possible in the business to which they have attached themselves. In general, this proficiency is only to be acquired by leaving the place of their birth, or where they have been bred, and going to a town where there is more to be learned. Young artisans should, if possible, always see as much as they can of the way of working at their respec-

tive handicrafts. But to travel to a distance, to remove from one place to another, is attended with a certain expense; and how is this expense to be borne unless something has been saved? It very often happens, that for want of so small a sum as twenty shillings, a working-man is completely hampered in his designs of bettering his condition, by removal to a better locality, and is likewise totally unable to improve himself by going to see better modes of handicraft.

These should form strong arguments for artisans attempting to save a little money off their wages. True, their wages are frequently small; but if there be a sincere desire to rise in the world, or to maintain permanently a degree of decent comfort, even although a man should remain a hard labourer the greater part of his life, it is essentially requisite that an effort should be made to store up a trifle from the amount of the weekly, quarterly, or half-yearly wage. If the *great future*—the whole of an after-period of life—is to be for ever sacrificed to the *limited present*, no good can ever be expected to be done by any one, no matter what be his rank or occupation. How many thousands willingly doom themselves to a life of perpetual struggling with poverty, simply by consuming daily the whole of what they earn daily! If they would but lay by the merest fraction of their daily winnings, there would be no fear of the result; but this they perversely neglect, or are unwilling to do, and lasting hard labour and harassment—sometimes having, sometimes wanting—is the consequence. At his outset in life, the writer of this had not five shillings in the world, and had not a single friend to help him—he was unknown, and steeped in penury. Now, that he is surrounded with comforts, nothing strikes him as so remarkable, as seeing persons going about who have not advanced one inch during a long interval of years, and who, as he remembers, were exactly on a par with him as to poverty, occupation, and resources. There they are, the same forlorn, poverty-stricken beings; the only difference in the present day being, that they are now much older and less able to undergo exertion than formerly. The only cause which can be assigned for these persons remaining in their original condition is, that *they have daily consumed what they have daily earned*—left nothing over; while he who writes, at first entered upon a regular practice, to which he strictly adhered, of not consuming all that he earned, but on the contrary saving a trifle, and so adding to his stock and his resources. The difference in point of enjoyment in the two lines of conduct is just this—that in the one, all "the good things" are eaten up by the way in youth; while in the other, a certain quantity are reserved to be eaten up in middle and old age. No man can "both eat his loaf and have it."

If those individuals whom I have mentioned as having been so imprudent as to consume the whole of their earnings, had been at any time asked why they did not save a little as they

went on, the answer in all likelihood would have been, "What use is it?—what good can the saving of a penny or two do? If we could lay by a pound now and then, it would be something; but for poor fellows like us to try to save, is all stuff: let us enjoy life while we have it; we may all be dead to-morrow; so let us have another bottle of ale, as long as we can get it." Such is the ridiculous sort of reasoning of thousands of young men who could easily, by a little self-denial, put themselves in the way of enjoying much future comfort, not to speak of respectability of character. It is clear that these reasoners are blind to one of the most important objects of attainment in economising means. He who spends all he wins, has never anything to enable him to embrace any favourable opportunity that may arise of bettering himself. It is true that to save a penny or two is of very little use; but if the habit of saving a penny or two, whether in money or any other kind of property, once becomes fixed, and the thoughts be turned in the direction of advancement, the accumulation will go on, and be ultimately successful. We shall suppose that an artisan, by saving, one way and another, has ten pounds accumulated and safely lodged in a Savings' Bank. Now, just think for a little on what can be done with ten pounds. A working-man, with ten pounds, and free of debt or incumbrances, is in an enviable state of independence. For this sum he can transport himself to any part of America where the highest wages are given for labour; and this being done judiciously, he will be in the midst of plenty for life—be in a condition to be envied by half the gentry in Britain. For this sum he can perhaps set up in business in a small way at home. Or he can weather out any serious dulness in his trade, till better times arrive. Or he can endure with complacency a temporary illness, which lays him off work. Or he can remove to a distant town where the best kind of employment in his profession is to be had. Or, supposing he be an aspiring young man, he can greatly improve his skill by travelling. We mention these things to show what advantages are frequently lost by working-men having never anything to spare. A few pounds, the result of saving, well laid out in the way just spoken of, will furnish ideas, which are a sort of capital for life. Besides, for the sake of the mere rational gratification of seeing other scenes of industry than those which surround a man's birthplace, it is worth while making a little sacrifice, exercising a little self-denial.

However advantageous the saving of money may be to young unmarried artisans, the practice is essentially requisite by men who have burdened themselves with a wife and children. In their case contingencies are constantly arising in which extra expenditure is required, not to speak of the necessities which ensue and must be provided for when stoppages of employment occur. According to the constitution of trade and manufactures in this country, sudden and embarrassing stoppages may from

time to time be pretty certainly calculated upon. Almost every workman now-a-days is at the mercy of a system of mercantile gambling, carried on by parties over whom the operative class of men have no kind of control: it therefore behoves the persons so situated to exercise such an economy of means, and enter upon such arrangements, as may be calculated to relieve them from the occasional humiliation of requiring eleemosynary aid on behalf of themselves and little ones.

In reciting a few of the advantages which may result from the saving of money, small as the saving may at first be, we have not adverted to one of the main benefits to be obtained. This is the advantage of having money to lay out when a great bargain is to be had. Occasions are perpetually arising in this changeable world of objects of value being to be had for a small price, but it is necessary that that price be paid in ready money. The necessities and follies of the rash and extravagant part of mankind are continually throwing advantages into the hands of the careful. How often are poor persons heard to say, "I wish I could but command ten, or at the utmost twenty pounds; such a sum would completely set me on my feet!" But as these sums cannot possibly be mastered, the persons so unhappily situated must submit to go on for ever in poverty. It is by the possession of such sums that the early steps of rising in the world are planted. The first footsteps once accomplished, and a good character being established, all the rest is a matter of easy acquisition.

WHERE TO DEPOSIT SAVINGS.

The most convenient and secure place for the deposit of small sums which can be spared from ordinary outlays, is the National Security Savings'-Bank, of which a branch is established in almost every town in the United Kingdom, and open at certain hours several days in the week. The interest given on deposits, though not large, helps to increase the accumulation; and on this account, as well as from the perfect security afforded, the Savings'-Bank is preferable as a place for receiving regular or occasional deposits. The money can be withdrawn, wholly or in part, at any time, along with the interest. The principal use of the Savings'-Bank to a working-man is, its affording a convenient place of deposit for sums which will be required at certain seasons to pay for rent, clothing, and other things. As a means of providing for sickness and old age, it is also available; but in this respect it is excelled by the Friendly or Provident Society.

Friendly Societies are a union of individuals, who mutually assist each other. Each contributes a weekly or monthly payment, which is so much money sunk in order to insure a return during sickness, or after a certain age. Money deposited in a Savings'-Bank may be speedily exhausted by draughts during

illness; but after certain weekly payments are made to a Friendly Society, the member is secure of succour, however long his sickness may continue. By this arrangement, which is that of general insurance associations, the fortunate, or those who need no assistance, pay for the unfortunate, or those whom sickness happens to overtake. No one can tell to which of these classes he may belong; but it is known, by long experience, how many men in the hundred will be sick in the course of a year; and this affords a proper basis for calculating what should be received and paid out. *Many Friendly Societies are established on principles of erroneous calculation, and their constitution is likewise defective.* Those who trust their money to these societies, run the greatest risk of never receiving a farthing back, in the event of sickness. Essentially insolvent, these societies are constantly on the brink of ruin. We could point out several wide-spread associations of this dangerous class, by whom the working-classes will one day suffer immense spoliation. On this account we recommend very great caution as to becoming members of friendly insurance fraternities. There are four marks by which a properly instituted society may be known:—First, Has the society had its rules authenticated by the proper government officer? Second, Has it a charter of incorporation? Third, Are its directors known and respectable men? And fourth, Does it publish clear statements of its affairs? If it possess no charter, there can be no legal recourse against it, unless by summoning every individual member; and it would be somewhat difficult to summon perhaps twenty thousand men, scattered over all parts of the country.

One of the safest and most approved Friendly Societies is that established in Edinburgh in connection with the School of Arts. It has three separate schemes—namely, a sickness fund, deferred annuity fund, and a life-assurance fund. Much or little can be paid in, the payments out being in proportion. For a general explanation of the principles and rules of this society, we refer to the sheet "Social Economics of the Industrious Orders," in our "Information for the People." Special information on the subject may be obtained from H. Ivory, Esq., 2 St David Street, Edinburgh.

Latterly, Building Societies have been established in different parts of England, for the purpose of assigning property or houses to members. We believe that where these are under proper regulation, they are likely to be useful, and prove worthy of support. Unfortunately, the law of England, as well as of Scotland, by giving heritable property to the eldest son in the event of the owner's death, and in case of a will not being made devising the property otherwise, must tend to defeat the operation of this social improvement. Independently of this, the enormous cost, at least in Scotland, of transferring house property, will very much lessen the advantages which a working-man expects to realise by becoming the proprietor of his own dwelling. Where

men have no decided prospect of living and working always in the same spot, it will be preferable for them to rent, instead of owning property; for nothing should ever stand in the way of removing to new fields of labour, when such seems desirable.

We have, however, a better opinion of Building Societies generally, than of a scheme lately set on foot by a society for assigning an acre of land to its members, in requital of certain payments. There is every reason to believe that this community land-buying project will eventually break up, with loss to the greater number of the parties concerned; and we earnestly discommend any one from joining it. Even if successful, the idea of a mechanic removing from a town where he is well employed to a rural district, there to commence living by the produce of an acre of land, wrung with difficulty from the soil, would seem too insane to be gravely entertained, did we not know that, allowing themselves to be carried away by clap-trap oratory, too many of the operative orders give credence to all sorts of fallacies.

INTEMPERANCE.

Recommendations to save money will, we fear, be of little value where habits of intemperance require to be subdued. In alluding to the prevalent appetite for intoxicating liquors, we may be said to touch the grand sore which eats into the vitals of the manual labouring-classes. How sorrowful and humiliating the reflection, that be the times good, or be they bad, a large portion of all the earnings in the shape of weekly wages is consumed in purchasing intoxicating drinks! In the United Kingdom, annually, upwards of fifty millions of pounds sterling are spent in the purchase of wines, spirits, and malt liquors—the bulk of which is believed to be consumed by the humbler classes generally. The money so spent is in amount far beyond what is paid for supporting all the churches, chapels, and clergymen in the country.

The statistics of intemperance need not here be dwelt upon, for they have already engaged attention in the Tracts (No. 23); it will be sufficient to draw attention to a few facts. We would in all friendliness invite the working-classes to consider whether, as a body, they can possibly rise to a more respected position so long as this monster vice is so extensively practised by them. Tavern drinking by the higher and middle classes, once so common, may now be said to be unknown, except in places where habits of a mean order still happen to linger. The practice of resorting to public-houses, or of getting tipsy, is now almost entirely confined to the humbler classes. A hundred years ago, it was nothing wonderful to see a lord reeling home drunk; and duchesses were occasionally seen going away tipsy from places of public entertainment. The increasing refinements of a century have banished these sights. The only persons now seen

drunk in the streets are—how melancholy is the confession!—working-men, or at least individuals whose earnings are paid in small or weekly sums. Look at the number of gin-palaces, public-houses, and taverns in the commoner streets of London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other large towns! In one street, about a mile in length, in Edinburgh, there are a hundred spirit-shops or taverns. In Glasgow, there was lately a public-house for every fourteen families. In reference to this latter city, Sheriff Alison observes, in the course of an examination before a committee of the House of Commons:—"I am sure there are eighty thousand people in Glasgow who are just as completely heathens, to all intents and purposes, as the Hottentots of Africa. Of course they have all heard there is a God; but as to any practical operation of the influence of religion upon their minds, they never go to church, or to any place where moral or religious instruction is carried on. I should think there are ten thousand men in Glasgow who get drunk on Saturday night—who are drunk all Sunday, and are in a state of intoxication, or half-intoxication all Monday, and go to work on Tuesday."

Evidence of this nature is most appalling. It appears that in the parish of St David's in Dundee, there were lately but eleven bakers' shops, and one hundred and eight for the sale of liquors. In the parish of Lochwinnoch in Renfrewshire, three or four times more money is spent in this way than is required for the support of religion and education. The value of ardent spirits consumed in the parish of Stevenston in Ayrshire, with a population of 3681, exceeds the landed rental by £3836. Warrington in Lancashire raises £3200 per annum for all its religious, benevolent, and literary institutions, including schools, missions, Bible and Tract Societies, and Ladies' Charity; and spends £68,000 on intoxicating drinks. It is also stated, that in this town there were lately fifteen hundred drunkards; and that in one street there were more than forty drunken women. Finally, that the sum of £1460 is spent in the detection and punishment of crime; while upon the education of the poor, no more is expended than £300. In the small town of Peebles in Scotland, there is a public-house for every fifteen families, or every twenty-two males. These, it is computed, spend each £10, 18s. yearly for strong drink, or £5602 in all—a sum four or five times the amount of what is paid for the religious and educational establishments.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of the universal expenditure on this one hideous vice—intemperance as to liquor. In vain do prosperous times arrive, when men are well employed: prosperity brings with it no blessing: money, with increased recklessness, is squandered in the lowest species of public-house debauchery. Every Saturday night, when wages are usually paid, becomes a saturnalia. Taverns and pot-houses are thronged; and men skilled in their profession, and animated with no deli-

berate wickedness, by a strange infatuation deliver themselves up to a practice to the last degree impoverishing and demoralising. The loss of money, though enormous, is perhaps the least of the evils of intemperance. The mind is vitiated, the health ruined, and the family reduced to a state of misery. But far too appalling are the horrors, to be closely scanned. Every workman may see in his own neighbourhood, and perhaps in the persons and families of acquaintances, what dire disasters are wrought through an abandonment to the mean and despicable vice of dram or beer drinking.

Smoking is only a variety of intemperance. The fumes of tobacco act as an intoxicant on the nervous system; and for this cause, independently of the loss of money, smoking should be relinquished, or, more properly, never be begun. It is ascertained by medical inquiry, that smoking, like the drinking of stimulants, is injurious to health. It produces disorders in the mucous membranes of the larynx and palate, seriously deranges the stomach, and affects the action of the heart and lungs. On the nervous system its effects are usually more fatal. Like all mean indulgences, smoking demoralises the feelings, and creates and confirms dirty and idle habits.

BORROWING FROM PAWNBROKERS.

Want of economy leads to the dangerous habit of resorting to pawnbrokers for loans. On this subject we extract the following useful observations from a small pamphlet, called the "Poor Man's Four Evils."

"The bulk of the business done in pawn-shops is in articles pledged on Monday and redeemed on Saturday. On the latter day they are taken out for use on the Sunday, and having answered this temporary purpose, are put in again on the Monday, in order to procure means for getting food during the week. Why is there this want of means? Because Saturday night and Sunday have been spent in improper, wasteful, if not guilty pleasures; or because some thriftless people are always in arrears; living on the wages of the week to come instead of the week gone by. Then how frequently is an article pledged in order to get a shilling wherewith to purchase ardent spirits! For the pawn-shop and the dram-shop are twin-brothers of darkness; they support each other, and combine to ruin thousands. In 1843 there were in Manchester one hundred and sixty pawnshops. Say their profits were, on an average, £300 a-year each. Here, then, is nearly fifty thousand pounds with which the people of that town taxed themselves *for no purpose*, yet of their own free will. If they wished to enrich others, while they brought themselves to poverty, shame, and ruin, people could not take more effectual means. To avoid a little self-denial in getting a few shillings ahead, or to procure a momentary pleasure which leaves a sting behind, you make your children's backs bare, and

keep their bellies half empty. Calculate what you give to the publican, the quack doctor, and the pawnbroker. You and your wife spend in gin and beer at least sixpence a-day, and one shilling on a Sunday; that is four shillings a-week, or ten pounds a-year. In drugs and doctoring you spend two pounds a-year more. The pawnbroker takes every year of your money three pounds. Altogether this comes to fifteen pounds a-year. Now, suppose you earn twenty-four shillings a-week, or sixty pounds a-year, then one-fourth of your earnings are wasted. Yes; six shillings a-week, or fifteen pounds a-year, are thrown away—given to others; for nothing in return, save bad habits, bad health, and bad temper.

"Illustrative of my subject is the following anecdote, given on the authority of a respectable employer:—Missing, on a recent occasion, from his work an old servant, Mr —— inquired where he was, and learning that illness confined him to his home, he went thither, and found his workman on what appeared likely to prove his deathbed, waited on in a dirty apartment by a slatternly wife, who, with all about her, gave evidence of the operation of the gin-palace and pawn-shop. About the same time the same employer was asked by another of his workmen, if he could recommend him a good and safe investment for three hundred pounds. 'Three hundred pounds!' exclaimed Mr ——; 'why, has any one left you that sum?' 'No,' was the answer. 'At the end of the first year of my wedded life, my wife asked me what I had saved since we were married. "Nothing," I replied. "Nothing? Why, I have saved twenty pounds." On learning this, I resolved never again to enter a gin-shop. I have kept my word; *and am now worth a thousand pounds.*'

"These two men, both mechanics, were about the same time apprenticed to the same master, were equally clever, employed in the same branch of their trade, and for years they received the same wages. The only marked difference was, that the sick man occasionally lost a day from idleness. The other had married a prudent, thrifty wife, and rose step by step to the post of confidential overlooker in the large establishment in which he served his time. This is no rare case. The foreman in every room in our factories, and every foreman in other large works, owe their elevation, respectability, and comfort, to being honest, sober, and trustworthy; and many of them are good men, good husbands, good fathers, and good servants in the main, because they are so happy as to have neat, clean, industrious, and striving wives, who would rather suffer anything than visit a gin or a pawn shop."

HEALTH.

A working-man's labour being his stock in trade, it is of the utmost importance that nothing should occur to diminish its amount or its efficacy. Bad health, unfortunately, will do both;

and the preservation of health, therefore, should become not only a pleasure, but a duty. Intemperance in drinking and smoking, as already stated, will impair health. But there are many other causes which will conspire to ruin the health of the workman and his family. These are want of cleanliness, want of proper ventilation in dwellings and work-rooms, undue exposure to cold, and improper diet. Numerous additional causes of disease could be mentioned; but these only need here engage attention.

Although the hands of a working-man may be soiled by his labour, that is no reason for his being not otherwise clean. The best way to insure cleanliness of person, is to make a regular habit of washing and bathing. The hands and face, as a matter of course, require frequent ablution with soap and water; but that is not enough for insuring health. The whole body must be pretty frequently subjected to the warm or tepid bath. Another kind of bathing also found serviceable, and easily accomplished, consists in sponging the whole person with cold water in the morning before going out to work. This simple species of ablution, along with rubbing with a hard towel, not only purifies, but braces the body, and enables it to endure cold and exposure. Many persons who cannot conveniently have baths in their house, resort to this inexpensive kind of bathing.

Latterly, the working-classes have shown a disposition to encourage public baths, where warm bathing can be obtained on a cheap scale. Every one must wish well to this movement, which, if carried out in sincerity of purpose, may prove an important turning-point in the condition of workmen.

Cleanliness of apparel—frequent shifting of the clothing next the skin in particular—is also of great importance. But all efforts at cleanliness will in no small degree be unavailing, if care is also not taken to breathe wholesome air. On this point there prevails the most lamentable ignorance. It does not seem to be known, that by each exhalation we vitiate the air to a certain extent; and that, therefore, if a room be too crowded, or have not a free inlet for the atmosphere, it will soon be full of bad air, which cannot be breathed again without injury. Unless an apartment be large and high in the roof, not more than two or three persons should sleep in it; and even although large, it should have an inlet for fresh air. The letting in of air may be inconvenient from cold, but far better suffer a little cold than breathe a slow poison. Every morning, after all are out of bed, the window and door should be opened, and a good draught made to go through the house, clearing away all aërial impurities in its course. By over-closeness, and the want of this or some other kind of ventilation, few of the houses of the humbler classes are healthful; and the consequence is, that typhus fever, and other fatal disorders, prevail among them at nearly all seasons, slaying thousands of young and old, and producing terrible

misery in families. Want of ventilation has also the effect of depressing the moral and physical energies; and to get relief, men in such circumstances take to stimulants, which only lead to worse results. A clean well-aired house may be considered a safeguard of temperance; but a house dirty, in disorder, overcrowded, and badly ventilated, is almost certain to be the home of the reckless and dissipated.

Most unfortunately for the working-classes, there are few large towns in which houses can be obtained suitable in size and reasonable as to rent; and therefore vast numbers of well-disposed persons, with their families, are compelled to lodge in places detrimental to health and offensive to decency. This is really a serious grievance, almost entitled to be called national, and we should be glad to hear of its abatement. In some towns societies have been established to supply a better class of dwellings; but in general, the bulk of mechanics are confined in their choice of houses to a mean order of buildings, destitute of sewerage, water, and all else that contributes to moral and physical well-being.

Where we have made inquiries as to the apparent unwillingness of capitalists to build houses on speculation for the accommodation of workmen, the invariable answer has been, that houses at a small rent are a bad species of property. It is alleged that among the humbler classes generally, there is a disposition to evade the payment of rent, or at least to be careless of the trouble which they give to proprietors. Windows are broken, and other injuries done to the property, with, it is said, little or no consideration as to the loss which will be sustained by the owner; and that in many cases no rent would be got at all, if it were not rigorously exacted weekly. On account of one or other of these reasons, few houses are erected specially for workingmen, who are therefore obliged to take up their abode in old buildings, which, from change of times, have been abandoned by the middle and higher classes. We are inclined to think, however, that capitalists, in advancing the foregoing reasons, fall into a mistake as to the parties who would become their tenants. They confound a steady and respectable body of men—and that there are such among the miscellaneous order of workmen is undoubted—with the great and unfortunate class of improvidents who form a large section of the population of towns. We cannot, however, doubt that this monstrous grievance of defective dwellings will soon engage serious attention; and few things would give us greater pleasure than to hear of working-men everywhere uniting to carry out some well-considered plan for providing themselves, or of getting capitalists to provide them, with neat, commodious, and healthful dwelling-houses. General sanitary arrangements with respect to large towns, enforced by law, will alone, as we expect, lead to this desirable improvement.

The chief observation to make respecting diet is this: there may be intemperance in eating as well as drinking; and the one often leads to the other. We would recommend a plain but substantial diet, as good as can be afforded, and taken in moderation. However, change the diet as often as possible. Do not eat the same kind of food day after day. Sameness of diet causes weakness of the system, and at last produces scurvy. Many hospitals throughout the country have been lately crowded with patients affected with scurvy, from no other cause than constantly living on the same kind of diet, without varying it with vegetable substances.

The last advice we have to offer concerning health is, when you find yourself becoming unwell, apply to a respectable medical practitioner. Do not go to a quack; and buy no pills, ointments, or any other trash which you see advertised in the newspapers. Nearly all that is said in advertisements as to the efficacy of these quack medicines is false.

EMIGRATION.

Disposed as we are to approve of emigration in reference to capitalists, agriculturists, and a semi-destitute class of individuals, we would hesitate about recommending skilled workmen to leave the proper field for their labour in this country, in order to seek a new means of subsistence abroad. Only when there is an evident over-crowding of artisans, and where they may be said unduly to compete with each other for employment, should emigration be resorted to. Our belief is, that in no country in the world will a working-man by steadiness, economy, and skill, find so sure a reward as in Great Britain, all the tales told of foreign comforts notwithstanding. And why? Because in this country there is an immense realised and increasing capital wherewith to pay for employment. While, therefore, indisposed to counsel emigration to distant regions, we earnestly advise working-men to remove to whatever place in their own country they hear that there is a demand for their labour. Some may think that such a recommendation is unnecessary; and yet nothing is more remarkable than the obstinacy with which men cling to places long after remunerative employment is gone, instead of removing at once to a perhaps not very distant town, where good wages could be realised. Some families, indeed, seem to hold as if by a blind instinct to the place of their birth, rather than exert themselves manfully in bettering their circumstances by removal. On a late occasion, in passing through a country village in Scotland, it was our fortune to observe what seemed a scene of great distress—the removal of a family with their effects to a town about fifty miles distant, where the means of subsistence awaited them. All commiserated the poor people's fate, while in reality they had reason for rejoicing. Such is one of the weaknesses of human nature.

PROFESSIONAL AND SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

Allusion is elsewhere made to the superior advantages of skilled over unskilled labour. To attain the highest possible skill in the department of work in which a man is engaged, should be an object of honourable ambition. Be not satisfied with performing any branch of labour in a slovenly or barely tolerable manner; try to make your work excel in point of accuracy and taste; strive to improve on old usages; be anxious to please; for it is by all these means, along with a trustworthy steadiness, that a man gets forward in any profession. The good workman will always command the best price, provided trade is left free, and employers are allowed to exercise a discretion. The arrangement enforced in some trades, that the slow and the indifferent workman shall be paid equally with the clever and zealous, is an ingenious contrivance to keep down ability, and bring the world to a dead level.

But a man should not be satisfied with being merely skilled in his handicraft. He ought, if possible, to make himself acquainted with the principles of the operations in which he is concerned. If, for instance, he be a dyer, he should not rest contented with knowing exactly what ingredients will produce certain tints, but ascertain by inquiry why such is the case. This will cause him to study practical chemistry; and in the course of his investigations, he may perhaps make some discovery valuable to himself and the public. Independently, however, of any chance of making improvements in his profession, much good is gained by investigations into first principles. A man who goes through a routine of labour in order to produce certain results, without knowing why such results are effected, is said to act *empirically*. He acts just as a machine would act when put in motion. Is there any honour in being likened to an unreasoning machine? We think not; and it is with the view of rousing workmen to a sense of what is becoming in this respect, that we take the liberty of speaking so frankly. Fortunately, there are now few towns in which there are not mechanics' institutions and libraries, through whose aid knowledge the most profitable and agreeable may be acquired.

"The labouring man," says the Rev. H. Mosely in his Report on Education, "may have been taught many things at school; but practically, that which is associated with the earning of his daily bread, is that which will remain in his mind. He has found that task one which, if it did not fill up the full measure of his time, occupied at least all his thoughts. To know, then, the secret that lies hidden in the matter on which he works, associated as the secret is with his craft; to reflect upon it—to understand it—in secular matters; this is the proper sphere of his knowledge. Let it not be said that it is a narrow sphere. On the contrary,

that is a wide domain which is embraced in the knowledge of any one fragment of the universe, for it is united by great general laws with a knowledge of the whole. Some such fragment lies before every working-man. To tell him that he is to shut out from it the exercise of thought, or that the proper functions of his intelligence—with respect to secular things—lie rather in some other path than that, is, to a certain extent, to contravene the order of God's providence with respect to him.

"Nor need the workman think, however humble be the craft he exercises, or common the form of matter on which he is called upon to labour, that the science of it is a thing of small account. Nothing is of small account which comes from the hand of God, or any truth which is a manifestation of the Divine mind. The man who has acquired the knowledge of a law of nature, holds in his hand one link of a chain which leads up to God. It is the development of a truth which was pronounced before the foundations of the world were laid. In the eye of philosophy, the matter which cumbers it falls off, and it is seen intrinsically as beautiful when coming from one concealment as from another—when developed from the rude fragment of a rock, or from a sunbeam—when found in the organisation of an insect, or in the mechanism of the heavens.

"It is in the separation of labour from that science or knowledge which is proper to every form of it, that consists the degrading distinction of a class of the community (in the language of the manufacturing districts) as 'hands.' '*Hands!*'—Men who take a part all their lives long in manufacturing processes, involving the practical application of great scientific truths, without ever comprehending them—men, who have before their eyes continually mechanical combinations, the contrivance of which they never take the pains to inquire into—men, in respect to whom the first step has never been made which all these things would have continued, the first impulse given which these would have carried on—men, who, with the subjects of thought all around them, and with everything to impel them to the exercise of it, never exercise thought; and so, the obvious means of their education being passed, they remain always '*hands.*'

"I know how many are the objections raised to this view of the functions of education. We are told of the oppositions of matter and mind, and of the circumscribing and deadening effects of matter upon thought. As though matter were not full of the elements of thought, and the appointed field for its exercise to those whose avocation it is to subdue it to the uses of man; and as though, whilst the power over outward things is enlarged by the exercise of reason and reflection, the inward life did not also gather strength."

MARRIAGE.

Every working-man possessing health, and able to earn his

bread, may reasonably look forward to being married, and enjoying the comforts of an independent home. The period of marriage, however, should depend on circumstances. No man ought to incumber himself with the responsibilities of a wife and family, till he possess the means to do so with propriety. Unless he has saved money before marriage, he has little chance of doing so afterwards. That which, for the most part, keeps the humbler classes in a constant struggle with poverty, is marrying too early, or before they have saved a sufficiency wherewith to set up housekeeping, and encounter the drain on their resources which a family insures.

Our wish, as frequently expressed, is to elevate the working-classes, if not out of, at least in their position. We desire to see them respected, comfortable, and happy. But the only means for realising this end will consist in their subjecting themselves to the same self-denial as the generality of the middle classes. These latter classes, it may be remarked, do not marry when young, poor, and inexperienced. We do not see shopkeepers, medical men, or lawyers, marrying at nineteen or twenty years of age. Few of them marry till twenty-seven at the soonest; the greater number not till they are thirty. The reason for this is, that they desire to begin the married life respectably—not with a fortune, but with a certain amount of realised capital; and as far as can be foreseen, some degree of certainty as to future prospects. Marriages among the middle classes without these preliminaries are very rare; and when they occur, they are looked upon as wild undertakings, of which no good can come. The postponement of marriage till the age above-mentioned, may be considered preposterous. Perhaps, all things considered, it would be better if marriages could be prudently undertaken earlier; but as this, in the general state of affairs, cannot be, we must be contented to reason from existing circumstances. No one surely will argue, that there can be any justice in a man entering into matrimony without a reasonable prospect of supporting a wife and family by his earnings; and not only so, but making some provision for them in the event of his death. If he adopt no such precaution, he is running a great hazard of throwing the responsibility from off his own shoulders to those of the public. He is in effect saying, that he does not mind what comes of his family; if he die, or any other misfortune occur, they may fall on the parish for support for anything he cares. As has been said, it is very much in consequence of reckless, improvident marriages among the humbler classes, that we see such crowds of poor—great numbers of widows and orphans struggling in misery, or dependent on public charity for subsistence. It is solely with the view of averting this calamity, and of raising the working-man in his own and the world's esteem, that we recommend him to exercise patience and prudence in the weighty affair of matrimony.

HOME PLEASURES.

No working-man can thrive unless his home be clean, orderly, and comfortable; and these depend on a good domestic management. How sorrowful the fate of him whose wife is a slattern, and his home a scene of disorder! Great care in forming the matrimonial relation may, however, avert this calamity. Supposing the workman's home to be what is desirable, he has it in his power to enjoy many pleasures; for no pleasures are so enduring as those which one finds at his own fireside. On this subject we may give the following passages from a small work published in America, called "The Working-Man."

Reading should form a habitual source of pleasure; "and I would say to every working-man, *Read aloud.* If the book is borrowed, this is often the only way in which every one can get his share. If the family is very busy—and the female members of all industrious families are as much so in the evening as in the day—the reading of one will be as good as the reading of all, and while one reads, a dozen may knit or sew. There are many persons who enjoy much more, and retain much better what is read to them, than what they read themselves: to the reader himself there is a great difference in favour of reading aloud, as it regards the impression on his own mind. The members of the circle may take turns, and thus each will have a chance of learning, what so few really attain, the art of correct and agreeable reading. Occasion is thus offered for questions, remarks, and general discourse; and it is almost impossible for conversation to flag where this practice is pursued. With this method, the younger members of a family may be saved in a good degree from the perusal of frivolous and hurtful books; and if a little foresight be used, a regular course of solid or elegant instruction might thus be constantly going forward, even in the humblest family.

"But the moral and social effects of such a practice are not less to be regarded. Evenings thus spent will never be forgotten. Their influence will be daily felt, in making every member of the circle more necessary to all the rest. There will be an attractive charm in these little fireside associations, which will hold the sons and daughters back from much of the wandering which is common. It will be a cheap, wholesome, safe enjoyment, and it will be all this *at home.*

"The gains of an affectionate family ought to be shared and equalised: the remark is true of all degrees and kinds of learning. Study has a tendency to drive men to solitude, and solitude begets selfishness, whim, and moroseness. There are some households in which only one person is learned; this one, however amiable, has perhaps never thought of sharing his acquisitions with a brother or a sister. How seldom do men communicate

what they have learned to their female relations; or, as a man once said in my hearing, 'Who tells news to his wife?' And yet how easy would it be, by dropping a word here and a word there, for even a philosopher to convey the chief results of his inquiries to those whom he meets at every meal. I have been sometimes surprised to see fathers, who had made great attainments, and who therefore knew the value of knowledge, abstaining from all intercourse with their sons upon the points which were nearest their own hearts. In families where the reverse of this is true—that is, where the pursuits of the house have been a joint business—it is common to see a succession of persons eminent in the same line.

"There are some pleasures which, in their very nature, are social; these may be used to give a charm to the working-man's home. This is more true of nothing than of music. Harmony implies a concurrence of parts; and I have seen families so trained, that every individual had his allotted part or instrument. Let the thing, however, be conducted by some rule. If proper pains be taken with children while they are yet young, they may all be taught to sing. Where circumstances favour it, instrumental music may be added. It is somewhat unfortunate that American women practise almost entirely upon the more expensive instruments; and it is not every man who can, or ought to give two hundred and fifty dollars for a piano-forte. In countries where the guitar is a common accompaniment, it is within the reach of the poorest. There may be lovely music, however, without any instrument.

"There are no portions of the working-man's life in which a more constant series of innocent satisfactions is offered to him than his evenings. This is true of those at least whose trades do not encroach upon the night. When labour is over, there is an opening for domestic pleasures which no wise man will ever neglect.

"My neighbour Boswell has a high sense of these enjoyments, and makes the most of them. Except when some public meeting calls him abroad, you are as sure to find him at home in the evening, as at work in the day. Sometimes, indeed, he accompanies his wife or eldest daughter in a visit; but he never appears at clubs or taverns. 'I work hard,' he is accustomed to say, 'for my little comforts, and I like to enjoy them unbroken.'

"The picture would not be unworthy of the pencil of a Wilkie: I have it clearly in my mind's eye. The snug and well-closed room is all gay with the blaze of a high wood-fire, which casts upon the smiling circle a ruddy glow. There is Boswell, in his arm-chair, one hand between the leaves of a book which he has just closed, the other among the auburn locks of a little prattling girl. He gazes into the fire with that air of happy reverie, which is so sure a token of a mind at rest. The wife, nearer to

the light, is plying the ceaseless needle, and distributing kind words and kinder glances among the little group. Mary, the eldest daughter, is leaning over a sheet of paper, upon which she has just executed a drawing. George, the eldest son, is most laboriously engaged in the construction of a powder-horn. Two little ones are playing the royal game of Goose; while one, the least of all, is asleep before the fire, by the dog and the cat, who never fail to occupy the same spot every evening.

"Such humble scenes, I am happy to believe, are still presented to view among thousands of families among the working-classes. Need it be added, that they are immeasurably above the sickly heats of those who make pleasure the great object of their pursuit in life? It is among such influences that religion spreads its balm, and that knowledge sheds its fruits. Rest after toil is always agreeable; but it is doubly so when enjoyed in such circumstances, in the bosom of a loving family, healthful, instructed, and harmonious. Such uniformity is never tedious; nor such quiet ever dull. Every such evening may be remembered in after-life with pleasing regrets.

"My friend tells me that it is a refreshment to his mind, during the greatest labours or chagrin of the day, to look forward to his tranquil evening. When work is done, he hastens to wash away the traces of his ruder business, and to make himself as smart as is consistent with frugal plainness. 'He who hammers all day,' he says, 'has a right to be clean at night.' This is the rule of his house; and when his sons grow large enough to be out at trades, they will no doubt come in every evening as trim and as tidy as they went out.

"It might be interesting to inquire what would be the effect upon the state of society in any village or town if every workingman in it could be induced to spend his evenings at home, and in this manner? A reform in this single particular would work wonders. Every one who is admitted to such a scene, feels at once that there is a charm in it. Why, then, are there so many families where nothing of this kind is known? To give all the reasons might be tedious; but I must mention one or two. First, there must be punctuality, neatness, and thrift in the affairs of housekeeping, to make such a state of things practicable. No man loves to take his seat between two washing-tubs, or beside a fire where lard is simmering, or to stretch his legs over a hearth where almost every spot is occupied by some domestic utensil. Then there must be a feeling of mutual respect and love, to afford inducement to come together in this way. Further, it is difficult to maintain these happy evening groups without some little sprinkling of knowledge. The house where there are no books, is a dull house: the talk is amazingly dull talk. Reading makes pleasant conversation. George always has some good thing to read to Mary; or Mary some useful fact to repeat to George. A little learning in the family is like a little salt in

the barrel—it keeps all sound and savoury. And, finally, it is incumbent to say that he who overtasks his days has no evenings. In our country, thank God! labour need not be immoderate to keep one alive. There is such a thing as working too much, and thus becoming a mere beast of burden. I could name some men, and more women, who seem to me to be guilty of this error. Consequently, when work is past, they are fit for nothing but solid sleep. Such are the men and the women who have no domestic pleasures; no reading, no improvement, no delightful evenings at home."

> I crown thee king of intimate delights,
> Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
> And all the comforts that the lowly roof
> Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
> Of long uninterrupted evening know.—COWPER.

CONCLUSION.

Had space permitted, we should have gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity of making observations on a few other topics. It might have been desirable, for instance, to show workmen of all ranks the necessity for sending their children to school, and giving them such an education as is consistent with their means —and how much more honourable it would be to do so, than to make their children mere engines of profit by sending them into factories. We should likewise have wished to show the fallacy of the too-industriously-propagated notion—that employers, as a body, are animated by any species of desire to oppress workmen, by unduly keeping down their wages or otherwise; though, possibly, any representations to the contrary on our part, might have little influence in modifying prejudices which time and experience will alone effectually dispel. Partly in connexion with this subject, and while recommending social harmony among all classes as very desirable for the common weal, we would have been anxious to sympathise with the working-classes in some adverse circumstances to which they may continue to be less or more exposed; at the same time, however, assuring them that while health is spared, and remunerative labour is to be had, their condition admits of much varied happiness. "It is not uncommon," observes an author lately quoted, "to hear mechanics and other working-men repining at their lot in life, especially as compared with that of such as are engaged in the learned professions. In hours of despondency, those are imagined to be happy who are freed from the necessity of manual labour, whether as men of wealth or of letters. Contentment is the best policy. All is not gold that glitters. Inaction is not ease. Money will not purchase happiness. Lords and ladies are often very wretched people; and the instances are numerous in which even kings

have thought men of humble stations the happiest. M. D'Alembert relates that Frederick, king of Prussia, once said to him, as they were walking together in the gardens of Sans Souci, 'Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably happier than either of us.' So, also, Henry IV. exclaims, in Shakspeare—

> 'Canst thou, oh partial sleep! give thy repose
> To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
> And in the calmest and most stillest night,
> With all appliances and aids to boot,
> Deny it to a king?'

which may remind us of a saying of a greater and wiser king than either: 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.' And before I dismiss my royal witnesses, let me cite King James I. of England, who used to say that the happiest lot in life was that which set a man below the office of a justice of the peace, and above that of a petty constable. The truth is, labour is not an evil. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' sounds like a curse, but has been made a blessing by our benign Creator. Health, strength, and cheerfulness are promoted by the proper use of our bodily powers. Among the Jews, labour was accounted so honourable and so necessary, that every man used to be bred to some trade, that so he might have a resource in case of misfortune. The same sentiment has prevailed in other Eastern nations. One of the Hebrew rabbis has the surname of the Shoemaker, and another of the Baker. Sir Paul Ricaut somewhere mentions that the Grand Seignior, to whom he was ambassador, had been taught to make wooden spoons. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that mental exertion is less wearing than the labour of the hands. Head work is the hardest work in the world. The artisan feels this if at any time he has to spend a whole day in calculation. All men of learning testify to the same truth, and their meagre frames and sallow complexions tell a plainer tale than their words. Sir Edward Coke, the great English lawyer, speaks thus concerning his great work: 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often, having occasion to go into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman and other mechanics. For one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded, and succeeded; but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only attentive to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness while he is at his work." Will not these words breathe a degree of consolation to many who heedlessly consider that all toil is confined to the working-classes.

THE GUERILLA.

A STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

I.

FROM the year 1807 to 1814, Spain and Portugal were the theatre of one of the most desperate warlike struggles recorded in history, and which is usually spoken of in England as the *Peninsular War*. The origin of this remarkable contest was partly civil dissensions, arising from the weakness and incompetence of the reigning powers, but principally the ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte, at that time Emperor of the French, who entertained the design of subduing the whole Peninsula to his authority, and forming it into a kingdom for one of his own family. At first, the native forces of Spain and Portugal made an effort to withstand this foreign aggression; but so far as they were concerned, it would have proved a hopeless struggle. Great Britain, in vindication of her policy in overthrowing the enormous, and, as it was believed, dangerous power of Napoleon, plunged into the disturbance, and in 1808 despatched an army to support the Spanish and Portuguese forces. After this event, the contest in the Peninsula became in reality an English and French war.

The native or patriot armies, as they were called, were as much an incumbrance as a help; and in history they are little heard of, and are only alluded to with the contempt which demoralisation never fails to merit. The principal leaders on

the part of the British were Sir John Moore, and Lord, afterwards Duke of, Wellington. The chief French generals were Junot, Massena, and Ney.

For six years this fearful war raged throughout the Peninsula. On each side there were in arms from 120,000 to 200,000 men. The French gained many victories, but seldom with any permanent advantage. Succeeding engagements weakened their power; and the fortresses they had taken were captured by sieges and bombardments, the most appalling in their details in the annals of warfare. The French, however, had another kind of foe to cope with besides the English armies, and one which materially contributed to discomfit their projects. This was the *guerillas*. Guerilla is a Spanish word, signifying a small or petty war, and is applied to persons who lie in ambuscade, to kill whatever enemy comes within reach of their carbines. Spain became an extensive scene of this irregular warfare. While the regular Spanish troops were disgracing themselves by cowardice, and leaving strangers to fight their battles, bands of peasants and others, armed with short muskets, pistols, and daggers—sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback—entered with zeal into the struggle which was going on, and remorselessly cut off every Frenchman who had the misfortune to fall into their hands.

In vain did the French endeavour to extirpate the guerillas. Their tactics consisted in never presenting a tangible part to any large body sent out against them. Having effected their purpose in cutting off small detachments, intercepting couriers with despatches, or seizing supplies, they quickly disappeared in the mountains—only to reassemble at a new point, in order to attempt some fresh outrage. Language cannot describe the vindictiveness, the cunning, and the intrepidity of these men. The greater number had in some way been injured by the invasion: their houses had been burnt; members of their families had been killed or insulted; and their prospects altogether ruined. Added to these causes of hostility against the French, many of them were fired with an extraordinary patriotic zeal and religious fanaticism, and counted it a pious service to rid the earth of wretches who had deluged their country with blood, and desecrated all that religion taught them to venerate. What may seem more strange, the Spanish women, animated with an equally implacable hatred of the French, often performed deeds rivalling in atrocity those committed by guerilla marauders. Nowhere were prisoners safe from female poniards; and thousands of sick and wounded, consigned to hospitals, were ruthlessly murdered. The only hope of safety for the vanquished or disabled French consisted in falling into the hands of the British, by whom they were protected, and sent out of the country as prisoners of war. According to regular military maxims, none of these furtive and vindictive measures could be sanctioned by the English

commander-in-chief; yet neither was the guerilla mode of warfare unacceptable in the existing state of affairs. The guerillas ranked as a convenient body of skirmishers, whose fidelity could be reckoned on; and they were useful in proclaiming, in all quarters, and with almost telegraphic rapidity, any victories achieved by the British forces.

It may be supposed that the guerilla system could not have attained to consistency or importance without an acknowledged head. This personage was Juan Martin Diez. He was the son of a peasant, and was born in the district of Valladolid, in Old Castile, in 1775. In his youth he was a soldier, and served some time as a private in a regiment of dragoons. Quitting the army on the restoration of peace, he returned home, married, and betook himself to agricultural employments. Patriotism, and a love of enterprise, drew him from his peaceful labours on the invasion of the territory of Spain by Napoleon. In 1808, he placed himself at the head of a party of four or five of his neighbours, and commenced hostilities against the enemy; killing their couriers, and thus obtaining a supply of horses, arms, and ammunition. The cruelties of the French having procured him many associates, he prosecuted with uncompromising rigour his system of annoyance and extermination. At this period he acquired the appellation of the *Empecinado*, from the darkness of his complexion. With the increase of his band, he extended the sphere of his operations, and performed feats of daring and ingenuity which would fill a volume of narrative.

The Empecinado was no ordinary man. He possessed great strength and powers of endurance, was ready in device, and although not without some of the imperfections of the Spanish character, he was honest, generous, and grateful. Among his countrymen he was highly esteemed for his bravery and patriotic ardour; and it cannot be doubted that, had he been exposed to a more fortunate class of circumstances, he would have attained a world-wide renown, instead of the narrow popularity of a Spanish partisan warrior.

It is chiefly of an incident in the career of the Empecinado that we propose to speak in the ensuing historiette. Greatly disinclined to recall the remembrance of military strife—cordially detesting war on principle—anxious to spread sentiments of peace and good-will among men—the relation of any circumstances connected with the war of independence in Spain is scarcely congenial with our feelings. What we have to say, however, is not a recital of battles and slaughter, calculated to excite the youthful fancy, but an anecdote illustrative of the unhappy condition into which a country may be thrown by military convulsion, and of the grateful emotions which were entertained by one who might almost have been called a houseless outlaw.

II.

A couple of hours before sunset, on a fine evening in the month of August 1809, a party of about thirty French dragoons were assembled in the courtyard of a small venta, or roadside inn, in the province of Old Castile. That they were not permanently quartered there, but had merely halted, *en route*, for the temporary refreshment of men and horses, was evident from the travel-soiled appearance of the former, and the fact that the latter stood picketted together, with their housings unremoved, beneath a row of sheds which occupied one side of the quadrangle forming the courtyard. But that the business which at the moment engaged their attention was of a tragical import, might likewise be inferred from the appearance of three men, one of them clad in the ordinary dress of a householder of the better class, the others wearing the motley garb, half-peasant and half-military, of the Spanish guerilla of the period, who were placed in a kneeling posture, with the hands of each bound behind him; whilst, at the distance of about ten paces in their front, were drawn up a dozen of the Frenchmen, carbine in hand, evidently waiting but the order to execute the sentence of death which had just been adjudged to the Spaniards by the officer in command of the party. Independently of the profound interest which such a spectacle would naturally excite in a humane mind under any circumstances, the attention of the beholder would, in this instance, have been powerfully arrested by the striking contrast exhibited between the demeanour of one of the condemned and that of his two companions in adversity. Whilst the sun-browned countenances of the guerillas darkened into a scowl, which conveyed the combined expression of unyielding fortitude and inextinguishable hatred, as they fixed their stern gaze on the persons of their executioners and the weapons which were to consign them to a bloody grave, the person and deportment of the other presented a spectacle rare indeed in the annals of Peninsular warfare. His countenance was white with fear; the perspiration which started from his pores stood in large beads on his temples and forehead; his whole frame was convulsed with mortal terror; and had he not been placed in a kneeling posture, as already stated, he would probably have fallen to the ground. He was loud and incessant in his intreaties for mercy, urged with all the eloquence of wo, and addressed in turn to every individual within his hearing, from the officer who commanded the firing party, down to the trumpeter who accompanied the troop. His comrades in misfortune endeavoured to appear insensible of his presence; but a close observer might have detected in their bearing something approaching to a consciousness of degradation at the idea of being assimilated in the estimation of their captors with their craven companion.

Two days previously, the Frenchmen had been employed in the escort, from the city of Burgos, where the head-quarters of their regiment were stationed, of a quantity of ammunition for the supply of the garrison at Valladolid. On that occasion they had halted at the little inn in question, for the double purpose of obtaining refreshment, and availing themselves of the shade during a few hours of the hottest portion of the day. When about to resume their march, the sergeant of the party, on paying his score, execrated the quality of the wine with which they had been furnished: adding, in a half-laughing tone, as he nodded to the landlord on turning to leave the house, "Take care that, when we visit you again, on our return to Burgos the day following to-morrow, you furnish us with something better than the sour stuff you have dosed us with to-day, else we may regard you as a rebel who designs to poison the troops of the emperor, and treat you to justice which you may find more summary than satisfactory." In a few minutes more they were on the road; and in the evening of the following day, delivered up their charge in safety to the commandant of Valladolid. On the succeeding morning, the party were again in the saddle on their return to head-quarters. They started at an early hour, Captain Dubois, the officer in command, being determined to accomplish the distance in one day, which had previously occupied them nearly two, when encumbered with the wagons they had been sent to escort. They had, therefore, reached the wine-house ere the hottest part of the day had set in, and, according to custom, halted to refresh themselves, and enjoy the shade, with the intention of resuming their march in the cool of the afternoon. Several leagues still remained to be traversed before they could reach Burgos; but by borrowing a couple of hours from the night, the distance would be easily accomplished, and both men and horses in much better condition than if the march were prosecuted under the fierce blaze of the meridian sun.

Having halted in front of the venta, the officer dismounted, whilst the sergeant shouted to the landlord to open the gate of the courtyard for the admission of the troop. No response was given. He dismounted, and entered the house; but the host, in general its sole occupant, was nowhere to be seen. Having repeatedly called for him in vain within and about the house, the sergeant himself admitted the troop; who, in a very few minutes, having placed their horses beneath the sheds already alluded to, and furnished them with provender, proceeded to supply their personal wants on the most liberal scale from the food and wine which they found in abundance in the house; observing that, if the landlord did not choose to remain at home and look after his own interests, that was no reason whatever why they should be regardless of theirs.

Some hours subsequently, about a dozen of their number, who, though not by any means intoxicated, had arrived at the state

generally described as "convivial," were seated round a wine-skin, chanting at the top of their voices a ditty, of which the praises of *la belle France* and the glories of the Grand Army formed the burden, when their harmony received an unexpected interruption. The crash of breaking timber was heard; a slight ceiling, composed of a species of hurdle, forming the floor of a small loft, and extending over about half the room in which they sat, gave way immediately above them, and a man tumbled head-foremost into the centre of the astonished group. So very sudden and unexpected was his appearance, that it might readily have been mistaken for the commencement of a violent attack. The Frenchmen involuntarily sprang to their feet, and their sabres flashed from the scabbards; but the individual who had so abruptly intruded on their mirth was himself evidently by far the most startled of the party. Dropping on his knees, he exclaimed, "Mercy, senors!—mercy! I am your poor servant José, landlord of the venta, as you must remember. I have never injured any one, and love the brave French! Mercy, senors!" And certainly he was immediately recognised as the host who had supplied them with refreshment two days previously, and whose absence on the present occasion had caused them so much surprise. His abrupt and involuntary advent was now greeted with a hearty peal of laughter, and he was pledged in a bumper of his own wine; whilst inquiries were addressed to him on every side as to the causes which had induced him to seek concealment. José seemed for a time considerably puzzled to find a satisfactory reply to this very natural inquiry; but at length succeeded in impressing the Frenchmen with the belief that, whilst he entertained the highest respect and the greatest affection for their nation and themselves, he was at the same time influenced by a very wholesome dread of their martial qualities; and whilst perfectly willing to afford them all the accommodation which his house could furnish, deemed it much the wiser and better way to retire into private life, so far as his person was concerned, until they should have departed from his premises. He experienced no great difficulty in making these excuses pass current with the body of the Frenchmen, who were perhaps all the more willing to receive them, that his previous absence necessarily involved his ignorance of the quantity of his property which they had eaten and drunk, and of which, no doubt, they would find the benefit in the reckoning. Compelling him, therefore, to join their party, they were soon again absorbed in their investigations as to the quality of the contents of the wine-skin.

III.

Before long, the tidings of José's appearance, after so very novel a fashion, reached the ears of the officer in command of the troop. Captain Dubois was a man who, though little past

the middle age, was already a veteran in experience. He had served from boyhood in the army, and had risen from the ranks under the eye of Bonaparte; and like most of those selected by that general for promotion, he combined great penetration, sagacity, and readiness of resource, with the utmost personal bravery; but, like them also, to those qualities he united a very considerable degree of unscrupulosity as to the means to be employed for the attainment of any desirable end. Being well aware of the nature of the sentiments with which the French were regarded by the great body of the Spanish people, and of the necessity for exercising the most sleepless vigilance whilst quartered in the heart of a hostile country, he seemed to view the circumstance as affording matter for anything rather than mirth. After pondering for a time, he proceeded to view the place of José's concealment. This was a kind of loft, employed as a receptacle for articles of clothing and lighter lumber, but certainly never intended to sustain the weight of a man. It would, however, in all probability have answered that purpose on the present occasion, had not the dragoons who occupied the room beneath, in relieving themselves of their heavier equipments, hung their well-filled cartouch-pouches on the projecting ends of the slight timbers forming the joists, the additional weight of which produced the unexpected catastrophe already described. Having made his survey, the captain returned to the room in which he had been sitting, and ordering the landlord to his presence, questioned him, at first with apparent indifference and unconcern, as to his reason for secreting himself on their approach. José, having by this time in a great degree recovered his confidence, replied to the captain in pretty much the same terms he had used to the men; adding, that no doubt he had been in error in entertaining any fear of his very excellent friends, and on every future occasion that might lead them that way, they should find him prepared to pay them all due respect by his personal attendance. He was about to retire, deeming the commander completely satisfied, when the demeanour of the latter underwent a sudden and entire alteration. He gave way for an instant to a burst of ferocious laughter, which grated most ominously on the ear of poor José, checking which, he glared on him with an eye that seemed to read his very soul; and addressing him in tones, the sternness of which contrasted strangely with the apparent indifference, and even blandness of those he had employed but a moment before, "That silly tale might serve your purpose," he exclaimed, "if told to a beardless conscript, but will scarcely deceive a man who has passed through a dozen campaigns. No, no; the motive must be a powerful one indeed which induces a Spanish innkeeper to conceal himself, and leave his property at the mercy of a troop of dragoons. But I am not accustomed to trifle; nor will I be trifled with. Now, mark me!"—and he rose from his chair, and

approached the landlord—"in half an hour I leave this place; but I'll know your reason for secreting yourself from the presence of my men, *or before I go, I'll hang you from the topmost bough of yonder tree!*" pointing to one which grew before the window.

The countenance of the wretched man was instantly blanched with terror. From head to foot he shook as in a palsy; and at length, dropping on his knees, he poured forth protestations and oaths of his innocence of any act or any design which could possibly prove offensive to his very excellent friends the French; and appealed to every saint in the calendar for the truth of his statement, that the reason he had already assigned was his only one for seeking to avoid their presence. His declaration, however, might have been addressed with equal effect to the passing breeze as to Captain Dubois. Consigning him to the custody of a couple of his men, that officer continued coolly to enjoy his cigar and wine, until half the period he had named to his captive had elapsed, when he approached, and informing him that but a quarter of an hour now remained, again demanded the reason of his secretion, and again received a similar reply. The captain, without deigning an answer, turned on his heel, and ordered the trumpeter to sound the recall for the men, many of whom were sauntering about the road and fields adjoining the venta. Ten minutes more had elapsed, when he again addressed his prisoner; and on receiving a similar reply as formerly, ordered the men in whose custody he was to bind his arms and lead him forth. This was accordingly done; and poor José, standing on the threshold of his own door, beheld all the preparations for his execution, from the very tree in whose friendly shade he had so often sat, and pledged in the wine-cup the frequenters of his humble hostelry. Here his courage, which had for some time been waxing faint, failed him altogether.

"Mercy, senor!" he exclaimed. "Spare my life, and you shall know all!"

"I expected as much by the time we should get thus far," coolly replied the captain.

Whether he really intended to have carried his threat into execution, it is impossible to say. It is probable he merely speculated on the effect to be produced by the fear of death, in forcing a confession from the landlord, if indeed he were privy to any plot or project against the French: in which case the result proved the correctness of his calculations.

"You will spare my life, senor, if I reveal all?" besought the landlord.

"I shall not hang you, provided you make a candid and full confession; but should you attempt to conceal anything, I shall certainly discover it, and put you to death upon the spot," was the reply.

To enable the reader to understand the revelation which

followed, it is necessary to explain some facts concerning the locality. The city of Burgos, whither the French were proceeding, was distant from the venta about five leagues by the shortest route. The road, however, was exceedingly hilly, rugged, and uneven, and seldom or never employed for the transit of vehicles; though in fine weather horsemen frequently adopted it, when pressed for time, without experiencing any very extraordinary inconvenience. At the distance of a league from the venta, another road, leading to the same destination, diverged from this to the right, very far superior, and consequently much more frequently adopted, though more circuitous than the former, by fully two leagues. By this latter road the dragoons had come from Burgos two days previously; but their selection of it then might have been accounted for on the ground of their having in convoy the heavy ammunition-wagons, to which the shorter one would have been quite impassable; whilst on the present occasion, being wholly unencumbered, they were free to adopt either route as their commander might decide.

The information now afforded by José was to the effect, that an attack on the Frenchmen, in the course of their evening march through the mountain-passes, which must be traversed in order to reach Burgos, had been determined on by the leader of a guerilla band—one as yet unknown to the French, but whose name was destined ere long to become a word of terror in the ears of every detached party of their army in the province of Old Castile, and ultimately to survive, in the grateful recollection of his countrymen, so long as the records of the war of independence shall find a place on the page of Spanish history—Juan Martin Diez, the Empecinado.

As the greatest number of followers that Diez could muster, however, so little exceeded those of the French, that their superiority in discipline, arms, and general equipment would throw the chances of success altogether in favour of the latter in case of an open attack, an ambuscade and surprise were the means which the guerilla chief sought to adopt for their destruction. But in order to effect his purpose in this way, it was absolutely necessary that he should have previous information as to which of the two lines of road already described would be adopted by his enemy. For the purpose of obtaining this information, at an early hour on the morning of that day he repaired to the venta, accompanied by two of his most trusty and intelligent followers, whom he placed in concealment in a dilapidated granary, or barn, which stood at some distance in the rear of the house, and almost hidden from view by intervening trees. José was then instructed to ascertain from the Frenchmen, as soon after their arrival, and in a manner as little pointed as possible, the route which the commander meant to pursue on resuming his march; which intelligence he was to communicate immediately to the

emissaries of Diez, as it was conceived he could absent himself for this purpose for a few minutes whilst the dragoons refreshed themselves, without attracting their attention. Having obtained the necessary information, one of the guerillas was to start immediately, keeping the wooded ground, to avoid being seen by any straggler of the French party; and Diez was to await him at the point where the two roads separated, the chief having left the remainder of his men concealed, with their horses, in a sort of natural amphitheatre, about midway between the two lines, whence they could easily gain, by mountain-paths, the most convenient spot on either long before the Frenchmen could possibly arrive. The second guerilla was still to remain secreted, lest any unforeseen occurrence, up to the moment of the departure of the French troops, should cause a change in the intentions of their officer, which he might still be able to communicate to Diez in sufficient time to enable him to alter the plans he had adopted in conformity with the information previously conveyed by the other.

José proceeded to state that he had been compelled by the threats of Diez to promise performance of the part allotted him, but that he had no real intention of engaging in any project tending to the injury of his very excellent friends the French; whilst on the other hand, unprotected as he was, and exposed at all times to the vengeance of the guerillas, he dared not go the length of making the Frenchmen acquainted with the plot, and putting them upon their guard; and that, under these circumstances, and hoping, by taking no active part in the transaction, to avoid incurring the direct hostility of either party, he had sought concealment from both for the present, as already described, leaving them to decide their quarrel among themselves as they best might.

Now, so far as the plans and movements of the Empecinado were concerned, the above statement was perfectly correct. But as "on their own merits modest men are dumb," there were some few particulars concerning his own share in the transaction, the mention of which José altogether omitted. He did not deem it necessary to inform Captain Dubois that, having learned from the incautious language of the sergeant the period when the troop might be expected to pass on their return, the moment they were out of sight he had despatched a messenger with the intelligence to Diez, well knowing that he would gladly seize the opportunity to waylay, and, if possible, destroy them. There, however, he conceived his part of the performance to have terminated; and by no means relished the proposition of the guerilla chief, that he should undertake the risk of conveying intelligence of the Frenchmen's intentions to his emissaries, as they lay concealed actually within pistol-shot of the troop. His habitual dread of Diez, however, left him no resource: and accordingly he gave a reluctant promise of obedience, which he would no doubt have

fulfilled, had his courage been equal to his sincerity. But though his hatred of the French was as intense as Diez himself could desire, his dread of them was, if possible, more deeply rooted still. Accordingly, whilst he awaited their appearance on that eventful day, the little stock of courage he possessed waxed each moment lower and feebler as he contemplated with increasing misgivings the hazards of the enterprise: and when at length the martial band, whose destruction he was plotting, came full in view, the loud ringing of their accoutrements, and the flashing of their helmets and sabres in the sunshine, struck such terror to his heart, that he instantly resolved to abandon its prosecution altogether. In such a case, had he been possessed of ordinary nerve, his obvious course would have been to proceed to the discharge of his regular duties as landlord of the house; and he would probably have found little difficulty in persuading Diez that he had been unable to extract the desired information from the French. But alas! that "conscience," which "doth make cowards of us all," whispered to José his utter inability to emulate the coolness and unconcern of innocence, and at the same time avoid suspicion; and acting on its promptings, he made a precipitate retreat, and the abortive effort at concealment, which terminated as already recorded.

Having heard his recital to the close with the utmost attention, Captain Dubois inquired, "So, then, the two spies of whom you speak are at this moment concealed in the barn?"

"Si, senor."

Directing him to lead the way to the building in question, whilst by a gesture he instructed a couple of his men to look sharply after him, the officer easily managed to surround the house with the dragoons ere the unfortunate men within had the slightest intimation that they had been betrayed. Even after the soldiers had passed the doorway, the devoted guerillas, probably regarding them as idle stragglers from the main body, lay still and silent in the place of their concealment; nor was it until—the faithless landlord having pointed out the spot—they were actually seized and dragged into the light of day, that they attempted to resist or fly. But it was then too late. One fierce struggle, which lasted but a moment, and they were overpowered, securely bound, and conducted to the venta. A brief examination followed, in which Captain Dubois exerted his persuasive powers in vain to induce the faithful fellows to furnish him with any information concerning their leader or his band. They remained silent, or answered his inquiries either with terrible maledictions on the invaders of their country, or with statements grossly and obviously wide of the truth, until their interrogator, discovering the uselessness alike of threats and promises, and recollecting the somewhat critical position he occupied, and the already advanced hour of the afternoon, ordered them to be led out into the courtyard for execution, and then inquired for the

landlord. He soon appeared, and claimed the promise given him by the captain, whilst an assumed confidence struggled for the mastery, with ill-dissembled terror in his tones and countenance.

"I promised not to hang you for anything you should reveal to me," replied the captain, "and that promise I shall keep; though I fancy we are indebted more to your fears than your good-will. But there's a trifling matter you have altogether overlooked in your confession, and concerning which I feel curious to obtain a little information. The troops which march from Burgos to Valladolid generally remain there for several days; now how came this fellow Diez to know of my intention, contrary to the usual custom, to return to-day?"

The countenance of the wretched man instantly fell. Such an inquiry he had never anticipated, and consequently was quite unprepared to meet it. He faltered out a denial of any knowledge on the subject; but his interrogator was not a man to be so easily deceived. Directing José to accompany him, he proceeded to the yard, whither the doomed guerillas had been led for execution, and inquired of them how Diez came to be acquainted with his intentions. The result answered his expectations. The Spaniards, believing the landlord to have voluntarily betrayed them, hesitated not to make an avowal which would involve the betrayer in their doom, whilst it could not possibly injure their leader or his cause. As if actuated by one mind, and making an effort with their pinioned arms to point to the unhappy landlord, they exclaimed together, "He sent the information!"

"A lie!—a lie!" exclaimed the trembling wretch. "I knew not myself, senor, of your intention to return to-day; and how, then, could I have informed Diez?"

"'Tis false!" said the sergeant, who immediately recollected the language he had used to the landlord two days before. "I myself informed you when on our march to Valladolid, and desired you to have better wine for us to-day."

"Sergeant," said the captain in a grave tone, "I had intended forwarding your name with a recommendation for promotion on the next vacancy occurring; but the man who has so little discretion as to communicate to his majesty's enemies the intended movements of his troops, is scarcely a fit person to bear his commission. Seize the fellow," he cried, pointing to the landlord, "and give him a traitor's doom!"

"Your promise, senor!—your promise!" gasped the miserable man.

"My promise was not to *hang* you; and though your having failed to fulfil the conditions might justify me in so doing, my word once passed, I scorn to break it, even to a dog like you! But I'll *shoot* you! Bind him, and place him with the others; though it's almost a pity that such a craven should fall by a soldier's

weapon, and yonder brave and faithful fellows be compelled to die in the company of so base a hound."

IV.

The unfortunate, but certainly treacherous innkeeper, was instantly bound, according to the command of the officer, and, heedless of his cries, the dragoons placed him in that position described in the opening paragraph of our narrative. A few minutes at most would have sufficed to close the tragedy, when the sentry posted on the road in front of the venta was heard to challenge, and another actor was unexpectedly ushered on the scene. The appearance of the new-comer was striking in the extreme. Though little above the middle height, his limbs and body indicated the possession of gigantic strength; his broad chest and brawny neck were on a perfectly colossal scale; his features, which, though large and coarse, were far from disagreeable, conveyed the expression of daring and decision in an eminent degree, their effect being heightened by his long coal-black hair and thick moustache, and bushy whiskers of the same colour, which met beneath his chin, whilst a broad-leafed hat threw on his naturally dark countenance a still more sombre shade. He was clad in the ordinary peasant garb. On being ushered into the yard, he gazed about him with apparently a vacant look, as if he understood not the meaning of the preparations before described. Captain Dubois, however, fancied he perceived a start of surprise on the part of the kneeling guerillas at the moment of the new-comer's appearance; and as his eye fell upon the stranger, he detected something marvellously like a mute gesture of intelligence on his side. He whispered an order to the sergeant, and a moment after, half-a-dozen of the dragoons threw themselves at once upon the man, and despite the amazing strength which he put forth to shake them off, and against which a couple of ordinary men would have had little chance of success, he was soon overpowered, and bound so securely, as to set at defiance all his efforts to regain his liberty.

"Who are you?" inquired the captain, when his prisoner was secured, and stood before him.

"I am Nicolas Herastas the woodman," replied the other; "and have come to the venta to sell yonder fagots to Senor José for firewood. What mischief have I done, that you should seize and bind me thus?" The appearance of an enormous bundle of fagots, which he bore on his shoulder when he entered the yard, seemed to support his assertion.

"Know you this man?" inquired the captain of the kneeling guerillas.

"We know him not," was the steady response.

"Know you this man?" he asked of the landlord.

"Si, senor—si!" he replied.

"Who is he?"

"Juan Martin Diez, el Empecinado!"

"What! the fellow whom you described as the leader of the band to which these belong?"

"The same, senor."

Captain Dubois paused for a moment; then directing the execution to be stayed till his return, he ordered the new prisoner to be led into the house. The following conversation ensued:—

"You are Martin Diez, whom they call the Empecinado?"

"If José speak the truth, I am; but I should have thought the men who kneel beside him equally entitled to credit."

"You complained just now of having been seized and bound. Of course you know that your life, as well as your liberty, are in my hands. But I have power also to spare the one, and restore the other; and I presume of course that you, as a sensible man, would wish me to do so?"

"Life is sweet to most men, and I have no wish to die just yet."

"Then tell me the number of men whom you command, and conduct me to the place where you have concealed them, and I pledge you the honour of a Frenchman, that when you have performed that service, you shall go unharmed."

Cool and self-possessed as Captain Dubois was, he actually quailed beneath the look of supreme scorn and contempt with which his offer was received. Resuming, however, in a few moments his former calmness of demeanour, the Spaniard replied, "The Empecinado never betrays his comrades; and therefore, if I am he, your offer is thrown away. If I am *not* he, I know nothing, and can reveal nothing."

"Then your blood be on your own head!" said the Frenchman, as he rose to give an order for his removal. "Make your peace with God, for in five minutes you die."

Martin Diez, in truth, it was. Having waited at the place appointed for some hours after the time when he had expected the arrival of his emissaries with the desired information from the venta, and discovering no signs of their approach, he began to fear he should be compelled to abandon the enterprise altogether. Resolved, however, not to do so without a further effort, he adopted the bold step of presenting himself in the disguise of a woodman, with the view of obtaining, if possible, the necessary intelligence in person. He conceived, indeed, that he ran but little risk in doing so; as his person was wholly unknown to the French, and he never contemplated the possibility of treachery on the part of José. The result, however, was as we have described.

There was present at the conversation between Captain Dubois and Diez, an individual whom we have not hitherto introduced to the reader, the circumstances of the narrative up to this point

not requiring it. This was the captain's son, a generous and high-spirited youth, about sixteen years of age, who had accompanied his father into Spain, and was generally his companion on the march. Though destined for the profession of arms, he had not yet entered on that career. Still he was looked on by both officers and men as already belonging to the regiment; and had, in fact, encountered with them not only the discomforts, but the dangers of more than one campaign. The youth had felt powerfully interested in Diez from the moment of his appearance; and now, greatly impressed in his favour from the coolness and boldness of his replies, and the good faith he exhibited in reference to his comrades, he determined on making an effort to avert his fate. "Father," he said, seizing the captain's arm as he rose from his seat, "you will not put him to death?"

"Foolish boy! I must," replied his father. "Why should I spare him? Who can say what amount of mischief a determined fellow like that might not do to the emperor's troops? If, indeed, he would consent to deliver up the rebels he commands, and enlist himself into the troop, he might make a tolerable dragoon. But he rushes on his fate."

"But, father," pursued the lad, "you have no proof that he is the person you suspect him to be at all. The only man who states him to be Diez is one whom you have yourself proved to be a traitor and a liar. At least spare him for the present, and take him to head-quarters, as you can easily do."

"I have no doubt whatever that he is Diez," said Captain Dubois; "and I cannot encumber myself with prisoners, especially as we have those mountain-passes to traverse after dark, and know not when or where we may fall in with the rebels. His time has come." So saying he left the room, for the purpose of summoning a guard to convey the prisoner to the courtyard.

But Diez had heard words of comfort; and though at all times ready to hazard life, was not the man uselessly to throw away a single chance of preserving it. He was left for the moment alone with young Dubois, and he hastened to improve it. A sentry indeed stood at the door, but a party in the room might speak in a low tone without being overheard. "Young man," said the guerilla chief, "you have shown you have a heart. Would you perform the last request, and ease the last moments of a dying man, when it involved no danger or trouble to yourself?"

"How can I serve you?" inquired the youth with evident sympathy.

The guerilla turned round, so as to exhibit his hands covered with blood; the cords which bound his wrists behind cutting him to the bone, and doubtless inflicting the most exquisite pain. "Cut these cords," he said. "In a few minutes it will signify little whether I am bound or loose; but release me from this torture, and earn the last blessing of a dying man."

The young Frenchman snatched a knife from the table at which he and his father had been partaking of refreshment with the other officers of the troop, severed the cords, and replaced the knife without observation; the prisoner still keeping his arms in the same position, to conceal the circumstance. A minute after, he was led into the courtyard, and placed, like the others, in a kneeling posture, to receive his death-wound.

That the reader may comprehend aright what followed, it is necessary here to explain that the yard, which was quadrangular in shape, was bounded in front by the dwelling-house; on one side by the sheds, beneath which stood the horses of the troop; on the other by a high wall and the entrance-gate; and in the rear by a steep descent of twelve or fifteen feet in depth, nearly to the foot of which reached the thicket, concealing the barn before alluded to, and in reality forming the commencement of a wood some miles in extent. At the open side of the yard, and within a few feet of the edge of the bank, were placed the men about to be executed; the dragoons who were to perform the office being drawn up about ten paces in their front.

The officer had taken his place at one extremity of the line formed by the firing party, and a couple of paces in advance of them; and, save the loud sobbing of the wretched landlord of the venta, all was still as death. The word of command was given, and the soldiers came to the "ready." Again the word was given, and they came to the "present." A third time its tones were heard; but as the lips of the officer parted to utter the fatal "fire!" Diez, who had intently watched the motion of the muscles of his countenance, threw himself flat upon his face; the volley pealed, three men rolled lifeless on the ground, the three balls intended for the fourth whistled harmlessly nearly a yard above his head: he bounded to his feet; and with one wild shout of "Venganza!" he sprang from the top of the bank, and in a few seconds was lost to view in the adjoining thicket.

For a moment the whole band of Frenchmen, officers and privates, were literally paralysed with astonishment at the *ruse* of the Spaniard, and the success which seemed likely to attend it. The loud voice of their commander speedily aroused them to exertion. "Follow!" he shouted in tones hoarse with rage at having been thus baffled and defeated by an unarmed captive in the centre of his troop—"follow, and shoot or cut him down upon the spot: no quarter to the rebel!"

To follow him, however, promised to be no very easy task; whilst either to shoot or cut him down, seemed one of still more difficult achievement. The firing party had already emptied their carbines, and Diez exhibited no disposition to wait until they should have reloaded. The remainder of the troop, who were grouped around the yard on foot, had of course left their firearms attached to their saddles: to rush to the sheds and detach them necessarily occupied some time, before the expiration of which the

fugitive had disappeared among the bushes. Few of the troopers were inclined to take the leap from the top of the bank which he had done, and considerable ground was necessarily lost in going round through the house into the road, and seeking some easier method of descent. Even when fairly started on his track, the incumbrance of their long spurs, sabres, and heavy dragoon equipments, so ill adapted for a chase on foot through bushes and brushwood, threw the odds completely against the pursuers; the result of which was so evident to Captain Dubois, that within a few minutes from its commencement, he ordered the recall to be sounded, and directed his men to prepare for the road. He probably reflected on the difficulties he might yet have to contend with before reaching Burgos; and though individually as gallant a soldier as any in the imperial army, he had too much good sense to undervalue the danger attendant on fighting an enemy of whose numbers he was ignorant, in a country to which he was a stranger, and labouring under all the disadvantages of exposure to an ambuscade in the dark, and at any point his enemy might think fit to select.

After some deliberation, he decided on taking the longer road to Burgos, which being by far the better one, would afford him the greatest facilities for availing himself of the advantages of superior discipline on the part of his troop in case of an attack. Adopting the precaution of throwing out strong advanced and rearguards, he pushed forward at a smart pace. The Empecinado probably was unable to reach his band in time to intercept them; or, seeing that a surprise was now out of the question, gave up the enterprise as hopeless. At all events, no symptoms of the presence of the guerillas were discovered by the Frenchmen, who reached Burgos about midnight, without any further adventure requiring a place in this narrative.

V.

Three years had almost passed away since the occurrence of the events just related, and the setting sun was pouring down his softened glories, bathing in a flood of molten gold, as if in cruel mockery, the mass of mangled and lifeless, as well as still suffering humanity, which thickly strewed the hard-fought field of Salamanca, when the curtain rose on the second act of this drama of real life. In the interval, young Dubois had entered the army, and now commanded the troop of which his father had previously been captain. The latter had been promoted to the rank of colonel, and now went forth at the head of his regiment to battle.

The details and results of that memorable day have long been matter of history, rendering it unnecessary, even were it not foreign to our purpose, to record them here. Though the fighting had not actually ceased, the battle was already decided: the

wrecks of what, a few hours previously, had been a splendid French army, was in full flight—their general, Marmont, being himself among the wounded; and the remnant of the cavalry had been hastily got together, for the purpose of attempting to protect the rear and cover the retreat, Colonel Dubois selecting, and occupying with his regiment, the rearmost position, as, in retreat, the most honourable, because the most dangerous of all.

Before turning to quit the field, the colonel determined on an effort to rescue a battery of four guns which had been captured by the British, and were already turned against, and hurling destruction on their former masters. Though always foremost in the charge, and loudest in the cheer, he had hitherto passed unscathed through the dangers of that bloody day. The ranks of his men had indeed been fearfully thinned; but—

"Few, and faint, but fearless still"—

they responded, as ever, with ardour to their gallant leader's battle-cry. The word was given: on they came, "like a mighty rushing wind," the pace increasing at every stride. The British artillerymen, cool as on a field-day in the Park, allowed them to approach so near, that a few bounds more would have placed them beside the guns ere they applied the matches. The murderous discharge took place; the leading files were literally exterminated; men and horses went down by dozens before the iron storm; and the same round shot, first passing through the neck of the charger of Colonel Dubois, and then perforating the body of its rider, closed the career of both for ever. An infantry regiment, posted immediately in the rear of the guns, now poured in a shattering volley; and before the smoke had cleared, the British cavalry came thundering down the slope, tore like a whirlwind through their broken ranks, emptying many a saddle, and converting the attempted retreat into a disorderly and terrified flight.

Stunned by a grape-shot which had grazed his temple, and with the blood welling forth at every movement from a deep sabre-wound in his side, young Dubois was borne along by the crowd of fugitives, almost involuntarily, and had reached some distance from the field of slaughter and blood ere he arrived at a thorough consciousness of his position. Then, indeed, the scene which presented itself was disheartening in the extreme. In front, as far as the eye could penetrate amid the thickening shades of evening, the road was covered with the wreck of the beaten army; from the rear, the scattered discharges of musketry, the hoarse thunder of the drums, and the shrill music of the bugles, proclaimed the vigour of the pursuit with which the victors were following up their triumph; whilst every moment, along the line of retreat, some mangled wretch, whom love of life had stimulated thus far to exertion, sunk upon the road, to be trodden into the mud beneath the feet of his former comrades, or

the hoofs of their chargers, or else crawled into some neighbouring ditch, to expire in comparative tranquillity.

Increasing weakness from loss of blood warned Captain Dubois of his inability much longer to retain the saddle. But what was his alternative? He dared not await the arrival of the victorious troops, animated as they were with the first ruthless ardour of the pursuit; whilst to seek an asylum in the dwellings of any of the native inhabitants of the country, would be to throw himself into the hands of those whose very mercy towards his countrymen was cruel. Casting a despairing glance around, he observed what seemed to be a half-ruined shed, and about which no appearance of life was visible, at some distance from the road. Approaching it, a closer investigation showed it to have been originally intended as a place for cattle; but as it bore no appearance of having been used for some time, he gladly availed himself of the shelter and seclusion it afforded; and having led his horse through the doorway—the floor having been removed, if indeed it had ever had one—prepared to pass the night. Having stanched the wound in his side in the best manner his means permitted—that in his head not being serious—he came to the determination, if unable to continue his retreat on the following day, to seek, and surrender himself to the first party of British soldiers he could discover; certain that, as the ardour of the pursuit would then have slackened, he would be treated with attention and humanity as a prisoner of war. Having come to this resolution, he yielded to the drowsiness produced by his utter exhaustion, and was soon buried in a profound slumber.

Several hours had passed away, during which, despite his wounds, he had enjoyed deep and refreshing sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by the tramp of horses, and the sound of human voices. The moon had gone down, and morning had not yet dawned; consequently, though the new-comers were grouped together immediately without the open doorway, his sense of hearing furnished his only clue to their character. Friends he could not expect them to be; and the most sanguine hope he ventured to indulge was, that they might prove a party of the British. The first articulate sounds which met his ear dissipated even this faint expectation: the Spanish language was that which was spoken; and too well did the unfortunate young Frenchman know, that to be a Spaniard was to be his deadly enemy. He felt, therefore, that his only chance of concealment and escape depended on the departure of the Spaniards without entering the building. A short time sufficed to decide this point. A light was struck, and a man bearing a torch entered the house. His shout of surprise, as the brilliant accoutrements of the Frenchman reflected the light, and glittered through the gloom, brought his comrades to the spot; and Dubois found himself—his worst fears realised—in the centre of a guerilla band.

Summoning his courage to meet, with the boldest front he could assume, the fate he now deemed inevitable, he replied with composure to their inquiries as to the circumstances which had led him there; after which the party retired some paces, and conversed for a time in a tone so low, that few of their remarks were audible to their prisoner. They then dispersed themselves in various attitudes about the building, and appeared to wait the approach of day; the captive meanwhile feeling, it may be presumed, little further disposition to sleep.

The sun had fairly risen when the guerillas again bestirred themselves. They led forth the charger of Dubois, and ordered him to follow and mount. He had reached the open air, and was feebly endeavouring to comply with the latter command, the slight exertion having already caused the blood to flow from his wound afresh, when another individual rode rapidly up to the party, and sprang to the ground. In the strongly-marked features, and powerful and massive frame of the new-comer, Dubois thought he discovered a resemblance to some one he had seen before; but when, or where, he could not recall; nor indeed, in such an emergency, did his mind dwell much on the circumstance. His costume and general equipment differed but slightly from those of the men who had previously arrived. He carried, like each of them, a sabre and carbine, but of somewhat more elegant and expensive workmanship: he had also holsters at his saddle-bow, of which they were destitute; and his garb partook somewhat less of the peasant, and more of the military character than theirs. The greeting with which he was received having subsided, he inquired where they had taken the Frenchman, and for what purpose they were permitting him to mount.

"We found him here, whither he had crawled after the battle of yesterday," replied a tall swarthy-looking fellow, whose dark eyes burned like live-coals in their sockets as he glared upon his victim; and we are taking him to hang him on the same tree from which the hounds his countrymen hung my father at his own door last week, for refusing to become their guide."

"But don't you see he wont live to accomplish half the journey?" said the other. "Besides, there's better game on foot; and I want you all just now for more active service than to escort a wounded man a dozen leagues."

"Stand clear, then," cried the former to his comrades, "and let me exterminate the accursed *Francese!*"

The group gave way, and left the man standing face to face with his intended victim, at the distance of half-a-dozen feet. In leading the latter from the house, his shako had been forgotten or overlooked; and as he now stood with uncovered head, waiting to receive his death wound, the bright rays of the early sun shone full on his features, rendering every muscle and line of his countenance visible with the utmost possible distinctness. The Spaniard unslung the carbine which he carried at his back,

glared at the countenance of Dubois for an instant, and raised the weapon to his shoulder. For a moment, as he levelled at the fair forehead of the young Frenchman, the piece and the arm which sustained it were immovable, as if hewn in marble; already his finger contracted on the trigger, and in another moment the contents would have penetrated the brain of his victim, when the new-comer, who stood beside him, shouted, with a suddenness and energy which thrilled the hearts of those who heard him, "Hold!" Even this interference would have come too late had he not at the same instant seconded the word by striking up the weapon with his hand, which caused the contents to pass several feet above the prisoner's head.

"What mean you, Juan Martin Diez?" angrily exclaimed the baffled Spaniard. "Why do you interrupt the course of my vengeance, and compel me to waste a second cartouch when the first would have sufficed?"

"It strikes me," quietly replied Diez—for the new-comer was indeed the Empecinado—"that this young gentleman and I are old acquaintances—old *friends*, for that matter, in case my conjectures prove correct; and if so, not a hair of his head shall be injured. Your name, young man?" he continued, turning to the Frenchman.

"Dubois."

"Ha! I thought as much. Does your father bear a commission in the French army?"

"He did till the evening of yesterday. His was a nobler fate than that reserved for me. He died on the field of battle."

"How long have you been in the army?"

"I have accompanied my father with the army for many years, but have actually borne a commission for little more than two."

"Enough," said Diez, grasping his hand; and he related briefly to the attentive group the obligation he had incurred to the young man nearly three years previously, concluding by stating his determination to befriend him to the utmost of his power.

The Spaniard who had attempted the life of Dubois heard him to the end with ill-concealed impatience. "And think you," he exclaimed, as the other ceased to speak, "that I will suffer you, or any man, to defraud me of my just revenge? The prisoner belongs to me—not to you; and I shall dispose of him as I please, without asking your permission."

"Why, Tomas," replied the Empecinado, "you have heard that I owe him a life, and I am determined to repay the obligation. True, he is your prisoner; but resign the poor boy to me, and I'll take and hand over to you half-a-dozen of his countrymen before the week is out, to deal with as you list."

A brief altercation ensued, in which the mildness of Diez contrasted strangely with the increasing ferocity of Tomas. The latter at length, with a bound, brought himself almost in contact

with Dubois; and at the same moment the long two-edged knife, which, like most of the Spanish guerillas, he carried at his girdle, glittered in his uplifted hand. Before it could descend in execution of his bloody purpose, his arm was seized by Diez, and held as in a vice.

"Tomas," he said, in calm but stern tones, whilst an ominous frown gathered on his brow, "for old acquaintance' sake I recommend you to drop that knife."

An ineffectual struggle to release his arm from the iron grasp that held it was the only reply. "Tomas," said Diez in a somewhat higher key than before, "we have been companions from childhood, and I should be sorry to do you an injury. Again I say drop that knife: I'll not tell you a third time."

"Never!" shouted his antagonist, "until it finds a sheath in the Frenchman's heart."

A slight turn of the wrist of Diez was followed by a shriek of mingled rage and anguish from the lips of the other, whilst the knife dropped from his nerveless grasp. Diez loosened his hold, and the arm of Tomas, *dislocated at the shoulder*, fell helplessly against his side.

"Now, my friend," said Diez to the Frenchman—who might be said not merely to have stood on the brink of the abyss of eternity a few minutes previously, but actually to have gazed into its giddy depths—"what shall I do to serve you? Command me, and to the utmost of my power it shall be done."

When the latter was able fully to master his emotions—emotions that will be readily understood, and his experience of which involved no imputation on his manhood—he replied, "Take me to the nearest station of the British army. There I shall be safe, and my wounds will be cared for."

"Ay, but there you will be a prisoner also," replied his preserver. "Trust yourself in my care for the present. You shall be well attended to; and when able to travel, conducted to any station of your own troops you please on this side the Pyrenees. Nay, never fear these men," observing and interpreting aright the look of distrust and dread which Dubois cast on the fierce-looking band that surrounded them; "there's not a man among them who will not be ready to risk his life in defence of the man whom the Empecinado calls his friend."

Shouts of "Viva el Empecinado!" "Viva el Francese!" attested the truth of his statement. Dubois no longer hesitated; but submitting himself to the guidance of his new and powerful friend, was conveyed, with all the tenderness which his state required, to a farm-house at no great distance from the spot on which the transactions just detailed had taken place, whose inhabitants prepared, with the utmost alacrity, to meet the wishes of the Empecinado. His wounds having been attended to, and having partaken of such simple food as alone was suited to his debilitated and suffering condition, he was conducted to the

chamber prepared for him, where, on a humble yet comfortable couch, the recollection of the exciting scenes of the previous twenty-four hours was speedily effaced by the oblivion of sound and refreshing slumber. Ere he retired to rest, however, Diez made particular inquiry of him as to the part of the field, and the period of the conflict of the foregoing day in which his father had fallen; then wringing his hand, informed him that he was about to leave him for the present, but would see him again before long, and had meanwhile taken all necessary precautions to insure his safety during his temporary absence.

VI.

An act of gratitude had thus saved the life of young Dubois, and so far the Empecinado may be said to have cleared scores with his friend. But he still felt that something more was wanting.

At an early hour in the forenoon of the following day, the rapid clatter of a horse's hoofs along the paved causeway conducting to the farm-house caused a quickened circulation of the blood in the veins of the young Frenchman, who had not yet been able so completely to divest himself of his apprehensions as to feel perfectly at ease while surrounded by Spanish guerillas. A heavy footstep, in connexion with which his practised ear distinguished the ringing of spurs and the clank of a sabre, was heard in the passage which led to his room, announcing the approach of the new-comer; and the next moment the homely but manly countenance and stalwart form of the Empecinado appeared in the doorway. Having greeted his guest with a cordial frankness, which thoroughly reassured him, and inquired with evident solicitude concerning his wounds, he acquainted him that, after having left him on the previous day, he had proceeded to the scene of conflict, and, acting on the information with which the young man had furnished him concerning the locality, had succeeded without much difficulty in discovering the body of his father, which was readily recognised by the uniform, and some other particulars, having hitherto escaped spoliation by those human vultures who invariably hang on the skirts of an army in the field, and prey alike on the wounded and the dead. He had already caused the remains to be removed to an adjacent hamlet; where, having undergone the simple preparations which the peasantry were accustomed to employ on such occasions, they lay in a house contiguous to the village graveyard, and, when the state of Captain Dubois's health would permit him to attend, should be placed in the consecrated earth. The Frenchman was deeply affected by this touching and delicate attention on the part of the rude and fiery guerilla, and signified his wish that, if convenient, the ceremony should take place that evening. This was done; and the body of the late colonel was committed

to its final resting-place in accordance with the rites of the Roman Catholic church, of which he had been a member.

In the course of conversation subsequently, Diez informed his guest that he had made a solemn vow of dire vengeance to be inflicted on the head of the deceased, in consequence of the affair already described as having occurred at the venta. Chance, however, had never thrown in his way an opportunity for its fulfilment. The Frenchman had, since that period, been occupied with duties which detained him principally at head-quarters; and even when detached, the guerilla chief had ample employment to engage his attention, and demand his resources, elsewhere; and thus they had never met since the eventful day first described, until, amid a heap of slain on the field of Salamanca, the Empecinado recognised in the bloody corpse before him the once martial figure, and still stern features, of his former foe. "Nor do I now regret," said he, "that it has not happened otherwise. Falling as he did, he has died like a brave and gallant man—a fate from which no soldier shrinks—whilst his death has released me from my vow, and fully balanced the account between us. And for your sake, therefore, young man, notwithstanding that he deprived me of two of my most faithful followers, and sought my own life, I rejoice that it has terminated so; for had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have expected the son to grasp in friendship the hand which had shed his father's blood."

For a period of three weeks, during which Captain Dubois remained at the farm-house, he continued to experience the unremitting attentions which his state required—attentions springing from no motive of sordid interest, and characterised by a delicacy and considerateness which excited his astonishment, as proceeding from the untutored peasants, who were its permanent inhabitants. The guerilla leader spent much of his time in his company; and during the periods of his occasional absence —occasions on which, in all probability, he was employed in operations against the French troops; but of which fact, with judicious forbearance, he omitted all mention to Dubois—a guard of three or four of his most stanch and trusty adherents was constantly maintained to watch over the safety of his protégé. In the course of the intimacy which such a state of things naturally produced, the Frenchman had casually expressed a desire to be made acquainted with the facts of some of the many stirring adventures in which the other had been engaged, and the "hair-breadth escapes" he had experienced, the reports of which had frequently reached his ears through the medium of his military friends. These reports, though distorted no doubt in many of their particulars, were yet sufficiently invested with the wild and wondrous characteristics of romance to interest the feelings and most powerfully stimulate the curiosity of his youthful and imaginative mind, especially when he remembered that he had himself been in personal contact with the daring partisan. The

latter, on his part, exhibited little reluctance to comply with his request; for though, notwithstanding all his dash and gallantry, the Empecinado was really and essentially a modest man, never disposed to dwell ostentatiously on his own exploits, and wholly free from that tendency to braggadocio which attaches so largely to the character of his countrymen in general, it required little of his usual penetration to discover that the inquirer felt a real interest in the events of his career, and would derive a high degree of gratification from his compliance. Dubois having particularly referred to a case in which an officer of his acquaintance, who had been despatched with a party to arrest the guerilla some two years previously, had subsequently been tried by court-martial, and broken for misconduct and failure in the enterprise, the Empecinado immediately proceeded to meet his wishes, by relating as follows the real circumstances of the affair:—

In the northern extremity of Old Castile, and at a distance of some eight or ten leagues from the city of Burgos, was a mountain of peculiar form, which rose from the plain by a gentle and gradual ascent on all sides save the south. In that direction it terminated abruptly in a sheer precipice of six hundred feet in depth, smooth and perpendicular as a wall, presenting, from the base to the summit, a gaunt and grim sterility of barren rock, and without a solitary twig to intercept the course or break the fall of any object thrown from above. Projecting from the top of the cliff into mid air, at about the central point between the two extremities, at which the broad platform of the summit of the mountain commenced gradually to slope downwards towards the east and west, was a portion of the rock which, had it been surrounded with water instead of empty space, would have been called a peninsula on a diminutive scale. It was about six feet in diameter at top, and nearly the same extent in depth, and connected with the main cliff by an *isthmus*, so to speak, of the same material, of rather more than three feet in length, by perhaps eighteen inches in breadth, and of a depth which had originally been equal to that of the peninsular rock it supported, but which, either by the hand of man, or by some strange convulsion of nature, had been deprived of fully two-thirds of its substance from the upper surface downwards. To one standing a few yards from the edge of the cliff, therefore, the outer and larger portion of the rock—generally called by the inhabitants of the adjacent district "the Devil's Crag"—presented the appearance of a mass of matter self-suspended in space, or supported by some invisible agency, as it was only on a nearer approach to the brink of the frightful gulf that gaped below than would prove agreeable to the nerves of most persons, professional chamois hunters excepted, that the connecting fragment was revealed, from the fact that its upper surface, as already stated, was fully four feet below the level of the adjoining cliff at

both ends. But it was necessary to proceed some distance, either east or west, along the top of the cliff, in order to appreciate aright the apparent frailty of the connecting link, and its seeming disproportion to the comparatively vast weight of solid rock which it sustained, as it was from such a point of view only that the limited depth of the mass became apparent. Then, indeed, especially if viewed from a point somewhat lower than itself, when it would stand out in bold relief against the bright southern sky, it presented an aspect striking and impressive even to sublimity; seeming as if the gentlest sighing of a zephyr would sweep it at once from its precarious position, and forcing on the spectator the belief that any object one atom weightier than thistle-down alighting on the surface of the Devil's Crag, must inevitably bring the whole huge mass crashing into the abyss, which apparently yawned for its reception beneath. And yet its frailty existed much more in appearance than in reality. The hurricanes of a hundred winters had careered around that lone and stern crag, and it had scowled unmoved upon them all: within the memory of man it had undergone no change; and more than once or twice had the youthful mountaineers who dwelt in the neighbourhood dared to test the truth of the superstitious legend, which told that he who should venture on the eve of All-Hallows along the narrow isthmus, and standing erect on the flat surface of the Devil's Crag, repeat towards each quarter of the compass the formula prescribed, should be permitted to behold the features of the maiden whom fate had destined to be his partner through life.

It is necessary further to state, that in every other quarter the sides of the mountain were clothed with olive and other trees, from the plain below to within a short distance of the summit, leaving merely at the top a clear open platform, of about two acres in extent, bounded on the southern side by the precipice alluded to above.

On a certain bright forenoon, in the spring of 1810, the Empecinado was seated on this platform, within a few feet of the edge of the cliff, and immediately opposite the Devil's Crag, intently scrutinising, with the aid of a telescope, a road which wound among the hills, and swept the base of the mountain on which he had taken his station, and every object on which, to the distance of a couple of leagues, was visible from the spot he occupied. He had received intelligence, through the medium of his spies, that a valuable convoy of treasure and arms for the supply of the French troops would pass on that day, for an attack on which he conceived the guerilla force then under his command sufficiently strong, and had made his dispositions accordingly. He had his followers placed in a convenient situation, and, accompanied by a single individual, ascended the mountain, to watch for the approach of the anticipated prize. But treachery had been at work. The principal fault in the military character

of Diez was a tendency to rash and reckless hardihood, and a reliance so unbounded on his personal resources in emergency, as to lead him habitually to disregard all those precautions which prudence would have suggested, and the adoption of which would have implied no imputation whatever on his courage. Accordingly, on this occasion, as on many others, never conceiving the possibility of a traitor being found among his band, he had made no secret of the nature of his arrangements; and for some days previously, it had been generally known by the men composing it that it was his intention to be on the look-out from the summit of the hill at an early hour in the morning, they having received instructions to repair to the appointed place of rendezvous, and there await his coming, which would be immediately after he had discovered the approach of the convoy. Among the number, however, was one who had already accepted French gold, and who, stimulated by the price which the commander of the imperial troops had offered for the capture or destruction of Diez, had for months previously been watching for an opportunity to betray his unsuspecting leader to a felon's death. That opportunity seemed at length within his grasp. He managed, without incurring suspicion, to put himself in communication with the French authorities; and some hours before sunrise, a company of soldiers, which the traitor conducted by secluded by-paths to the spot, was placed in concealment in a thickly-wooded hollow at the foot of the mountain, in an opposite quarter to that by which Diez was expected to arrive, thereby avoiding all risk of his discovering them before he should be completely in their toils. The faithless caitiff, who had thus sold his gallant and confiding chief, then departed to take up his position at a spot which commanded a view of the course which the apparently doomed guerilla must adopt in his ascent. The forenoon was already considerably advanced, when he again appeared with the intelligence that the Empecinado, accompanied by a single individual, had passed up the mountain, and was in all probability at that time on the summit. The soldiers were instantly in motion, and the officer in command repeated to them the orders he had received from his superior, to the effect that the Empecinado was, if possible, to be taken alive, with the view of making of him an example so public and terrible, as to awe into submission the peasantry of the province, and thus secure the homage at least of their fear, since that of their respect and attachment was not to be obtained. With his companion, he added, they might make short work, as the least troublesome method of disposing of him was the best—the dress and general appearance of the Empecinado being accurately described to them, so as to prevent the possibility of the one being mistaken for the other. The hill, though precipitous on the southern side, being in reality of very limited extent, a circle was easily formed by the men,

which enclosed all its accessible portion, and which necessarily contracted as they advanced, its parts naturally approaching nearer to each other as they approached the summit.

Diez was intently gazing on the road by which he expected the convoy, when a loud shout from his companion causing him to turn his head, he beheld a sight well calculated to try the strength of even *his* iron nerves. Within fifty yards of him were double that number of French sharp-shooters, all armed to the teeth, and each one thirsting for his blood, forming, in extended order, an almost unbroken line between him and the wooded portion of the mountain, and still steadily advancing, and completely surrounding him on all sides, save the one bounded by the precipice, which was naturally considered a sufficient barrier to his escape in that direction. In these circumstances, a man of ordinary mind would have either surrendered at discretion, or sought to reach by instant flight the cover of the adjoining plantation. The companion of Diez was a man of this stamp. To surrender, he must have been well aware, was but to yield himself up to the infliction of certain death, and probably a much more painful and protracted one than that which he should otherwise experience in case even of the failure of an attempt to escape. Adopting, therefore, the latter alternative, desperate as it was, he rushed forward, and made for the wood. Before he had run twenty yards, a few of the nearest files had fired, and half-a-dozen rifle bullets had closed his career for ever!

But the Empecinado was a man of extraordinary mind; and it was on the occasion of such emergencies as the present that his wonderful facility of resource, and promptitude in its display, shone forth in their unrivalled pre-eminence. For a few seconds, indeed, as he afterwards acknowledged, he believed escape to be utterly impracticable, and felt convinced that his hour had come. The idea of escape by flight, whilst a hundred riflemen were prepared to pour in their fire within less than pistol-shot distance, was so absurd, that he disdained to attempt it, not choosing to give his enemies the certain triumph of defeating the effort. For the moment, his only resolution was, in any event, neither to be taken alive, nor to fall unrevenged; and drawn up to his full height, and steady and motionless as the hill on which he stood, he maintained his position close to the verge of the precipice, whilst the circle of military, gradually contracting, closed around him on every other side, and reached within twenty feet of the spot on which he stood. At this moment the officer in command of the party, in his exultation at the capture of the far-famed guerilla, which he considered already effected, and which no doubt would have procured his promotion at least a step, rushed before his men, and placed his grasp on the collar of the Empecinado. The latter, it has been already stated, was possessed of strength perfectly colossal; but his superiority to ordinary men

was not one whit greater in muscular power than in activity and skilfulness in its exercise, whilst he was appropriately aided in the development of both by the possession of a hardihood that actually knew not how to quail at danger. Never did he more greatly need those qualities than now, and never did they stand him in better stead. Throwing his right arm round the waist of the officer, who was of a short, slight figure, he lifted him from the ground with apparently as much ease as a girl lifts her doll, turned on his heel, and cleared at a bound, which was accompanied by a shriek of terror from the affrighted Frenchman, the chasm between the face of the precipice and the Devil's Crag; and the next moment, standing erect on its narrow surface, shouted to the soldiers in the deep stern tone which he assumed when highly excited, and which resembled rather the loud bray of a trumpet than a sound proceeding from human organs, "Halt!"

The command was unnecessary. At the moment of his plunge, the whole body, believing he had really thrown himself over the precipice, and carried their officer with him, had, paralysed at the sight, involuntarily halted as suddenly as if transformed into stone by the touch of a magician's wand, whilst a cry of horror broke from every lip. Ere they had recovered from their astonishment and inaction, he again spoke—"Advance but a step, point but a rifle, and down I go, and carry your officer along with me!"

Turning to the latter, he inquired, "Know you who I am?"

"Yes," faintly replied the Frenchman; "you are Martin Diez, called the Empecinado."

"And you have come hither to arrest me; is it not so?" pursued Diez.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then," said the guerilla, "I need scarcely inform you that it is not my intention either to be taken alive or to die alone. Now look below you."

The appalled soldier, who probably had never shrunk from the prospect of death amid the roar of battle, cast a shuddering glance on the awful abyss over which he found himself in effect hair-hung and breeze-shaken, and then, in utter agony, clung even more closely than before to the terrible man in whose hands he felt his fate to be.

"I perceive you don't admire the prospect," coolly resumed Diez. "Now mark my words: I leave this hill by the way I came, unharmed, and free; or I leave it by *the shorter route*, and take you in my company. But do as I direct you, and not a hair of your head shall be injured. First order your men to face towards the wood, and discharge their rifles."

"What security have I that you will keep your promise should I do as you direct?" inquired the Frenchman.

"For security," said Diez, "you have only the word of a man

who never broke his pledge to friend or foe! But then what other choice have you than to trust me? Your only alternative is one which you don't appear to relish much. Do as I direct you," he continued, raising his voice as the other still hesitated, "or we take the leap together!"

The officer complied. The men, whose training and discipline would have insured their obedience even had they been less powerfully influenced by the contemplation of his danger, at once faced round in the opposite direction, and in another second every rifle in the company was empty.

"Now order them to pile their arms, and retire a hundred paces to the right," said Diez.

Again he was obeyed. The men piled their arms in silence, and retired to the prescribed distance.

"One word more," said the Empecinado. "Have I been betrayed by any Spaniard?"

"Yes," said the Frenchman, who in his heart abhorred a traitor, though willing to profit by the treachery; "by a member of your own band."

"His name?" asked Diez.

"His name is Pedro Velascas," was the reply. "He awaits me at the fountain where the three roads meet, near the foot of the hill, where he expects to receive the reward offered for your apprehension."

"He has earned his reward; and he shall have it!" said the guerilla in a stern tone. He bounded lightly from the crag to the top of the cliff, and called on the Frenchman to follow. This, however, he feared to attempt, though the distance was little more than a lengthened stride; and it was only after grasping the stout belt of Diez, the end of which he threw him for the purpose, that he could bring himself to adopt even the apparently less bold, though in reality more hazardous, method of scrambling down upon the connecting fragment, and thence to the top of the precipice at the opposite side. When at length he stood in safety on the firm ground, his bolder companion wished him a laughing good-morning, and started for the wood in a direction opposite to that in which the military were still drawn up. The latter, on perceiving him run, followed his example, and made for their arms. Before they had traversed the hundred paces, however, the Empecinado had traversed a hundred and fifty; and long before the most expert soldier amongst them had reloaded his rifle, the fugitive was completely lost to view in the plantation. A brief pursuit took place, which was one in name rather than reality; for, if the truth were known, the French officer had little desire to hold further communication with Martin Diez for that day.

Diez, however, continued his headlong course until he had reached the foot of the hill, when, turning from the path he had previously pursued, he proceeded in the direction of the fountain

where he had been told his betrayer waited to receive the reward of his treachery. Velascas was stretched beneath a tree, but started to his feet on hearing a heavy body crashing through the bushes, and the next moment found himself face to face with the man whose confidence he had so grossly violated, and whose person he had sought to betray to a cruel and shameful death. He would have turned to fly, however fruitlessly; but his limbs refused to perform their office. He would have spoken; but, conscience-stricken, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The Empecinado uttered but one word: "Traitor!" he shouted in a voice of thunder, as he grasped him by the throat. They were the last human accents that ever fell upon the wretch's ear: the blood gushed in torrents from his mouth and nose; Diez maintained his grasp for a few seconds, then hurled him to the earth, and again was lost among the trees. On passing the spot an hour subsequently, the Frenchmen found it difficult to recognise, in the blackened and distorted features of the corpse which lay across the path, the countenance of Pedro Velascas, their guide of the morning.

The relation of such adventures as this, in a simple and unostentatious manner, by the hero of them himself, possessed an interest for the young and ardent Frenchman which may be more readily conceived than described. So thoroughly at ease did he feel himself before long in his novel position, that he almost regretted when, his wounds having healed, the period arrived when he could no longer honourably remain in retirement whilst the army to which he belonged was actively engaged in the field. Faithful to his promise, Diez escorted him in person to the lines of his countrymen, and bade him farewell only when almost within musket-shot of the French outpost, farther than which he could not have ventured in safety. They parted with genuine feelings of mutual regard; and often afterwards did Dubois entertain his companions in arms, on the march or in the mess-tent, with his reminiscences of the heroic Empecinado.

A word may be added on the result of the Peninsular war, and the fate of the Empecinado. Under Wellington, the British army drove the French from Spain; and in 1814 the war was closed by the fall of Napoleon. Spain being now free to re-establish a native government, recalled Ferdinand VII., who had for some years been a prisoner in France; on the understanding, however, that he confirmed the constitution established by the cortes, and which was wished for by the nation. As soon as Ferdinand had securely fixed himself on the throne, he repudiated the constitution, and resumed a despotic and tyrannical sway. A protracted civil war followed this invasion of the liberties of

the people, in which monstrous barbarities were perpetrated by the royalists. The Empecinado placed himself at the head of a body of constitutionalists, and he struggled manfully for national freedom; but in vain. On the faith of a treaty, he laid down his arms; notwithstanding which he was seized, and executed at Rueda, August 19, 1825, with circumstances of insulting cruelty highly disgraceful to his persecutors.

What Spain has been ever since, everybody knows—a scene of contention and disaster; nor is any change for the better likely soon to ensue. Prosperity and happiness are ever denied to national disorganisation. And such are the consequences of the great struggle made by Britain for the sake of this naturally fine country! The Peninsular war—with all its *glory*, bloodshed, and expenditure of means—has ended in putting Spain into a ten times worse position than it would in all likelihood have been under the rule of a Bonapartean king. In relieving Spain from the authority of an invader, England delivered up the people to the domination of an imbecile dynasty, without the slightest guarantee that the new would be any better than the expelled government. A great act of heroism has gone for nothing, as far as the parties immediately concerned are interested. What a lesson to those who would heedlessly plunge into foreign quarrels, and pour out the blood and treasure of Britain in wars with which it has no proper concern!

SPECULATIVE MANIAS.

IN the ancient saying, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich," is found one of the truest principles of social economy. Riches are the visible testimony of diligent industry—the tangible result of painstaking and consistent labour. Houses, clothing, articles of elegance and utility, public works of all kinds, private wealth, are all a product of skilful and persevering industry. Some one has worked for them. Money is only a variety of wealth: it is an article representing the accumulated fruits of past labour. The industry which tends to an increase of wealth by labours useful to society, or which aims by honest means at mere personal subsistence, is usually blest, and is at all events always respectable. The humblest individual labouring honestly for his bread occupies an honourable position. Obscure as are his efforts, he forms part of a great system of industry—he helps to carry on the national machine. Unfortunately, there is a dishonest as well as an honest course of industry. Dishonest industry is that kind of labour which attempts to acquire riches at the expense of another, without the intervention of useful services, or without increasing in anyway the general resources of the country. This vicious and worthless species of industry is exemplified in two ways—by robbing, and gambling. A man may be very industrious in robbing his neighbours by means of artifice or violence, but all his labours in this way do not add a penny to the general wealth of the nation. A wrong is done without a corresponding good. As striking at the foundation of society, theft and robbery of every kind are the subject of severe legal chastisement in all civilised communities. Gambling may be said to be robbery under a different form. Two parties engage to stake a sum of money on the precarious turn of a die, the winner to pocket the stake of his antagonist. It is evident that the gaining of money by this means is not reputable. The only difference between it and robbery is, that chance is substituted for artifice or violence. It is a mutual agreement of two persons to try to rob each other, the robber to be the party whom chance happens to favour. Besides being disreputable, gambling is worthless in every sense. It adds nothing to general resources. A party of men might gamble with each other for a whole year, and yet at the end, amongst them all, there would not be any more property than at the beginning. Some would be rich, but others would be poor. All would likewise be demoralised. Besides being conscious of having misspent their time, their minds would be perverted to mean pursuits, and any former relish for habits of honest industry would have vanished. Thus, gambling, though not considered so great a crime as robbery, is

held in almost as great detestation. The accustomed gambler is a wretch who preys on the weaknesses of others for the sake of unworked-for gains; and whatever be his station, his character is associated with that of the meanest of mankind.

So injurious is gambling to the interests of society, that it has been rendered illegal in most countries, and is now never heard of as a vice openly practised. At the same time, other kinds of enterprise, which it is difficult to separate abstractly from chance money games, have been always less or more practised, much to the loss and scandal of the general community. We here allude to certain great public schemes of adventuring money in joint-stock concerns. The union of capital, by shares, in order to execute undertakings of a useful kind, which the wealth of no single individual could accomplish, is one of the valuable inventions of modern times; and to it do we owe nearly all banks, life and fire insurance establishments, canals, railways, and many other economic arrangements and institutions. But everything good is liable to abuse. Besides carefully-considered and every way desirable joint-stock projects, schemes of the most visionary nature have been originated and supported. Sometimes the schemes, though visionary, were got up from no bad intention, being merely a consequence of inconsiderate enthusiasm; but in others, if not originating in deception, they were continued with a reckless disregard of consequences, and evidently for the sake of immediate and unjustifiable returns. They were, in fact, equivalent to the worst species of gambling.

The avaricious desire of being speedily rich is at the foundation of these hideous speculative manias; and national embarrassment, besides individual impoverishment, has been the invariable consequence; yet so little does one generation profit by the errors and sufferings of its predecessors, that a mania for speculation has become almost of periodical occurrence. Believing that it may be useful to describe the rise, and progress, and results of a few of the principal manias which have taken place in Europe, the following particulars have been collected; commencing with an account of the Darien Scheme, which, however, had a fair commercial basis, and is not entitled to be classed with projects of a dishonest character.

THE DARIEN SCHEME.

The history of this scheme extends from 1695 to 1701, in the reign of William III. The scene was Scotland, a country at the time emerging from civil strife into the tranquillity of industrious occupation. The founder of the project was William

Paterson, a man of sagacity and genius. Little is known of his early life, except that he was educated for the church. Being of a restless disposition, and having a violent propensity to travel, he crossed the Atlantic, apparently with the intention of spending his life as a missionary among the American Indians. It would seem, however, that this intention was soon abandoned, and that Paterson commenced the roving life of an adventurer or bucaneer, accompanying such men as Dampier and Wafer in their voyages among the West Indian islands, and their travels on the American mainland, probably also taking part in the incessant warfare which the bucaneers carried on against the Spanish colonists in those regions. By this means Paterson, being a man of education and of an inquiring turn of mind, gained a thorough acquaintance with the geography of the great isthmus which connects North and South America, with the nature of the soil and its productions, and with the manner in which the various tribes who inhabited it stood related to each other and to the Spaniards. The advantages of the Isthmus of Darien, as the site of a great commercial capital, could not fail to strike him. He believed that it would be quite possible to make the narrow isthmus a channel of trade with the Pacific, and thus bring into a focus the commerce of the East Indies in connection with his native country. Animated with this idea, he proposed the scheme of a company to various parties in Scotland, England, and the continent; but with no effect. At length his project gained the favourable consideration of the celebrated Fletcher of Saltoun, a patriot, and a man inclined to take extreme views. The two Scotchmen became acquainted with each other in London; Fletcher listened attentively to Paterson's explanation of his scheme, and in a short time became as sanguine and enthusiastic in regard to it as himself. Resolved, however, to secure the whole benefits of the project for his native country, he persuaded Paterson to accompany him to Scotland, where he introduced him to the Marquis of Tweeddale, then minister for Scotland, to Lord Stair and Mr Johnston, the two secretaries of state, and to the lord advocate, Sir James Stewart. At this time public feeling in Scotland was much excited regarding the recent massacre of Glencoe; and both King William and the minister Stair, who had been implicated in the bloody transaction, were exceedingly unpopular. Paterson's scheme, it was conceived, would divert the attention of the Scotch from this unfortunate occurrence; and if the king were to afford it his countenance, his popularity would revive. Accordingly, Stair supported the scheme with all his influence and eloquence, as one from which Scotland would reap incalculable benefits; and in June 1695, the Scottish parliament passed an act establishing "a company trading to Africa and the Indies, with power to plant colonies, and build cities, towns, or forts, in places not in the possession of any other European power, with the consent of the natives"—the company to have an exemption for

twenty-one years from all duties and impositions. The king was prevailed on to grant a charter in the terms of this act.

The Darien Scheme having thus received the sanction of public authority, Paterson opened the subscription. Instantaneously the whole country was thrown into a ferment. "The frenzy of the Scotch nation to sign the Solemn League and Covenant did not exceed the rapidity with which they ran to subscribe to the Darien Company. The nobility, the gentry, the merchants, the people, the royal burghs, without the exception of one, and most of the other public bodies, subscribed. Young women threw their little fortunes into the stock; widows sold their jointures to get the command of money for the same purpose. Almost in an instant £400,000 were subscribed in Scotland, although it is known that at that time there was not above £800,000 of cash in the kingdom." Extensive premises were built in the neighbourhood of Bristo Port, Edinburgh, to serve as an office for the Company, and as warehouses in which to store up the rich merchandise, the silks, the gold, the spices which the Company's ships were to bring from across the Atlantic.

The frenzy was not confined to Scotland. Colonel Erskine, son of Lord Cardross, and Mr Haldane of Gleneagles, both men of character and fortune, being deputed to receive subscriptions in England and on the continent, such was the eagerness for shares that in a few days the English subscribed £300,000, and the Dutch and Hamburgers £200,000, although the scheme had been rejected when offered to them by Paterson a short time before.

The Darien Scheme was therefore launched with fair auspices. Its prospects, however, were soon overcast. The English merchants, and especially the East India Company, took the alarm, and began to manifest the utmost jealousy against the proposed expedition. The national antipathy between England and Scotland was not yet extinct; and the absurd idea was generally entertained, that any increase of prosperity to Scotland arising from an increase of trade, must inflict a positive damage on England. To such a height did these narrow views reach, that on the 13th of December 1695, the Houses of Lords and Commons presented a joint address to King William, expostulating with him on the establishment of the Darien Company, declaring that it would be detrimental, if not altogether fatal, to the interests of the East India Company. Scotland, they said, will become, as it were, one free port for East Indian goods; the Scotch will then be able to undersell us; capital will all rush northward into Scotland, and England will languish and pine away. Nor was this all. The House of Commons went so far as to impeach some Englishmen who had taken part in the establishment of the new Company; and, more ridiculous still, to impeach some Scotchmen, among whom was Lord Belhaven, although these, as subjects of another realm, were beyond their jurisdic-

tion. This decided opposition on the part of the two Houses was successful. The king, in his answer to the address, expressed his sympathy with its views, and said "that the king had been ill-served in Scotland, but hoped some remedies might still be found to prevent the evils apprehended." To show that he really meant what he said, William immediately dismissed his Scotch ministers, and sent instructions to the English envoy at Hamburg to present a memorial to the senate, in which he declared that the Darien Company had not his sanction, and warned the senate against having any connection with it. The independent Hamburg merchants returned the following spirited answer:—"We look upon it as a very strange thing that the king of Britain should offer to hinder us, who are a free people, from trading with whom we please; but we are amazed to find him wishing to hinder us from entering into engagements with his own subjects in Scotland, to whom he has lately given such large privileges by so solemn an act of parliament." "But merchants," says the old account, "though mighty prone to passion, are easily intimidated;" and the consequence of this illiberal interference with the Darien Scheme was, that the Dutch, the Hamburgers, and the English, for the most part withdrew their subscriptions, and the Scotch were left to depend almost entirely to their own scanty resources for the planning of the projected colony on the Isthmus of Darien.

Instead of being dispirited by the withdrawal of such a large proportion of the subscriptions, the Scotch became more convinced of the soundness of the scheme, and regarded the opposition of the English merchants as a testimony in its favour. The old spirit of ill-will to the English incited them as strongly to persist in the enterprise as, a hundred and fifty years before, it had incited them to fight the English in the field. Moreover, Paterson's vehement eloquence, and gorgeous descriptions of the spot where he proposed to found the colony, completely seized the national imagination. "Trade," he said, "will beget trade, money will beget money, the commercial world will no more want work for their hands, but will rather want hands for their work. Darien, the door of the seas, the key of the universe, will enable its possessors to become the legislators of both worlds, and the arbitrators of commerce. The settlers at Darien will acquire a nobler empire than Alexander or Cæsar, without fatigue, expense, or danger, as well as without incurring the guilt and bloodshed with which conquerors are usually chargeable." With these golden prospects before them, who could hesitate? Six ships, of from thirty-six to sixty guns, were ordered to be built at Hamburg; for so resolute was the king against the scheme, that he refused to let the Company have the use of a ship-of-war then lying at Burntisland. Twelve hundred men, including three hundred youths of the best Scottish families, volunteered themselves as the first emigrants—the founders of the

great future capital of the world. So universal was the enthusiasm, that even the most cautious politicians in the kingdom participated in it, and were shareholders in the Company.

On the 26th of July 1698, five ships, with twelve hundred men on board, and provisions for a year, set sail from Leith. "The whole city of Edinburgh," we are told, "poured down upon Leith to see the colony depart, amid the tears, and prayers, and praises of relations and friends. Many seamen and soldiers, whose services had been refused because more had offered themselves than were needed, were found hid in the ships, and when ordered ashore, clung to the ropes and timbers, imploring to go, without reward, with their companions." The fleet reached its destination in two months; and the colonists, disembarking, entered with spirit on their new duties. Had they chosen, they might, it is said, have marched from the most northern extremity of Mexico to the most southern extremity of Chili, and overturned the whole Spanish empire in America, so much superior were they in strength and discipline to the degenerate Spaniards; but cautious against giving a bad impression of their aims and intentions, they paid scrupulous attention to the claims which other nations made to certain parts of the American territory, sent friendly messages to the Spanish governors, and began to bargain with the native Indians for the lands on which they meant to settle. The country which they purchased they called New Caledonia. The name of the spot where they disembarked was Acta: this, which was to be the site of the new city, they called New Edinburgh, and a fort which they built in the neighbourhood they called St Andrew. A narrow neck of land which ran into the sea was cut through, so as to make the harbour more safe and convenient; and on a mountain behind the fort was placed a watch-tower, commanding a prospect of immense range. Here, it is said, the Highlanders, of whom there were a great many in the expedition, used to walk, to enjoy the mountain air, and think of their far-away Scottish hills. The colony having been thus constituted, its first public act was to issue a declaration of perfect freedom of trade, and perfect toleration in religious matters, to all the citizens of New Edinburgh, and all foreigners who should enter the port.

The news of the formation of the colony at Darien reached Edinburgh on the 25th of March 1699, and "was celebrated with the most extravagant rejoicings. Thanks were publicly offered up to God in all the churches of the city. At a public graduation of students, which the magistrates attended in their robes, the professor of philosophy pronounced a harangue in favour of the settlement, the legality of which was maintained in the printed theses of the students. It seems even to have been a common subject of declamation from the pulpit."*

* Arnot's History of Edinburgh.

These rejoicings were premature. The colonists, who, during the winter, found the climate of Darien sufficiently temperate, sunk under the sickly influence of the returning summer. Their provisions, too, were soon exhausted; and as they were unable as yet to derive their own subsistence from the soil, they were obliged to depend for supplies upon the mother country, or upon the British colonies in North America. They had not anticipated any difficulty in obtaining these supplies as soon as they became necessary. It was therefore with a feeling of mingled indignation and despair that they learned that King William had sent orders to the governors of the British colonies of Jamaica, Barbadoes, New York, &c. to issue proclamations in his majesty's name prohibiting all his majesty's subjects in these colonies from holding any correspondence with the Scottish colony at Darien, or assisting it in any shape with arms, ammunition, or provisions. That such orders should have been sent, that the king should have deliberately taken means to starve to death a colony of his own subjects, chartered by his own hand, is hardly credible; and yet the fact is certain. So strongly had he been prejudiced against the colony by the representations of the English merchants, that he disowned all connection with it, and treated the emigrants as mere runaway subjects, who were endeavouring to found a settlement against his will, and who were, therefore, to expect no countenance or protection from him. The poor colonists—sickly, disheartened, ill-fed—waited long in expectation of supplies from their friends in Scotland. None, however, came; and at the end of eight months, during part of which they were indebted for subsistence to the charity of the native Indians, the colony broke up, the survivors either returning home or dispersing themselves through those American settlements in which they could find a refuge. Paterson, who had been the first to step on board the vessel at Leith when the expedition set out, was the last to quit the darling soil on which his fancy had reared a city surpassing in wealth and beauty all the cities of the earth.

The Company at home was not aware of the full extent of the misery endured by the wretched colonists; and a second expedition was sent out from Scotland, under the charge of Captain Campbell of Finab, with three hundred men, raised from his own estate, whom he carried out in his own ship. Most of these men had served under his command in Flanders, where he had acquired a high military reputation. As the colonists were beginning to be involved in hostilities with the Spaniards, the arrival of Captain Campbell, with his body of tried men, was very opportune.

The Spaniards had hitherto not offered any molestation to the colony at Darien; and jealous as they were of any encroachment upon their American dominions, it is probable that they would have continued to be on friendly terms with it; but seeing

the colony disowned by its own king, and its founders treated as vagabonds and outlaws, they could not resist the temptation to attack it. Accordingly, about the time that Captain Campbell arrived at the colony, it was threatened with the approach of a Spanish land-force of sixteen hundred men, and a squadron of eleven ships. Captain Campbell having been unanimously chosen commander, marched against the land-force with a body of two hundred men, and completely broke and dispersed it. Returning to the fort, however, from this successful expedition, he found that the Spanish ships had in the meantime arrived in the harbour, and were investing the town. The siege lasted for six weeks, the colonists defending themselves with the utmost bravery; but at length, provisions having been quite exhausted, and ammunition having become so scarce that the pewter dishes had to be melted down to make balls, they were obliged to capitulate. The Spaniards granted honourable terms to them all except Captain Campbell, who, thinking it impossible that they would forgive the injuries he had done them, had made his escape to New York, from which he took his passage for Scotland. The wretched remainder of the colonists were so weak, that they were unable to weigh the anchor of the vessel which was to carry them away, without the assistance of the victorious Spaniards. Tossed about for many months, forced to take refuge in English and Spanish ports, they were so thinned by shipwreck, famine, and disease, that not more than thirty of them ever saw Scotland again. Paterson, crushed by the sense of the awful amount of misery of which he had been the unwilling, and certainly not the blameworthy cause, had become lunatic during his passage home after the failure of the first colony; but before the news of the total abandonment of Caledonia reached Scotland, he had so far recovered as to receive the blow manfully, and even to make fresh proposals for starting the scheme again on a better footing.

Such was the end of the Darien Scheme—a scheme which, though probably far overrated by its sanguine projector, was really feasible enough, but which was ruined by the illiberal jealousy of King William and a strong English party. Scotland was in a state of violent excitement; nothing could be heard but the sounds of lamentation and ill-suppressed wrath against the king, who was conceived to be the sole author of the national disaster. Whole families had been ruined, children deprived of their fortune, maidens made penniless—and all owing, as was thought, to the same hand which had issued the orders for the massacre of Glencoe. The national indignation against William, increased the feeling in favour of the exiled Stuarts. In Edinburgh especially, the commotion almost amounted to rebellion.

It was long before the Scotch forgot or forgave the ruin of their favourite project. At the union of the two kingdoms in 1707, some compensation was made to the losers by government, not nearly

sufficient, however, to cover the national losses; and for more than eighty years the memory of William's conduct in the Darien Scheme rankled in the heart of the Scotch. Besides impeding the union itself, it contributed greatly to strengthen the Jacobite feeling which broke out in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Even so late as the year 1788, when some gentlemen in Edinburgh proposed to erect a monument to commemorate King William and the Revolution of 1688, the affair was remembered, and an anonymous letter, which appeared in the newspapers, proposing that the site of the intended monument should be the valley of Glencoe, and that there should be executed on one side of the base a representation in relievo of the massacre, and on the other a view of the Scottish colony on the Isthmus of Darien, produced such an impression that the gentlemen were obliged to abandon their scheme.

Paterson died soon after the union in neglect and poverty, yet respected by all who knew him. There can be no doubt that he was a man of enlarged capacities, who had the welfare of Scotland at heart; but he was far too sanguine in his views, and did not sufficiently regard the circumstances by which he was surrounded. At the same time, it is but justice to say that his Darien Scheme was feasible, and would have fulfilled all reasonable expectations, if not frustrated in the manner which has been described. Nothing, in the whole course of history, reflects so much disgrace on England as the ruin of the Darien Scheme. But let the people of England be free of the stain which from this cause affects their country: the crime lies at the door of a handful of London merchants, and the mean-spirited government which they had the power to influence.

THE MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

Among the inhabitants of Edinburgh, during the time when the national enthusiasm for the Darien Scheme was at its height, was a youth, John Law, commonly called John Law of Lauriston. He was born at Edinburgh in 1671, his father being a rich goldsmith and banker in that city, who had purchased the lands of Randleston and Lauriston in the parish of Cramond. His father dying in 1684, left him his heir; and young Law, during the period of his education in Edinburgh, distinguished himself greatly by his mathematical abilities, and especially by his acquaintance with all matters relating to banking and finance, for which his father's profession had inspired him with a natural taste. On entering into manhood, he appeared to abandon these pursuits, and to be ambitious only of shining in society, for which he had the qualifications of a handsome person, and a great fund

of wit and generous animal spirits. Removing to London, he plunged into all the gaieties of the metropolis, and became one of the most successful gamblers of the fashionable clubs, being dignified, according to the custom in such cases, with the name of Beau Law. In 1694 he became involved in a quarrel with Beau Wilson, a noted personage of that period, and a duel ensuing, in which Wilson was killed, Law was tried, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death. On a representation of the case to the crown, a free pardon was granted to the offender; but a brother of the deceased having lodged an appeal against the pardon, he was detained in prison, and the issue might have proved serious, had he not made his escape to the continent. On the 7th of January 1695, an advertisement appeared in the "London Gazette," offering a reward for his apprehension, but without effect. After spending a few years on the continent, during which he employed himself in adding to his previous stock of knowledge by personal observations in various countries, directed especially to the trade and manufactures which they carried on, and the systems of banking established in them, he returned to Edinburgh at the time when the mind of the nation was universally agitated by the Darien Scheme. Here Law found himself in his element; and he was one of the many projectors who busied themselves in inventing schemes for enabling the kingdom to bear up against the crash which followed the ruin of the colony at Darien. Fortunately, none of his projects was listened to, the Scotch having had quite enough of speculation; and finding that he was still exposed to danger on account of the death of Wilson, Law again betook himself to the continent, travelling through Holland, Belgium, Italy, and France, and everywhere gaining the reputation of being one of the ablest, best informed, and most agreeable gentlemen, and one of the most successful gamblers ever known. Although spending most of his time as a gambler and speculator for his own private behoof—an occupation to which no discredit was then attached—Law's mind was still busy with those great subjects of national economy, for which he considered himself to be, and for which he really was, gifted with an extraordinary natural capacity. Meeting on familiar terms with the highest personages in every city or state which he happened to visit, he was accustomed to throw out his ideas about finance in his conversation; and in this way his fame as a theorist extended itself far and wide. In France especially, owing to his intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, his reputation was high. It is even said that it was proposed to Louis XIV. by Desmarets, his finance minister, to adopt a plan offered by Law for remedying the disorders of the finances of the kingdom; but that Louis, on being informed that the schemer was a Protestant and not a Catholic, refused to have anything to do with him. Law, indeed, appears to have been considered as a person somewhat too dangerous to be allowed to remain long in a

country; he was banished both from Genoa and Turin. Proposing his scheme of a paper currency to the Duke of Savoy, afterwards king of Sardinia, that prince answered, "No, Mr Law; I am by far too poor a potentate to be ruined; but, if I know the French, they are exactly the people with whom you will succeed." Law eventually came to the same conclusion; and in 1714 he removed to Paris, and fixed his residence in the Place Vendôme, mingling again with the best society.

In 1715 Louis XIV. died, and the Duke of Orleans became regent during the minority of Louis XV. The revenues of the kingdom were in a state of frightful confusion, and there seemed to be no way of avoiding a national bankruptcy. The national debt amounted to 3,111,000,000 livres (£222,000,000 sterling), bearing an interest of 86,000,000 livres (above £6,000,000 sterling). The only means of paying this interest was out of the excess of the revenue over the expenditure; but as this amounted only to the small sum of 9,000,000 livres, it was insufficient to meet the demands of the state creditors. By means of strenuous exertions, the regent contrived to reduce the national debt to 2,000,000,000 livres (£142,000,000 sterling), and the interest to 80,000,000; further reduction was considered impossible, and the state was believed to be on the brink of ruin.

At this crisis the Scottish theorist came forward, and offered to relieve France from her difficulties. In various ways, both by writings and by actual interviews with the regent, he pressed his great idea—the establishment of a paper currency. Gold, silver, copper, or any other kind of coinage, he said, which a nation may agree to use, are not real wealth; they are only signs or representatives of real wealth, and derive their value from public confidence. It does not matter, therefore, what the kind of coinage be which a nation agrees to use; a paper coinage or a leather coinage is as good as a metallic one. A metallic coinage does not constitute real riches, but is valuable only because the public choose to consider it valuable; and if the public will only do the same with paper notes, then paper notes will be on an equality with gold or silver coin. What is a louis-d'or but a bank-note, only made of gold; or a crown but a bank-note, only made of silver? It does not signify, therefore, what a nation chooses to consider money, be it even oyster-shells; for such will serve as a sign or representative of real wealth the same as a piece of metal.

This reasoning is correct only so far. Gold certainly does not constitute real wealth: it is not food, clothing, or the means of shelter, all which are so many items of real wealth; but it possesses a greater intrinsic value than paper, and therefore is not so completely at the mercy of public opinion. Apart altogether from its fictitious value as a coin, gold is a useful and a precious metal, for which there is a demand in the arts; and the cost of obtaining it from the bowels of the earth, and refining it, being great, every little piece of gold is as it were a condensation of a

quantity of real wealth: paper, on the other hand, is a valuable commodity likewise; but the cost of its production being less, it really has less intrinsic value, and is more dependent upon public opinion. Paper can be procured as abundantly as we choose; but there is a limit to the production of gold. Gold and silver are dear substances in themselves; paper is a very cheap substance. The value of a metallic currency, therefore, is not so liable to fluctuation as one entirely of paper.

Not laying due stress upon these considerations, and others of a more profound nature, Law maintained that "where there exists no circulating medium but gold and silver, its riches may be greatly augmented by the introduction of paper money"—a proposition true only so long as what is issued represents real wealth, and does not go beyond the legitimate demands of the circulation. What Law proposed to the regent was to establish a national bank, which should issue notes on the basis of landed property, and of the royal revenues—the bank to be conducted in the king's name, but subject to the control of commissioners appointed by the states-general. The project having been considered by the council of finances, it was decided, on the 2d of May 1716, that "the present conjuncture was not favourable for such an undertaking." Law, however, obtained leave to set up a private bank, under the name of "Law and Company," the funds to be furnished by himself, and such as chose to become shareholders. The stock was to consist of 1200 shares, at 1000 crowns (£250) each, and was therefore to amount in all to £300,000. The bank was not to be allowed to borrow money, nor to engage in any kind of commerce. But the most peculiar feature of the establishment, and that which gave it favour in the eyes of the public, was, that its notes were to be payable at sight, *in specie of the same weight and fineness as the money in circulation at the period of their issue.* This was a novelty; for since the year 1689, the currency had been subject to constant alterations—the value of the livre to-day being perhaps not much more than half what it was yesterday. "On this account, as well as from the quickness and punctuality of the payments, and the orders given to the officers of the revenue in all parts of the kingdom, to receive the paper of Law's bank, without discount, in payment of taxes, the notes of the bank in a short time rose to great repute, and were by many preferred to specie, insomuch that they soon came to pass current for 1 per cent. more than the coin itself. The most beneficial effects were thereby produced on the industry and trade of the nation; the taxes and royal revenues being, by means of the notes, remitted to the capital at little expense, and without draining the provinces of specie. Foreigners, who had hitherto been very cautious in dealing with the French, now began to interest themselves deeply in this new bank; so that the balance of exchange with England and Holland soon rose to the rate of 4 and 5 per cent. in favour of Paris.

The bank subsisted in high credit, to the no small profit of the proprietors, till the close of the year 1718, when the Duke of Orleans, observing the uncommon advantages resulting from the establishment, resolved to take it into his majesty's hands, as at first proposed." *

Law, and the other shareholders, apparently disliked this proposal, but they were obliged to yield; and on the 4th of December 1718 the bank was declared to be a Royal Bank, to be administered thenceforward in the king's name, his majesty having reimbursed the former Company, and become answerable for the notes issued by them. Law was appointed director-general of this Royal Bank, and branches were immediately established at Lyons, Rochelle, Tours, Amiens and Orleans. Various alterations in the mode of management were also introduced.

If the bank had continued to perform no other functions than those which are usually understood to belong to a bank, there is every probability that its establishment would have been a considerable advantage to the nation. But in the course of three years after its establishment, the bank had incorporated with itself many other schemes of various characters, so that, instead of continuing a mere bank, it became a gigantic commercial company. In 1717, an institution was established under the directorship of Mr Law, called the "Company of the West," or more commonly the *Mississippi Company;* to which a grant was made of the whole of that tract of land on the American continent through which the river Mississippi flows—such at the time being French property. The stock consisted of 200,000 shares at 500 livres each. On the 4th of September 1718, the farm of Tobacco was made over to this Company for a consideration; three months afterwards it acquired the charter and property of the Senegal Company; and in May 1719, it obtained from the regent a monopoly of trade with the East Indies, China, and the South Seas, on condition of paying the debts of the East India Company, then dissolved. Thus enlarged, the Company abandoned the name of the Company of the West, and assumed that of the "Company of the Indies," at the same time creating 50,000 additional shares at an increased price. Nor was this all. In July 1719 the Mint was made over to the Company of the Indies for a sum of money; in August following, the farming of the whole taxes of the nation was purchased by the Company; and the privilege of receiving other branches of the revenue quickly followed—so that before the end of the year 1719, the Company of the Indies had incorporated within itself nearly all the commercial enterprise of the nation. Law was thus the director and manager of two great national institutions—the Royal Bank, and the colossal trading company, called the Company of the Indies. In February 1720 these two

* Wood's Life of Law of Lauriston.

were united; and Law, the founder of both, became the most powerful man in France. Between the date of the incorporation of the two concerns and the 1st of May 1720, the bank ordered a fresh issue of notes to the amount of 1,696,400,000 livres, making the total quantity issued amount to the enormous sum of 2,696,400,000 livres.

The end of the year 1719, and the beginning of the year 1720, was a period of wild infatuation. Such was the confidence entertained in the system of Law, and such the avidity for wealth, that the shares of the Company of the Indies rose with unexampled rapidity, every one taking it for granted that the speediest way to realise a prodigious fortune, was to become a shareholder to as large an amount as possible in the India Company. The frenzy extended to all ranks and classes. "Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, nay, even ladies who had, or could procure money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other." The shares soon rose to 5000 livres each. Prudent shareholders now began to sell out, and with the enormous fortunes which they had realised, to purchase houses and estates. The sight of opulence thus rapidly acquired increased the popular delirium, each man saying to himself, "Why may not I realise a fortune, and purchase houses and estates too?" The state creditors, likewise, being paid in bank-notes, such a quantity of paper was thrown into circulation that it could be disposed of in no other way than by the purchase of East India stock; and the competition of these purchasers against each other increased the price of shares still more rapidly. In November 1719, they were sold at 10,000 livres each, or at twenty times their original price.

Innumerable anecdotes are told illustrative of the eagerness of all classes to become shareholders in the Company, of the intense anxiety which prevailed, arising from every fluctuation in the value of shares, and of the strange vicissitudes of fortune which were brought about during the frenzy. The street in which the stock-jobbers met at first was the Rue de Quinquempoix; and the crowds which used daily to assemble there were so great, that accidents were constantly occurring. The occupiers of this street reaped a golden harvest from the general excitement, by letting their houses to the speculators. Houses whose rent was 800 livres a-year were let at 6000 or 10,000 livres a-month; and even single apartments were let for a pistole a-day. A cobbler earned 200 livres a-day by allowing ladies and gentlemen to sit in his stall, furnishing them with chairs and writing materials; nay, one humpbacked man is mentioned as having acquired a fortune of 150,000 livres, by allowing the jobbers in the street to use his hump as a writing-desk. M. Chirac, physician to the Duke of Orleans, was on his way to visit a lady, one of his patients, when he was informed that the price of shares was falling. His mind was so engrossed with the news, that while feeling the lady's

pulse, he exclaimed in agony, "Oh, it falls, it falls continually!" and the lady alarmed, began to shriek, till he reassured her by telling her it was the Mississippi shares, and not her pulse he referred to. No one was able to withstand the infatuation. Two of the ablest scholars and most learned men in France, the Abbé Tenasson, and M. de la Mothe, were lamenting together the madness of the nation, and congratulating themselves on the fact that, being scholars, they had escaped the contagion. A few days after the abbé, pushing through the crowd at the Rue de Quinquempoix, met M. de la Mothe pushing through it also—both having come to bargain in the stocks. In the whole court only five persons refrained from speculating, and those who did so were regarded as cowards or fools.

The Rue de Quinquempoix being found too narrow for the immense crowds who congregated daily for the purpose of speculating in the India stock, the traffic was transferred to the Place Vendôme. In a short time, however, this open space was also found inconvenient; and Law, at an enormous price, purchased the Hôtel de Soissons, in whose gardens pavilions were erected for the accommodation of the public. Here the business was daily carried on.

Mr Law, as the author and dispenser of all the wealth for which the nation was struggling, became beyond comparison the principal personage in the kingdom. The levee of the regent was forsaken; and princes, dukes, peers, bishops, and judges, crowded in the retinue of the Scottish projector. His antechambers were constantly full of ladies waiting for an interview, that they might prevail on Mr Law to sell them a portion of stock. Troubled by such numbers of applicants, Law conducted himself with the utmost haughtiness, and would keep a peer of the realm waiting five or six hours before admitting him to an interview. Enormous bribes were given to his servants, on condition merely that they should announce the name of the person waiting. It was to the French aristocracy that Mr Law behaved in this haughty way; to his own countrymen, and to persons coming on ordinary errands, he appears to have been exceedingly affable. "The Earl of Hay, afterwards Duke of Argyle, going to wait upon Mr Law by appointment, found the antechambers filled with many of the highest quality in France; but being, by special orders, admitted into his private apartments, beheld the great man writing what, from the number and rank of those left to wait his leisure, he naturally concluded to be despatches of the utmost consequence. Upon mentioning these surmises to his old friend, it was with no small surprise his lordship learned that he was only writing to his gardener at Lauriston to plant cabbages in a particular spot! After this important epistle was concluded, he desired the earl to play a game at piquet, at which they continued for a good while, till at length the great man thought proper to give orders for the admission of his humble supplicants." Many amusing anecdotes

are told of the stratagems fallen upon by the ladies to procure an interview with Mr Law. A Madame de Boucher, being extremely anxious to possess some India stock, made every effort to procure an invitation to meet Mr Law at dinner at the house of Madame de Simiani, where she knew he was to be present; but as it was known Mr Law did not wish to see her, Madame de Simiani could not comply with her friend's request. Resolved, nevertheless, to gain her point, the lady ordered her carriage to be driven past the house; and when exactly opposite to it, she gave the alarm of fire. The guests, Mr Law included, rushed into the street. The lady jumped out of her carriage, and was hurrying up to him; but perceiving her design, he took to his heels and escaped. Another lady gave orders to her coachman to be on the watch for Mr Law in the streets, and the moment he saw him close at hand, to overturn the carriage. It was several days before the longed-for opportunity arrived; and then, the lady being the first to perceive the approach of the great man, called out to the coachman, "Upset me now, you rascal!—upset me now!" The man did as he was ordered; Law flew to the lady's relief, and had her conveyed into the Hôtel de Soissons. Here the lady confessed her trick; and Law, as a reward for her ingenuity, was obliged to enter her name as a purchaser of stock.

So sudden and rapid was the rise of the price of shares, that enormous fortunes were made in the course of a few days. Many instances are recorded of persons in the lowest ranks of life suddenly realising immense wealth. One night at the opera, all eyes were attracted by a lady in a magnificent dress, sitting in a very conspicuous position; and no one could make out who she was, till a young lady whispered to her mother, "Why, it is our cook Mary!" And it proved to be so: Mary had been speculating, and become rich. A footman had speculated so successfully, as to be able to set up a carriage of his own; but when entering it for the first time, the force of habit was so strong, that he mounted into his accustomed place behind—excusing himself as he jumped to the ground again, by saying he was trying how many lackeys would have room to stand on the board. Mr Law's coachman had made such a fortune, that he asked his discharge, which Mr Law gave him, on condition that, before going, he should supply him with another coachman as good as himself. The man brought two coachmen next day, recommended both as excellent drivers, and asked his master to choose one, as he meant to engage the other himself. Another speculator finding himself a rich man, gave orders to a coachmaker for a magnificent new berlin, leaving 4000 livres as a deposit. The coachmaker inquiring what arms were to be put on the carriage, "Oh, the finest—the finest by all means!" said the fortunate man. One Brignaud, a baker's son, having acquired an enormous fortune, and wishing to have a superb service of plate, went into a gold-

smith's shop, and purchased the whole collection of articles exposed for sale at 400,000 livres.

Up to this time, Law's system had produced nothing but the most wonderful outward prosperity; and when the state of the nation was compared with what it had been at the death of Louis XIV., it appeared that the man to whose exertions the change was owing could be nothing less than a demigod. Money circulated in profusion, people in the lowest ranks indulged in luxuries previously unattainable, and the price of commodities rose without any injury to the people. The ell of cloth which had sold for fifteen livres, now sold for fifty; and the pound of coffee rose from fifty sols to eighteen livres. Wages rose correspondingly. In the course of three months, the silversmiths of Paris had received orders for, and manufactured above £7,000,000 worth of plate. Paris was crowded with foreign visitors, who had come to speculate in the stocks. No fewer than 305,000 strangers are said to have been living in Paris in November 1719, and many of these were obliged to live in granaries and lofts, there not being sufficient house-accommodation for them all. The promenaders in the streets were clothed in velvet and gold; and the winter of 1719–20 was more brilliant than the finest summer ever seen before.

Law was now the idol of the country, and the enthusiasm in his favour was greatly increased by his making a public profession of the Roman Catholic religion in December 1719. The only obstacle to his admission to political dignity being thus removed, he was declared comptroller-general of the finances in January 1720, a situation equivalent to that of prime minister of France. About the same time the Academy of Sciences elected him an honorary member. Honours and applauses were showered upon him; and, among the rest, the poets, "a venal gang," vied with each other in preparing compliments for the saviour of France. It was to be expected that the man who was enriching others by his scheme would grow wealthy himself; accordingly, Law is known to have realised an enormous fortune. He had purchased fifteen or sixteen large estates, together with houses and mansions, amounting altogether to the value of 7,000,000 livres. It is to be remarked, however, as a proof of Law's good faith and his confidence in his own system, that he invested all his money in landed property in France, which, in the event of a crash, would be completely lost to him, and did not send any sums out of the country, as he might easily have done. It appears, indeed, that he wished to purchase the estate of Errol in Perthshire; but the bargain was never concluded. His generosity was equal to his wealth. On the occasion of his professing himself a Roman Catholic, he gave 500,000 livres to assist in completing the church of St Roch; he distributed another sum of 500,000 livres among the English at St Germain-en-Laye, whose pensions had been suppressed; and his private liberalities were

constant and munificent. Lauded and spoken of all over Europe, Scotland began to be proud of him, and contrived to let it be known that it was she who had given birth to such a genius. The city of Edinburgh transmitted him its freedom in a gold box. English and Scottish noblemen boasted of being acquainted with Mr Law; and it is even said that George II., then Prince of Wales, condescended to dabble secretly in the Mississippi stock.

The bubble, however, was already full-blown. The credit of the bank and of the India Company was at its height in the months of November and December 1719, and January 1720, when shares in the Company were selling at 10,000 livres each. Such was the abundance of money in the bank, that it offered to lend sums of any amount, on proper security, at an interest of only 2 per cent. Now, however, a drain of specie from the bank began to be discernible. Numbers of persons possessed of stock in the Company—either foreseeing disaster, or haunted with a vague suspicion that so prosperous a state of things could not last long—began to sell out, and convert their shares into gold and silver, and other precious commodities, which they either hoarded up, or sent secretly out of the country. The Prince de Conti, offended at being refused a quantity of fresh shares, for which he petitioned, sent to the bank to demand specie for so enormous a mass of notes that three wagons were required to carry the money from the bank to his house. Vernesobre de Laurieu, a Prussian, whom Mr Law had appointed a cashier in the bank, remitted nearly 40,000,000 livres to foreign countries, and then disappeared. Various stock-jobbers remitted hundreds of thousands of louis-d'ors to England. These examples were imitated by others; for nothing is more contagious than fear; and in a short time 500,000,000 livres in specie were sent out of France.

To put a stop to this run upon the bank, which, from the immense quantity of notes in circulation, would be ruinous, a series of edicts were issued by the regent in February and March 1720. By these edicts payments in specie were restricted to small sums (not exceeding 100 livres in gold and 10 livres in silver), while at the same time efforts were made to secure a preference for paper over specie, by declaring the value of the former to be invariable, while that of the latter fluctuated. People were also prohibited from converting their wealth into gold and silver plate without a royal license, the demand for plate having been one of the principal means of withdrawing the precious metals from circulation. The exertions thus made were for some time effectual; and numbers, seeing notes passing current at 5 or 10 per cent. above specie, hastened to convert all the specie in their possession into paper. There is, however, in the minds of men at such a time, a natural preference for the metals over paper; and accordingly, it was found that many

were busy in secret hoarding up gold and silver, and cautiously disposing of their paper in anticipation of the coming crash. Fresh edicts of a more stringent and arbitrary character were issued; one forbidding the use of specie altogether in payment, another forbidding any person to have in his possession more than 500 livres of coin, under the penalty of having the sum confiscated, and the payment of a fine in addition.

In an instant—so suddenly, in fact, that it is impossible to trace the steps of the process—the nation, which had been glorying in its good fortune, was struck with dismay and despair. The use of specie had been prohibited; but this could not restore confidence in Law's paper, and nobody would accept it willingly. It was felt universally that Law's scheme had been a *bubble*, and that it had now burst. Complaints and execrations arose everywhere against Law, the regent, and all who had been concerned in originating the project. To crown Law's misery, many of the influential men of France, who had all along hated him, and been envious of his honour and reputation, but who had been restrained from showing their ill-will by his success, now attacked him in the presence of the regent, and accused him of plotting the ruin of France. The regent even, who had hitherto been his intimate friend, and in compliance with whose solicitations Law had adopted some of his most questionable measures, turned against him.

All efforts to arrest the progress of the panic were in vain. In consequence of the decree ordering all payments to be made in paper, a fresh issue of notes had taken place; and in May 1720, the notes issued amounted to 2,600,000,000 livres, while the quantity of specie in the kingdom was estimated at 1,300,000,000, or only half as much. To equalise the paper with the specie, there were two plans; either to double the value of the specie, or to halve the value of the paper. Law advised the former, as being a thing to which the people were quite accustomed; but his advice was overruled; and on the 21st of May an edict was published, reducing the value of the paper by a gradual process, till it should be exactly half its present value—a note for 10,000 livres passing current for only 5000, and so on. This reduction of the value of the bank-notes was, it will be remembered, a violation of the original constitution of Law's bank, according to which it was faithfully promised that the notes should never fluctuate in value, but be always equal to a given quantity of specie of given fineness. If paper had been disliked before, the promulgation of this edict made matters a thousand times worse. Bank-notes were regarded as waste paper; and a person might have starved with 100,000 livres of paper-money in his pocket.

On the 27th of May, the bank stopped payment in specie; and on the same day Law was dismissed from his office as minister of finance. There were riotings and mobbings in the streets; and the various quarters of Paris were occupied by

troops, to prevent an insurrection from bursting out. Law's life was several times in danger; the regent was under the necessity of giving him a detachment to guard his person, as he drove through the streets; and at length, not safe in his own house, he took refuge in the Palais-Royal.

D'Aguesseau, who had been dismissed from the ministry in 1718, on account of his opposition to Law's projects, was now recalled; and by his advice a decree was passed on the 1st of June, repealing the decree forbidding the amassing of specie. In order to assist in absorbing the immense mass of paper-money, an issue of 25,000,000 bank-notes took place, on the security of the revenues of the city of Paris, and bearing an interest of 2½ per cent. The notes which this new issue was to be the means of withdrawing, were to be publicly burnt. On the 10th of June, the bank was re-opened for the payment of small notes —notes of 10 livres and a little upwards. As almost all the population of Paris rushed to the bank to exchange their small notes for specie, the avenues to the building were blocked up, and hardly a day passed in which five or six persons were not crushed to death and trampled under foot. Silver becoming scarce, the bank was obliged to cash the notes in copper; and persons might be seen toiling along with immense loads of copper-money, which they had procured in exchange for notes—glad, however, that they had got anything at all. As the old notes did not come in so fast in exchange for the new ones as was expected, fresh measures were adopted to attract them. Upwards of 30,000,000 of perpetual annuities, and 4,000,000 of life annuities were created, purchasable by notes; and if the people had responded to the invitation, and purchased the annuities, about 2,000,000,000 of the notes would have been retired in this way; but notwithstanding the eagerness that prevailed to get rid of the notes, the terms of the offer were so unfavourable that people still hesitated, and preferred keeping the notes, and taking the chance of what might yet occur. To counteract this hesitation, a decree was published on the 15th of August, declaring that all notes of 10,000 or of 1000 livres should have no currency except in the purchase of the annuities; but as the hesitation still continued, another decree was passed, declaring that notes would be good for no purpose whatever after the 1st of November 1720. Numbers, however, kept their notes even after the specified time, in the vain hope of better terms; and the consequence was, that large quantities of Law's notes remained in houses as family lumber, down even to the date of the French Revolution, when they were produced as curiosities, to be compared with the assignats.

For a while it was imagined that the India Company would still survive, and proceedings were adopted with a view to this end. It was proposed to invest the Company with new privileges; the number of shares was extended; a list of the original

proprietors of stock was ordered to be made out, and such as still retained their shares were required to deposit them with the Company, so that they might not be able to dispose of them; while those who had sold the whole or part of their shares were required to purchase as many as they had sold, at the rate of 13,500 livres each share, so that matters might be restored to their original footing. This last clause created great alarm among the stock-jobbers, who had made fortunes by getting rid of their shares in time, and were now in this way compelled to refund, and to connect themselves with a scheme which had lost all its reputation. Hundreds prepared to quit the country rather than submit; and to prevent this, an edict was passed on the 29th of October, prohibiting any person from leaving the kingdom, without express permission from the regent, under pain of death. These compulsory measures could not restore credit to the Company; the shares fell till their value was only a hundredth part of what it had been; and at length the management of the Mint, and the administration of the revenues, having been taken out of the Company's hands, it was degraded to a mere trading body.

Such was the end of the famous Mississippi bubble, by which a few individuals acquired large fortunes, while thousands of families were ruined, and the nation sustained a shock which it did not recover for many years.

Law obtained leave to quit France, where his life was not safe. Declining a sum of money which the regent offered him, he proceeded to Brussels, almost a beggar; his sole property being a diamond worth about £5000. He had invested all his enormous fortune in the purchase of French lands and securities, and these were confiscated the moment he left the country, not excepting an annuity which he had purchased on the lives of his wife and children. After travelling through various parts of the continent, he returned to England, where he resided four years, supporting himself by his talents for gambling. He died at Venice in 1729, in very embarrassed circumstances. His descendants formed alliances with many good families both in England and France.

THE SOUTH SEA SCHEME.

The South Sea Company was founded by the celebrated statesman Harley, Earl of Oxford, in 1711, for political purposes; and so much admired was the ingenuity of the scheme, that it was called "The Earl of Oxford's Masterpiece." The Company, which consisted of merchants, undertook the payment of a large quantity of government debt, amounting to £10,000,000 sterling; and

in return for this they were invested with numerous privileges, among which was a monopoly of the trade in the South Sea, now more usually called the Pacific Ocean. The idea was, that by means of commerce with Peru, Mexico, and other gold-producing countries, Britain would soon be filled with the precious metals. Owing, however, to the refusal of Spain to permit the commerce with her transatlantic dominions, no voyage was made under the Company's auspices till 1717, when a single ship set out; and even this slight thread of connection between Britain and the South Seas was snapped by the outbreak of a war with Spain in the following year.

Still the Company flourished as a monetary concern; and in 1720 it and the Bank of England made rival offers to government, contracting for the payment of the debts of the state, now amounting to about £31,000,000 sterling. The ultimate offer of the South Sea Company was, that in return for undertaking the discharge of the debt, it should be secured 5 per cent. interest for four years; after which government was to be at liberty to redeem the debt, paying only 4 per cent. interest till the redemption should be effected. After a warm discussion in the House of Commons between the friends of the South Sea Company and the friends of the bank, the offer of the former was declared the more advantageous, and leave given to bring in a bill to that effect.

Immediately the South Sea Company occupied the public eye; and every person who possessed capital, desired to invest it in a concern of such splendid promise. The day after the passing of the above resolution, the Company's stock rose from 130 to 300; and notwithstanding all the predictions of the more prudent men of the nation, among whom was Mr Walpole, it continued to rise. The contagion of the Mississippi frenzy had reached England; and although by this time the failure of Law's scheme might have been evident, this did not hinder the English from rushing into a similar folly. Great efforts were likewise made by Sir John Blunt, the chairman of the Company, and other interested parties, to inflate the public mind with the most extravagant rumours and anticipations, with a view still further to raise the price of stock; and by the time that the bill—after passing the House of Commons by a majority of 172 to 55, and the House of Lords by a majority of 83 to 17—received the royal assent, the price had risen almost to 400. "It seemed at that time as if the whole nation had turned stock-jobbers. Exchange Alley was every day blocked up by crowds, and Cornhill was impassable from the number of carriages. Everybody came to purchase stock. 'Every fool aspired to be a knave.'"

The apparent success of the South Sea Scheme led to many other projects equally extravagant. In all, the share lists were speedily filled up, and an enormous traffic carried on in shares, while of course every means was resorted to to raise them to

an artificial value in the market. These schemes soon received the name of bubbles, the most appropriate that imagination could devise. Persons of distinction, of both sexes, were deeply engaged in all these bubbles; those of the male sex going to taverns and coffee-houses to meet their brokers, and the ladies resorting for the same purpose to the shops of milliners and haberdashers. The Prince of Wales became governor of one company, and is said to have cleared £40,000 by his speculations. So great was the confusion of the crowd in the Alley, that shares in the same bubble were known to have been sold at the same instant 10 per cent. higher at one end of the Alley than at the other.

Unlike the Mississippi Scheme, which was a complicated affair, and really was founded on the reasoning of an able man, however false that reasoning may have been, the South Sea project was a pure and simple bubble, blown by the breath of knaves; and accordingly its explosion was instantaneous. When the price of stock had reached its highest, the chairman of the Company, Sir John Blunt, and other influential persons, sold out; and as soon as this became known, the fall commenced. On a sudden, stock fell from 1000 to 700. A public meeting of shareholders was then held, at which many speeches were delivered by the principal parties concerned, most of them scouting the panic as utterly groundless, and declaring that the affairs of the Company stood as well as ever. In vain were all these attempts to arrest the progress of the alarm. Down, down, down fell the stock; till about the middle of September it had reached 400! "Various are the conjectures," says Mr Broderick, M.P., in a letter to Lord Chancellor Middleton, "why the South Sea directors have suffered the cloud to break so early. I made no doubt that they would do so when they found it to their advantage. Their most considerable men have drawn out, securing themselves by the losses of the deluded, thoughtless numbers, whose understandings have been overruled by avarice, and the hope of making mountains out of mole-hills. Thousands of families will be reduced to beggary. The consternation is inexpressible, the rage beyond description, and the case altogether so desperate, that I do not see any plan or scheme so much as thought of for averting the blow, so that I cannot pretend to guess what is next to be done!" Wherever any of the directors of the Company appeared in the streets, they were mobbed and insulted, and riots of a more serious character were apprehended.

The government, in the utmost alarm, sent despatches to the king, who was then in Hanover, requesting his immediate return; and endeavoured, with Mr Walpole's assistance, to induce the Bank of England to come forward and support with its credit the sinking Company. The bank consented to a contract, by which it agreed to circulate the Company's bonds; but finding that the agreement would prove ruinous to itself, it

retracted it, and left the Company to its fate. Before the end of September, the demolition of the Scheme was complete; and South Sea stock was selling at 135. The rise, progress, and fall of the Scheme had occupied but eight months.

It would be impossible to compute the amount of suffering to which the South Sea bubble gave rise—the number of persons whose health and hopes were blasted—the number of families who were involved in ruin. We may allude to the case of Gay the poet. "Gay," says Dr Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets*, "had in that disastrous year a present from young Craggs of some South Sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of £20,000. His friends persuaded him to sell his shares, but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase £100 a-year for life, 'Which,' says Fenton, 'will make you sure of a clean shirt, and a shoulder of mutton every day.' This counsel was rejected; the profit and principal were lost; and Gay sunk under the calamity so low, that his life became in danger."

A cry now arose from all parts of the nation for vengeance against the directors of the Company, and all who had made themselves notorious by the support they had given to the South Sea Scheme. Members arose in their places in parliament, and demanded the punishment of the guilty parties. "I look upon the contrivers and executors of the villanous South Sea Scheme," said Lord Molesworth, "as the parricides of their country, and should be satisfied to see them tied up like the Roman parricides in sacks, and thrown into the Thames." To appease the popular indignation, parliament was obliged to proceed hastily, and even perhaps cruelly, not distinguishing sufficiently between the innocent and the guilty. A bill was brought in to restrain the South Sea directors, and all officials of the Company, from leaving the kingdom, or from disposing of their effects for a twelvemonth; but notwithstanding this bill, Knight, the treasurer of the Company, contrived to escape to the continent with many important books and documents. The House of Lords, after a long examination, passed a resolution declaring the conduct of certain of the officials of the Company to have been scandalous and fraudulent, and committed five of the directors, including the chairman, Sir John Blunt, to the custody of the black rod. The first proceeding of the House of Commons was to appoint a secret committee to inquire into the whole affair. At the instance of this committee, four members of the House, who were also directors of the South Sea Company—Sir Robert Chaplain, Sir Theodore Jannsen, Mr Sawbridge, and Mr Eyles—were unanimously expelled from parliament. About the same time Mr Aislabie, then chancellor of exchequer, who, it was discovered, had been implicated to a shameful extent in the Company's transactions, resigned office. On the 16th of February 1721, the secret com-

mittee gave in its report, impeaching a number of persons as having been guilty of fraudulent practices in connection with the Company. The first of these who was brought to trial was Mr Charles Stanhope, who, it appeared, had been a gainer to the extent of £250,000. Great exertions were made in his behalf, and he was acquitted by a majority of three, to the great disappointment of the nation. Mr Aislabie, who was tried next, was not so fortunate. Having been found guilty of disgraceful malpractices, he was ordered to be expelled the House of Commons, committed a prisoner to the Tower, and prevented from quitting the kingdom until he had furnished a correct estimate of his property, which was to be confiscated for the relief of his victims. This sentence gave universal satisfaction; many houses in the city were illuminated, and the mob kindled several large bonfires to testify their delight. Next day Sir George Caswall, of the firm of Turner, Caswall, and Company, was expelled the House, and ordered to refund £250,000. The Earl of Sunderland, who was next brought to trial, was acquitted by a majority of 233 to 172. Mr Craggs, senior, died the day previous to that appointed for his trial, some said by poison administered by his own hand, but really in an apoplectic fit, brought on by grief, caused by his disgraceful situation, and the premature death of his son, Secretary Craggs, five weeks before. His property, amounting to £1,500,000, was confiscated. The directors of the Company were then tried one by one, and the whole property of each confiscated, excepting a small allowance which was left them to recommence life with. Sir John Blunt was allowed £5000 out of £183,000; Sir John Fellows £10,000 out of £243,000; Sir Theodore Jannsen £50,000 out of £243,000; Mr Edward Gibbon, the grandfather of Gibbon the historian, £10,000 out of £106,000; Sir John Lambert £5000 out of £72,000; and others in proportion.

Out of the funds procured by this large confiscation of property, some compensation was made to the sufferers; but altogether it did not amount to much. It was long before enterprise recovered the shock which it had sustained; and so terrible was the lesson, that to this day no national bubble has been blown at all comparable in magnitude to the South Sea Scheme. The year 1825 indeed was one of bubbles; and speculation ran dangerously high in 1836; but the South Sea Bubble is still, and may it long continue to be, without a rival in our history!

We have mentioned that, simultaneously with the South Sea Scheme, there were many other projects afloat, all attracting their groups of shareholders, and all giving rise to gambling and fraud. A list of eighty-three such projects, all of which were summarily extinguished by the privy council at one sitting, is given by Mr Mackay in his work on "Popular Delusions." Some of these are feasible enough, being schemes for insurance, or for encouraging various branches of commerce and manufacture; and might have succeeded and been useful in a calm state of the

public mind; others are so wild and visionary, that we can scarcely believe that their projectors were in earnest in believing they would gather dupes. One is for supplying London with sea-coal—capital £3,000,000; another for effectually settling the island of Blanco and Sal Tartagus; another for encouraging the breed of horses in England, improving glebe and church lands, and building and repairing parsonage houses; a fourth for trading in hair; a fifth for a wheel for perpetual motion—capital £1,000,000; a sixth for importing walnut-trees from Virginia; a seventh for purchasing and improving the fens in Lincolnshire—capital £2,000,000; an eighth for insuring masters and mistresses against losses they may sustain by their servants—capital £3,000,000; a ninth for erecting hospitals to take charge of illegitimate children. There was one for extracting silver from lead; and one for transmuting quicksilver into a fine malleable metal. In fact, whatever scheme was proposed, *took*. There was one projector, however, who outdid all the rest by a stroke of real genius. He proposed "a company for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is"—capital £500,000, divided into 5000 shares of £100 each, deposit £2 per share. The schemer opened an office in Cornhill to receive names; nearly one thousand dupes came forward in five hours, and deposited each his £2 per share; and next day the clever rascal was on the other side of the Channel with £2000 in his pocket.

THE TULIPOMANIA.

About the year 1634, a very remarkable mania broke out in Holland for buying and selling tulips, or more properly tulip roots. The cultivation of tulips had been carried to a high pitch in Holland, where the fineness of the soil and the climate, along with great personal care, conspire to bring the tulip to perfection. Holland, therefore, had become the great centre of the tulip trade. Roots were exported thence to all parts of the world, and at prices varying according to the state of the market, and other circumstances.

In the above year, a factitious demand arose for tulips. People began to find, that by buying up particular sorts, they could dispose of them at very high prices. In the hope, however, of getting higher prices still, others bought and sold them again at a profit. Thus the trade of buying and selling over again at an advance became universal, and seemed to be without any assignable limit. The prices paid for the roots were generally regulated by weight; and a small weight called a perit, less than a grain, was employed for this purpose. The mania, therefore, took the

direction of *perits* instead of *shares*, and that was all the real difference between the tulip and the joint-stock share mania. A seller would say he held four hundred perits of a certain tulip, and another would be heard asking for five hundred perits of a certain other tulip. With this preliminary explanation, we present an account of the Tulipomania from Beckmann's "History of Inventions."

"Tulips, which are of no further use than to ornament gardens, which are exceeded in beauty by many other plants, and whose duration is short and very precarious, became, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the object of a trade such as is not to be met with in the history of commerce, and by which their price rose above that of the most precious metals. An account of this trade has been given by many authors; but by all late ones it has been misrepresented. People laugh at the Tulipomania, because they believe that the beauty and rarity of the flowers induced florists to give such extravagant prices: they imagine that the tulips were purchased so excessively dear, in order to ornament gardens; but this supposition is false, as I shall presently show.

"This trade was not carried on throughout all Europe, but in some cities of the Netherlands, particularly Amsterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, Alkmaar, Leyden, Rotterdam, Hoorn, Enkhuysen, and Meedenblick, and rose to the greatest height in the years 1634–1637. Munting has given, from some of the books kept during that trade, a few of the prices then paid, of which I shall present the reader with the following. For a root of that species called the Viceroy, the after-mentioned articles, valued as below expressed, were agreed to be delivered:—2 lasts of wheat, 448 florins; 4 ditto rye, 558 florins; 4 fat oxen, 480 florins; 3 fat swine, 240 florins; 12 fat sheep, 120 florins; 2 hogsheads of wine, 70 florins; 4 tuns of beer, 32 florins; 2 ditto butter, 192 florins; 1000 pounds of cheese, 120 florins; a complete bed, 100 florins; a suit of clothes, 80 florins; a silver beaker, 60 florins: total, 2500 florins.

"These tulips afterwards were sold according to the weight of the roots. Four hundred perits of Admiral Leifken cost 4400 florins; 446 ditto of Admiral Von der Eyk, 1620 florins; 106 perits Schilder cost 1615 florins; 200 ditto Semper Augustus, 5500 florins; 410 ditto Viceroy, 3000 florins, &c. The species Semper Augustus has been often sold for 2000 florins; and it once happened that there were only two roots of it to be had—the one at Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem. For a root of this species, one agreed to give 4600 florins, together with a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete harness. Another agreed to give for a root twelve acres of land; for those who had not ready money, promised their movable and immovable goods, houses and lands, cattle and clothes. A man, whose name Munting once knew, but could not recollect, won by this trade more than

60,000 florins in the course of four months. It was followed not only by mercantile people, but also by the first noblemen, citizens of every description, mechanics, seamen, farmers, turf-diggers, chimney-sweeps, footmen, maid-servants, and old clothes-women, &c. At first, every one won, and no one lost. Some of the poorest people gained in a few months houses, coaches and horses, and figured away like the first characters in the land. In every town some tavern was selected, which served as a 'Change, where high and low traded in flowers, and confirmed their bargains with the most sumptuous entertainments. They formed laws for themselves, and had their notaries and clerks.

"During the time of the Tulipomania, a speculator often offered and paid large sums for a root which he never received, and never wished to receive. Another sold roots which he never possessed or delivered. Oft did a nobleman purchase of a chimney-sweep tulips to the amount of 2000 florins, and sell them at the same time to a farmer; and neither the nobleman, chimney-sweep, or farmer, had roots in their possession, or wished to possess them. Before the tulip season was over, more roots were sold and purchased, bespoke and promised to be delivered, than in all probability were to be found in the gardens of Holland; and when Semper Augustus was not to be had, which happened twice, no species perhaps was oftener purchased and sold. In the space of three years, as Munting tells us, more than ten millions were expended in this trade in only one town of Holland.

"To understand this gambling traffic, it may be necessary to make the following supposition. A nobleman bespoke of a merchant a tulip-root, to be delivered in six months, at the price of 1000 florins. During these six months the price of that species of tulip must have risen or fallen, or remained as it was. We shall suppose that at the expiration of that time the price was 1500 florins; in that case the nobleman did not wish to have the tulip, and the merchant paid him 500 florins, which the latter lost and the former won. If the price was fallen when the six months were expired, so that a root could be purchased for 800 florins, the nobleman then paid to the merchant 200 florins, which he received as so much gain; but if the price continued the same, that is 1000 florins, neither party gained nor lost. In all these circumstances, however, no one ever thought of delivering the roots or of receiving them.

"Henry Munting, in 1636, sold to a merchant at Alkmaar a tulip-root for 7000 florins, to be delivered in six months; but as the price during that time had fallen, the merchant paid, according to agreement, only 10 per cent. 'So that my father,' says the son, 'received 700 florins for nothing; but he would much rather have delivered the root itself for 7000.' The term of these contracts was often much shorter, and on that ac-

count the trade became brisker. In proportion as more gained by this traffic, more engaged in it; and those who had money to pay to one, had soon money to receive of another; as at faro, one loses upon one card, and at the same time wins on another. The tulip-dealers often discounted sums also, and transferred their debts to one another; so that large sums were paid without cash, without bills, and without goods, as by the *Viremments* at Lyons.

"The whole of this trade was a game at hazard, as the Mississippi trade was afterwards, and as stock-jobbing is at present. The only difference between the tulip trade and stock-jobbing is, that at the end of the contract the price in the latter is determined by the Stock exchange; whereas in the former, it was determined by that at which most bargains were made. High and low priced kinds of tulips were procured, in order that both the rich and the poor might gamble with them; and the roots were weighed by perits, that an imagined whole might be divided, and that people might not only have whole, but half and quarter lots. Whoever is surprised that such a traffic should become general, needs only to reflect upon what is done where lotteries are established, by which trades are often neglected, and even abandoned, because a speedier mode of getting fortunes is pointed out to the lower classes. In short, the tulip trade may very well serve to explain stock-jobbing, of which so much is written in gazettes, and of which so many talk in company without understanding it; and I hope, on that account, I shall be forgiven for employing so much time in illustrating what I should otherwise have considered as below my notice.

"At length, however, this trade fell all of a sudden. Among such a number of contracts many were broken; many had engaged to pay more than they were able; the whole stock of the adventurers was consumed by the extravagance of the winners; new adventurers no more engaged in it; and many, becoming sensible of the odious traffic in which they had been concerned, returned to their former occupations. By these means, as the value of tulips still fell, and never rose, the sellers wished to deliver the roots *in natura* to the purchasers at the prices agreed on; but as the latter had no desire for tulips at even such a low rate, they refused to take them or to pay for them. To end this dispute, the tulip-dealers of Alkmaar sent, in the year 1637, deputies to Amsterdam; and a resolution was passed on the 24th of February, that all contracts made prior to the last of November 1636 should be null and void; and that, in those made after that date, purchasers should be free on paying 10 per cent. to the vender.

"The more people became disgusted with this trade, the more did complaints increase to the magistrates of the different towns; but as the courts there would take no cognisance of it, the com-

plainants applied to the states of Holland and West Friesland. These referred the business to the determination of the provincial council at the Hague, which, on the 27th of April 1637, declared that it would not deliver its opinion on this traffic until it had received more information on the subject; that in the meantime every vender should offer his tulips to the purchaser; and, in case he refused to receive them, the vender should either keep them, or sell them to another, and have recourse on the purchaser for any loss he might sustain. It was ordered also, that all contracts should remain in force till further inquiry was made. But as no one could foresee what judgment would be given respecting the validity of each contract, the buyers were more obstinate in refusing payment than before; and venders, thinking it much safer to accommodate matters amicably, were at length satisfied with a small profit instead of exorbitant gain; and thus ended this extraordinary traffic, or rather gambling."

MODERN MANIAS.

Undeterred by the generally injurious effects of joint-stock manias, the public, by a strange fascination, after short intervals, commence afresh in the mad career, nor do not stop till an appalling crisis ensues. In 1824–5, a joint-stock mania raged in Great Britain; and in 1845–6, a similar frenzy broke out, and lasted for about twelve months. In this latter case the mania was all for railways. The success of a few leading concerns, and the idea, by no means unsound, that railway communication would be necessarily extended over the country, led to the hasty concoction of innumerable schemes, to carry the whole of which into operation within the time proposed, would have required the payment, within a limited period, of about *three hundred millions of pounds*—a sum which soared beyond the wildest imaginations of any previous era. The actual amount in the aggregate, however, was at the time of no moment to the projectors of the schemes. The general feeling, as usual, was, that the state of public confidence, and the tone of the money market, would insure the carrying through of any feasible concern; or, at all events, that there was no harm making an effort. Speedily, therefore, were the newspapers filled with advertisements of proposed railways, and for a time as speedily were the shares taken up. We shall endeavour to describe how these projects originated and were conducted.

Almost every scheme originated in the office of an attorney desirous of a job—anxious to get hold of a *good* railway affair

like his neighbours. Whoever lost, he could not but win. Under the auspices of the attorney, and two or three shrewd persons, a scheme was drawn up, in which the names of certain parties appeared as forming an interim committee. The procuring of these names was occasionally a matter of some difficulty, for it was important that they should be those of well-known and respected individuals; but in general, names were easily obtained, for on this point there is unfortunately a lax morality. A kind of public meeting is now held to consider the matter; the project is declared to be valid; the prospectus issued; and applications are requested to be made for shares. To facilitate these applications, printed letters with blanks are put into the hands of the sharebrokers. The capital of the company, we shall say, is set down at £50,000, in 5000 shares of £10 each—deposit or first payment, £1 per share.

As soon as the affair is thus started, applications for shares pour in. Men not worth £10 in the world will be seen asking for 100 shares; many seek 250; and a vast number will gladly take 20 or 30. Had the scheme been for fifty instead of five thousand shares, there would have been demands for the whole. The committee meet to allocate shares among this craving multitude, reserving a certain number to themselves. An attempt is made to allocate to parties who will *hold*, but that is usually quite abortive. The allocation letters are issued. Now commences the gambling. An allocation letter for, say twenty shares, requests the bearer, who is named, to pay in his deposit of £1 per share to a certain bank, for which a receipt will be given. The receiver of the letter, however, perhaps never intended to take the shares. He has not money to pay the deposit, and his object is to sell his allocation letter to a party who wishes his name to be concealed. For his allocation of twenty shares, therefore, he possibly pockets the miserable sum of 5s. During the mania of 1845, thousands of people thus disposed of their letters; and this new class of gamblers acquired the name of *stags*. Besides this set of wretches, vast numbers hesitate as to paying the deposit. Not having the most remote idea of taking up shares for the sake of keeping them, but merely for the purpose of selling them over again, they like to wait for a day or two, to hear if the stock is at a premium. If it is, they pay their deposits; if it is not, the allocation letters are thrown in the fire, and there is an end to the undertaking. To guard against this catastrophe is the prime duty of the committee. Nothing can be done without baiting the hook. Two sharebrokers in the confidence of the committee are instructed to buy, on the very day of issuing the letters, as many as five hundred shares, in small odd quantities, at a premium of from 2s. 6d. to 5s. per share. These sales are quoted in the share lists; the bait takes; next day all the deposits are paid, and the holders rush away to sell. Nobody, perhaps, will buy: and the shares are therefore almost immediately at a discount.

The committee, however, for the greater part, contrive to keep up the reputation of the stock; and for this purpose they resort to all sorts of tricks, buying and selling on their own account in an underhand way, and sometimes realising large sums. It is our belief, indeed, that almost all railways whatsoever have been primarily set on foot by some species of finessing and trickery.

After a short interval, the banker's receipts are taken in exchange for *scrip;* on which occasion the scrip-receivers require to sign a bond, engaging to pay up the whole amount of the shares which the scrip represents. The scrip is a piece of paper, resembling a bank cheque; and each is usually a voucher for five shares. Before the issue of the scrip, the gambling on the stock has perhaps been carried on to a great extent. Sometimes engagements are made to supply scrip far beyond what will be issued; and in this case the price rapidly rises, enriching certain knowing parties, and ruining those who have acted without the requisite caution. After the issue of the scrip, the gambling continues; and according as rumour or whim suggests, the stock rises and falls. Parties interested take care to propagate the most glowing statements as to the bill for the company getting the sanction of parliament; and, in short, no pains are spared to deceive the unwary, or at least to exaggerate every possible advantage. The mischief does not end here; nearly all the landholders through whose property the line goes, require to be bought over to the cause; and thus enormous sums in name of parliamentary expenses are incurred. The mania of buying shares in the concern comes to an end by loss of the bill, by a sudden languidness in the money market, or some other circumstance. Not an uncommon accelerating cause of stoppage, is a call on the holders of stock to pay a second deposit per share, a thing which few are inclined to do, even at the risk of forfeiting what has already been paid. Now occurs what is called a *panic.* Everybody wants to sell, but nobody wishes to buy; and down goes the price of the shares to par (their original issued value), or greatly below it. Many thousands of persons, the unfortunate last holders, are of course ruined.

Calmly considered, a share-speculation mania is, to all intents and purposes, gambling. Every one tries to take advantage of another's weakness, or avarice, with a view to gain. The whole thing is a deceptive make-believe. Falsehoods and specious rumours are circulated to maintain the delusion. No one cares for the fate of his neighbour. Each basely regards only his own benefit or safety; and knowing that the bubble is about to burst, if not already exploded, he hastens to sell out, and leave those who are still in ignorance of the fact to be ruined in his stead. All this is immoral; it is dishonest; and worthy only of being classed with cheating at cards, or any other dishonourable method of playing at games of chance.

FOUR MONTHS IN CAPE COLONY.

THE extreme southern projection of the African continent was formally taken possession of, in the name of Great Britain, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. No settlement, however, ensued this formality. In 1650, the district was colonised by the Dutch, who afterwards made settlements in Saldanha Bay and elsewhere; and disregarding, like other colonising adventurers, the rights of the natives, gradually extended their encroachments, till their territory reached nearly to the boundaries of that now known by the name of *Cape Colony*. In 1795, the Cape was taken possession of by British forces; but at the peace of Amiens, in 1800, it was evacuated, and restored to its former masters. In 1806, it was again taken by the British, to whom it was finally ceded at the general peace in 1815. Since then, considerable numbers of our countrymen—Scotch, English, and Irish—have made it their home; where, following chiefly a rural life, they rear herds, flocks, and corn; export wool, hides, horns, and ivory; and attempt the preparation of wine, tobacco, aloes, and some other drugs and dye-stuffs. The aboriginal tribes consisted of Hottentots and Fingoes, Bushmen and Caffres, of whom the two former have become subject to the white settler, and been greatly reduced in numbers; while the latter have reluctantly retreated into the wilderness, contesting on the frontier whether barbarism or civilisation shall there prevail. The population of the colony—amounting to upwards of one hundred and sixty thousand—consists, therefore, of our countrymen, of the Dutch boers or farmers, the subdued natives, and a number of

half-castes—a motley community no doubt, but one which contains within it all the elements of steady and successful progress. It is to this region, and to this community, that we would now direct the reader's attention, not through any lengthened disquisition on the capabilities or eligibility of the colony, but through the random notes of a hasty ride along the eastern districts of the settlement during the months of February, March, April, and May 1846, at which period our traveller's visit was cut short by the formidable aspect of the then Caffre aggression. The writer, as the narrative will show, is a member of the medical profession, well acquainted with agricultural processes, an excellent botanist, and an unbiassed observer; so that his remarks on the natural capabilities and productions of the country, his hints as to the renovation of the exhausted pasture-lands, and his suggestions as to the introduction of various processes—as the growth of tobacco, aloes, cochineal, &c.—may be of value alike to the intending emigrant and settled farmer into whose hands these pages may fall. With these preliminary remarks, we shall allow him to tell his own story, except where our limits demand abridgment of narrative more strictly personal, or of details too minute to be interesting to the general reader.

OUTWARD VOYAGE, AND ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN.

In the autumn of 1845, labouring under indifferent health, and strongly recommended to pass the winter in a climate warmer than that of Scotland, I resolved to take a voyage to Southern Africa, and accordingly embarked on board the "good ship Susan" at Southampton, about the middle of November. This vessel was the first of three about to proceed to the Cape with a supply of emigrant labourers of various sorts to the colony, at the urgent request of the colonial authorities, and at colonial expense. Abundance of food, high wages, and a free passage, were the inducements placarded for suitable persons to leave their old, and to adopt new abodes, and were quite efficient in furnishing occupants for the berths of the Susan. Upwards of two hundred accepted the bounty of a free transit, and about fifty less eligible, or more able and willing, paid their freight of expatriation. With this cargo of living beings I left England; occupying, along with three young men, one of the vessel's after-cabins, an apartment about ten feet square, where we slept and whiled away, in various occupations and amusements, a considerable portion of our time at sea.

I will not detain the reader with the monotony of a common voyage; suffice it to say, that after suffering one repulse from stress of weather, we finally set sail from Plymouth on the 23d November 1845, and reached Table Bay on the 27th January 1846. Having had several deaths on board, it was the second day after casting anchor ere any of us were permitted to land; and to tell the truth, the prospect from our decks of a visit to

the shore was anything but inviting. Vegetation was scarcely discernible; and where it did force itself on our notice, it was of so dingy a hue, as to make one melancholy to look at it, so very different from the lively hues of the land we had left behind us. Table Mount veiled its head with a cloth of fleecy clouds, constantly tumbling over, but never clearing away; the Lion crouched sullenly in his shaggy brown covering of rock and scraggy bush; and Cape Town itself attempted to look lively in the whitewash of its houses; but the stupendous rocks which frowned over it, and the mournful aspect of the firs, and other trees of a similar complexion, growing sparsely about, made it seem more like a city of the dead, with its whitewashed mausoleums, than the habitation of living men. Amongst the emigrants there was a general murmur of disappointment at the unpromising appearance of their new home; but as first impressions are often ill-founded, I hastened to embrace the earliest opportunity of making a closer inspection of this repulsive-looking place by landing on its shores.*

On the morning of the 29th January I left the Susan, along with several of the passengers, in one of the heavy boats employed in discharging vessels which trade to the Bay—encountering, as we approached the shore, fitful gusts of wind, that descended from Table Mount, and occasionally laid our boat on its beam-end, while in the intervals there was the most perfect calm. These squalls are well known to the frequenters of the port, and are known by the name of *south-easters;* but blowing as they do off shore, they are unattended with danger to the shipping. Our boat put in alongside "the jetty"—a wooden erection stretching some way into the sea; and I had scarcely landed, when a cooley officiously laid hold of my carpet-bag—my only luggage—and hurried me off to the Phœnix Hotel. Porters in this part of the world differ little from their brethren elsewhere: this one demanded a shilling for his trouble, and grumbled at receiving a sixpence instead, although, by a scale of charges I

* Though the writer experienced an agreeable passage in the Susan, which was in every respect well found and well commanded, yet he would advise such as intend leaving England to eschew emigrant ships, and to go out, if they can, by a good private vessel. The emigrant agents profess to give a cheaper passage; but when all the extras are added, the fare will be found actually higher than that charged by the latter class of vessels. Besides, the number of persons crowded in so limited a space, causes a greater liability to the breaking out of disease, and adds to its virulence; and a cabin passenger by an emigrant ship, whatever his views may be, is sure to partake of an emigrant character, as he will certainly find, at the end of the voyage. If, however, an emigrant ship should be adopted, no mere statement or verbal agreement with agent or subordinate should be relied on, but the conditions of passage, &c. should be properly set forth, and signed by the contracting parties. By such a course, the trouble and annoyance which the emigrant too frequently experiences on his arrival in Table Bay might be readily prevented.

afterwards saw, I had paid him double the regulated fare. After agreeing to dine with my fellow-passengers at the Phœnix, I had a saunter through the town, and found that it bore inspection well. The streets are of fair width, and almost all run at right angles to each other. The houses are substantial, commodious, and in many instances handsome: rows of oak, poplar, or fir, line the thoroughfares, yielding an agreeable shade, and contrasting finely with the spotless white of the houses, whose dazzling fronts were otherwise too bright for the eye. The practice of whitewashing prevails throughout the colony; and as there is neither coal-smoke nor prevalent rains to tarnish its lustre, it is maintained with little trouble and expense. There is abundance of shops throughout the town, but their keepers do not seem to bestow much labour in their decoration, or in the display of their goods, as is now the fashion at home.

Having an introduction to Baron Von Ludwig, I called on the old gentleman to get a sight of his gardens, which are reckoned the finest in the colony, and have even a reputation beyond its bounds. He kindly drove me out in his carriage about a mile in distance, and accompanied me in a walk through the grounds. They are situated in Cloof Street, at the base of the Lion's Rump, and are about three acres in extent, divided by the inequality of the surface into an upper and lower garden. Plants from all countries in the world are here cultivated, and grow with a vigour and luxuriance scarcely inferior to indigenous specimens, particularly the New Holland plants, such as the eucalyptus, mimosa, and acacia. British flowers and British fruits constitute a numerous branch of the families domiciled, and, with a few exceptions, thrive well. The currant and gooseberry are among the exceptions; but the baron thinks that he has at length succeeded in his object, by raising his plants from seed instead of growing imported specimens. The plants so raised are yet young, but they keep their season, shedding their leaves in winter, and sprouting forth vigorously again in spring. Several long walks in the gardens are covered in with an arched trellis, on which climbing plants are trained: one of the most extensive of these is grown over by varieties of the vine, the fruit of which then hung in abundant clusters, yielding an agreeable shade from the sun, and a refreshing object for the other senses. No little labour and money has been expended in constructing and furnishing these gardens, and much is still incurred in maintaining them. Seeds cannot be here sown, and plants dibbled into the ground, with full faith in the natural rains rearing them to maturity: the skies of Africa too often refuse their supplies, and art must make up the deficiency by other means. Indeed, without irrigation, gardening could not be carried on, and a supply of water for this purpose is seldom readily obtained. The baron has sunk a deep well, and erected a windmill to pump the water into tanks, whence it is drawn

off as occasion requires to refresh the plants, and create luxuriance of growth in a spot otherwise doomed to sterility. The generous proprietor permits free access at all times to strangers, and also to the inhabitants of Cape Town on certain days of the week—an example which might be beneficially followed by the conservators of some of our botanic gardens at home. He also furnishes specimens, either for the hortus-siccus, or for cultivation, to such as are anxious to obtain them. Altogether, it is a sweet place, and furnishes an instructive and agreeable lounge, particularly striking in contrast with the country around, where the landscape presents few trees, and none save those which have been planted by the hand of art. Being somewhat of an amateur in gardening, and particularly interested in the succulent tribe of vegetation, I had brought with me a few scores of the cactus family, fruit-bearing and others. These I presented to the baron as a small accession to his stock; and fain hope that their progeny may yet find their way to many an African farm, and yield flowers and fruit superior to what the hedges of the common prickly pear have hitherto afforded.

Rejoining my companions at the Phœnix, we dined, slept, and had breakfast; and for this our bill was nine shillings each, which may be taken as a specimen of the charges of respectable inns at the Cape. Not wishing, however, to be long an *inn*-dweller, I went out with one of my comrades similarly inclined in search of private lodgings, which we found at the house of a Dutchman, at the rate of 2s. 6d. a-day—a rate more in accordance with my Scotch economy than those of the Phœnix. I now began to make inquiries at persons of experience respecting the nature of the adjacent country, and the prospects of success it held out to such as wished to engage in farming pursuits. Good land in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, and indeed in any situation convenient for markets, sold at a high price, and could seldom be obtained at a rate advantageous to a new settler of limited means. A few thousand pounds in his pocket might enable him at times to pick up a bargain, but, generally speaking, the best of the farms were permanently occupied, and only occasionally came into the market. Inferior lands could more frequently be got hold of, and at a much lower figure; but such, from the deficiency of water, and the arid nature of the climate, were unquestionably dear at any price. Without enlarging, therefore, on other people's opinions, and giving *their* experience of the advantages and disadvantages of the colony—opinions and experience which I found to be of a very conflicting character—I resolved to take a look at the interior, and judge for myself. Before doing so, however, I took several rambles through the town, and ascended the Lion's Rump through clumps of opuntias, aloes, lobelias, crassulas, fig-marigolds, geraniums, proteas, heaths, and other characteristic vegetation now common to British gardens and conservatories.

It was necessary, before setting out on my overland journey to the eastern districts, to procure an animal for the road; and so I sought the horse-market, which is held on the parade-ground every Saturday morning. Here hacks of all sorts were exposed for sale—the sales being conducted by auction. I soon purchased a Rosinante, with saddle and bridle, for 108 dollars—making in all £8, 2s. sterling—no great price, certainly, for horseback accommodation; but that accommodation was far from being of first-rate description. Mr F——, who proposed to accompany me in the journey, also bought a pony at a low figure—saddle, bridle, and animal as it stood—in fact, a mere apology for a horse; but economy was the order of the day, and we hoped to get over the road by easy stages and regular feeding. From all I could see of the sale of horses, prices were much the same as in England, except for superiorly-bred animals, which went decidedly higher. We got our sorry nags into stable, under charge of a Dutchman, paying for their keep 2s. 6d. a-day. While in town, I also visited the general market, which is held every morning at daybreak, in a square appropriated to the purpose. Hither the surrounding farmers, to the distance of some hundred miles, bring their grain, wine, skins, tallow, oat-hay, &c. for disposal. Wagons heavily laden came onwards, drawn by from fourteen to twenty oxen, with a Hottentot or other coloured person leading the front pair, and a driver urging on the others with an immense whip, whose cracks re-echoed like a pistol-shot. Some wagons were drawn by horses, and others by mules, of which eight or ten sufficed to get on at a rapid rate. The sales are effected in Dutch, and the auctioneer carries on the biddings in a low monotonous drawl, which to me, as yet being one of the unknown tongues, I could not tell the prices realised, and soon ceased to take an interest in the proceedings. Here also I witnessed for the first time flocks of the Cape slaughter-sheep, famed for their enormous tails; and passing along, I also beheld a goodly display of their carcases at the butchers', with their greasy appendages split open to display the tempting nature of the interior. Those who love to feed on the "fat of the earth," may do so in Cape Town to advantage, the retail price of mutton being then from 2½d. to 3d. a pound. Fish cost a mere trifle, but they do not nearly come up to the quality obtained from our own seas. Bread was then rather dearer than what it was in London in the autumn of 1845. As a set-off to these prices, I may mention that the labouring people who came out in the Susan were engaged to places in Cape Town and the neighbourhood—maid-servants at from £10 to £20 a-year, and man-servants at from £30 to £40. A few who declined to take places in the western districts, went on with the vessel to Algoa Bay.

On the Sunday previous to our departure, we heard sermon by the Rev. Mr Morgan of St Andrews church—a plain, sensible

discourse, such as one might expect from the better class of country clergymen at home. I had in the meantime procured letters of introduction to several people—farmers and others—whose places lay along our intended route; and here I cannot forbear mentioning the kindness which prompted the reverend gentleman above-mentioned to furnish me liberally in this respect. Having been long resident in the colony, he had an extensive circle of acquaintances, by whom he was much esteemed; and a presentation to several of these, by note, was to me of essential service. To several other gentlemen I also owe a similar obligation.

TO STELLENBOSCH AND SWELLENDAM.

On Monday, 2d February, we fairly got started, a little after six o'clock; and a curious couple we certainly were, setting out on a journey of five or six hundred miles, through a difficult and strange country, on such miserable animals as we bestrode. As we got out of town to the northward, we met numerous wagons coming in with agricultural and garden produce; and it was astonishing to witness the ease and dexterity with which a single driver managed these ponderous vehicles, drawn as they were by six, eight, or even ten pairs of oxen. After rounding the base of the Devil and Table Mounts, we held eastward to Stellenbosch, that village being intended as the termination of our first day's journey. Our road gave us a view of what we termed the *Cape Flats*—a large tract of country, composed of shifting sand-dunes and ridges. The strong south-east winds, blowing from False Bay, urge the sands before them in dense clouds, exceedingly troublesome to the eyes, and not at all salubrious for the lungs. To guard against this pest, most of the travellers we met were furnished with green veils, which answered the double purpose of excluding the sand, and of mitigating the fierce rays of the sun, which now raised the temperature to upwards of 88 degrees. In my readings on the Cape, I have seen the question put, "What is the reason that the Cape Flats have never been apportioned to settlers?" or some question to this effect; but I would ask in reply, "What could the most assiduous make of such a mass of moving sand?" What a strange idea of farming and farms that individual must have, who talks seriously of reclaiming these hundreds of miles of drift, and of locating people on sand-downs! Notwithstanding the utter unfitness of the surface for profitable occupancy, in many places it looked pretty, and was by no means uninteresting. Heaths, proteas, and other characteristic plants grew in clumps, patches, and shrubby-like arrangements; and though generally out of season, many of them bore flowers of great beauty. After a somewhat tedious ride, we halted before noon at a *negotie winkel* or store, kept by an Englishman, where we got both ourselves and horses fed and rested for 3s. 6d. Our own refreshment consisted of cold mutton,

bread, and wine—the latter article being so plentiful in this district of the country, as to be had for 3d. to 5d. a bottle, and to be put on the table at every meal. Having rested for a couple of hours, we again took horse; and crossing a low hill abounding with bush and stones, but thinly set with grass, we came in sight of Stellenbosch. The village made its appearance at first peeping forth among trees, beautifully situated at the base of a hilly range, and getting more and more interesting as we drew near. When fairly within its bounds, the distant promise was sufficiently realised to make me regard it as one of the most charming villages I had ever witnessed.

Having an introduction to Mr M——, government teacher, I called on and enjoyed the hospitality of that gentleman. He is a Scotchman, as many of the government teachers and clergymen are, and a kinder class of people to strangers, particularly their countrymen, cannot be imagined. Besides a salary of £230 received officially, Mr M. keeps a number of boarders, and altogether realises a handsome income. Stellenbosch contains upwards of two thousand inhabitants, who seem for the most part to live comfortably, such a thing as want being altogether unknown. The chief employment of its people is wine-making, which is here carried on after the same primitive fashion as recorded in Scripture. The grapes are brought from the vineyard in bullocks' skins drawn by oxen, then transferred to a large tub, having perforated bullocks' hides within it, and here trodden out by the feet of men. The husks are usually left to ferment along with the expressed juice, ere they are removed—a proceeding certainly not tending to improve the quality of the liquor. The streets of Stellenbosch present several large and handsome houses, which have a stream of water running under an avenue of oaks before their doors. These oaks were laden with very large acorns, on which pigs are reared and fed: specimens of the acorns were noticed as large as walnuts. Being the commencement of the fruit season, abundance of pears, apples, peaches, grapes, and other garden produce prevailed, and the most voracious might have feasted to satiety for the small sum of a penny. Quince hedges were the general enclosures of the gardens; but, except for ornament, where fruits were so plentiful, were unnecessary to exclude thieves. These hedges were also loaded with fruit, but of so little value, as to be cast to the pigs. Stellenbosch being neither an agricultural nor a pastoral district, I tarried only till the following forenoon.

Our journey was under a sultry and cloudless sky, and over a country somewhat hilly, with a scant shrubby vegetation, of quite a foreign aspect, and little or no grass. Where there was no running water, there was no wood; and that only grew in patches where it had been planted beside some occupied places, few and far between. At noon we knee-haltered our horses, and refreshed under the shade of some trees—feasting on country

bread and grapes, which we picked from a wayside vineyard. After upsaddling, we soon gained the highest neighbouring land, and were invigorated by an agreeable sea breeze, and a view of False Bay. Hottentots Holland lay before us a few miles distant, and we reached it two hours before sunset. It is a small straggling village, with a church, a store, a wine-shop, and some such accompaniments: cultivation was carried on, but not to any great extent. To obtain accommodation for the night, we had to proceed five miles farther eastward, in the direction of a range of mountains which crossed our path nearly at right angles, and stretched out to the sea. We had now come upon the great road leading from Cape Town to Swellendam and George. The ground in this quarter seemed much parched, and but thinly covered with vegetation. The house of entertainment to which we resorted was kept by an Englishman, who had a doleful account to give both of the country and of its people—deeming the former the most miserable on the face of the globe, and the latter, especially the Dutch farmers, little better than barbarians. His house stands on the left of the road as it begins to ascend the mountains by what is known as Sir Lowrie's Pass. This is a recently-constructed *highway*, as it may with justice be termed, and has opened up a communication between Cape Town and the country beyond it, much to the advantage of the distant farmer. The "pass" is cut aslant the face of the mountain, which is both lofty and precipitous; and not a little labour and money must have been expended on its completion.

We started next morning before daybreak, and after crossing the mountain-ridge, and paying a toll of 3d. for "Sir Lowrie's" improvement, found the road on the eastern side less precipitous, and the country of a somewhat different aspect. There was less bush, and more grass, or rather grass-like plants—consisting of flowering bulbs, rushes, and such-like, which formed a thicker carpet over the soil, and gave out a livelier tint of green. This is what the colonial farmer terms *zuir-veld*, or sour field, which, though more pleasing to the eye, is not reckoned better pasturage, and indeed cannot be used for that purpose without much care and caution. This account seemed to be confirmed by the fact, that not a sheep or cow was to be seen grazing on it; and farmsteads were equally scarce. During the day, we passed a couple of shoemakers' or rather leather-workers' huts, a roadside inn—at which we refreshed on tea with ham and egg—and a Dutch boer and his family travelling in quest of a new abode. He had left Cold Bokkeveld, a high region north of Cape Town, where snow lies for eight or ten days during winter, where the vine does not ripen, but where all sorts of trees and grain grow to perfection. There were, however, no roads, and consequently no market for the produce; and so he had left the district, and sold his farm of 6000 acres for £250. Night coming on, we had to crave shelter at a neighbouring farm, and found a hearty

welcome from the old boer. The wife and family were busily engaged in slicing apples, to be dried in the sun as winter stock —a practice universal in the fruit-growing parts of the colony. Before we got seated, we had to answer a long string of questions, put in almost unintelligible Dutch, and to write our names, under which our good host subscribed Hendrich Dewet in a passable hand. In Mr Dewet we found a good specimen of the Dutch farmer, being kind to strangers, and of the usual staid and unimpassioned demeanour of his people. This sedate manner is particularly observable in the females, who speak little, seldom smile, and walk slowly and erectly through the house with the precision of automatons. Whilst his daughters were preparing supper, Mr Dewet took us out to view his vineyard and garden: we found everything in first-rate condition; and as our host had fifteen children, most of whom were on the farm, their assistance tended no doubt much to his comfort and ease. After a pleasant night, and a hearty breakfast next morning, we were shown the way to the farm of Major S——, a Scotchman, to whom I had letters of introduction.

Arrived at Muirton—for so the proprietor has named his estate—we found it a fair, or rather favourable, specimen of a Cape sheep-farm. It is upwards of 10,000 acres in extent, and cost, together with stocking, about £4000. At the time of our visit, there were 3320 sheep of the improved breed on it; which were thriving so well, that for the preceding year the average amount of deaths from all causes did not exceed 3 per cent. The farm in moderate seasons—that is, when receiving the average supply of rains—is capable of supporting a much larger number; but at that time, from the unusual drought, was barely yielding the flock a sustenance. The returns from the estate in 1845 were upwards of £1100, leaving, after deducting working expenses and interest of capital, the handsome profit of £570. It is not to be expected that every year is to yield an equal return, but even considerably less would be good gain. The proprietor's whole business and attention is his sheep; his garden, vineyard, and everything else being neglected on their account. Attached to the sheep-pens or *kraals*, are thatched sheds for shelter to the ewes and lambs during bleak winds and rainy weather, a convenience of much service in preserving the increase. There is no natural timber in this part of the country; but poplars having been planted alongside the stream that supplies the farm, they have, by throwing out suckers, increased to a brake, from which saplings are cut for rafters, poles, and other purposes. The foreman or overseer, a little thick-set man, had been a "juvenile emigrant," and was much esteemed by his master for his activity and trustworthiness. He came in while we were there, after a long search for some stray sheep, which he had happily recovered. His wages were £35 a year, with rations, and a promise of an annual advance. Although necessarily

debarred from many of the comforts and enjoyments of his class in Britain, yet the old major seemed to live happily, and to enjoy the patriarchal life of a sheep-farmer. Nor did his wife, an amiable and well-bred lady, appear at all to hanker after the enjoyments of the society she had relinquished.

Our journey from Muirton to Swellendam occupied several days, during which we passed over a bushy and uneven country, fitted more for pastoral than for agricultural operations; and yet, on several of the low-lying grounds, there were scattered crops of wheat, barley, Scotch *bear*, and potatoes, that would have done credit to our own island. Timber was everywhere scarce, or rather there was none; and for this reason few of the farms could boast of proper housing either for servants or for the bestial. From the long-continued drought, the surface had a parched appearance; and the only natural vegetation that seemed to luxuriate was the euphorbias, opuntias, aloes, and other succulents, which shot up their fantastic stems from among the brush and boulders that cover the soil in the neighbourhood of Swellendam. We crossed numerous rivers, or rather river-courses, for most of them exhibited the merest thread of running water, or only a number of disconnected pools, with shoals of gravel and worn banks between. And here I would caution the reader to modify his notion of South African rivers; for be they termed Kleine (little), Groet (great), Breede (broad), or Zondereinde (without end), they chiefly exhibit the same features—thirsty water-courses during drought, and tumbling torrents during rain, seldom partaking of a permanent or navigable character. With the exception of a startled spring-bok (Cape antelope), or a land-tortoise sunning itself by the wayside, all the animals observed on the route were the domesticated stock of the neighbouring farmers. The population of the district seemed extremely motley—English, Scotch, Irish, and Dutch, with a large proportion of Hottentot or coloured servants. Our reception at the farms we visited was various: here hospitably feasted, there dryly rebuffed; here sleeping in the best apartment, there obliged to seek the shelter of the sheep-kraal; at one time refused by a wealthy farmer, and at another boisterously welcomed to the hut of an Irishman, delighting, as at home, in rags, pigs, and potatoes.

On our route we witnessed the process of treading out grain; for although thrashing-mills have been introduced, the difficulty of keeping them in repair in a country where mechanics are so few, renders their use the exception, and the treading-floor the rule. This was at the farm of Dr Hutcheson, near the thriving village of Caledon, noted for its warm baths. As the reader may have never witnessed this primitive process of husbandry, pray let me introduce him to the tramp-floor hard by:—Observe that circular patch of level ground freely exposed to the passing breeze, and enclosed with a low fence to keep out cattle. It is

about twenty yards in diameter, and has been clayed all over, to make a hard and even surface. Something else, however, seems necessary to render it more tenacious, so as to withstand the stamp of horse-hoofs; and this is found close at hand, in a mixture of sheep-dung and water, which, in a very thin paste, has been poured all over the floor, and the refuse swept out at the gateway. The hot sun on the one hand, and the thirsty clay on the other, soon dissipate the moisture; and a tough, stable surface is obtained, ready for the reception of the grain sheaves. The stack, in the form of a broad low dome, is close by, and the sheaves are pitched from it into the tramp-floor, where the bands are loosened, and the straw spread evenly along the surface. Whilst these preparations have been going on, a servant has been despatched for the mares, about a score of which have just come to hand, and are forthwith driven into the enclosure. No rest now for the animals, which are driven furiously about in all directions over the floor, till they have trodden the straw to chaff; then they are let out to rest, till another floor of grain is ready for parade. A fine breeze of wind has opportunely sprung up for winnowing, and several servants with pronged sticks enter the floor, where, casting the mixture of grain and chaff into the air, the latter is driven off, while the former settles down at their feet. By repeating the process, and sifting, the grain is soon separated, and ready for the sack.

After leaving the hospitable doctor, the next farm we called at was that of Karn-milk Rivier (Churn-milk River), the property of the Messrs M'F——, three brothers from the Highlands of Perthshire, to whom I had letters of introduction, and by whom I was kindly invited to spend the night. Here was presented a specimen of what can be accomplished in the colony by perseverance and industry, even without the aid of capital, or at least with very little aid therefrom. This place, which is half of an original large farm, was sold by its late proprietor by public sale, and knocked down to a person for whom a gentleman in the neighbourhood became security. The buyer, finding he could not enter on his purchase advantageously, gave it up to his surety, with whom at that time the elder brother M'F. lived as overseer. By this gentleman the bargain was offered to, and accepted by, Mr M'F., who forthwith sent for his two brothers, and with them and his wife entered into occupancy. The price was £1500, to be paid by instalments. It was then two years since the new owners commenced operations, and so assiduously have they striven to clear off incumbrances, that one-half of the price was paid up; and with a look of commendable pride, the elder brother told me he hoped in another two years to have the farm entirely free. As wheat grows generally in the district without irrigation, the Messrs M'F. plough a considerable breadth, and transport the produce to Cape Town. Canary seed is also an article of produce with them, and, together

with potatoes, pumpkins, onions, fruits, and other garden stuffs, is transferred to the same market. They also rear sheep, according to the limits of the farm, and are altogether successful, as they are careful and industrious. Acquainted as the brothers were with the best agricultural modes, I was somewhat surprised to find them adopting the old Dutch modes and implements*—the ponderous wooden plough, worked by three men and a span of oxen, the tramp-floor with its natural winnowing breeze, the bullock-wagon, and the like; but when one considers that improved implements are difficult to be had, and are liable to get out of order, without mechanics to repair them, a ready excuse is found for following the old fashion of the colony. Such things, however, will pass away, and men like the M'F.'s will be first to set the example of a better system.

After sunset, on the 8th February, we arrived at Swellendam, chief town of the so-named district. The town contains upwards of 100 houses, scattered along the margin of a stream which, rising at the foot of the mountains adjacent, winds very tortuously through the hills beyond the town, and then joins the river Breede. The architecture is of a similar character to that already mentioned as usual in African houses; and there is a nice modest, clean-looking church, where the Rev. Dr Robertson, the pastor, holds services in Dutch and English. Several large stores seem to indicate that business to some extent is carried on: one in particular, belonging to a Mr Barry, contains a vast assortment of goods in hardware, software, haberdashery, and crockeryware—everything, in short, as a sailor would say, from a needle to an anchor.† There is but one medical practitioner in the place, whose range of employment extends fifty miles around. In the neighbourhood, large quantities of the medicinal aloe grow, and give employment to many persons at a certain season in collecting the extract. The plant varies in appearance; but all the varieties are comprehended between two species —*A. ferox*, and *A. spicata*. The short-leafed prickly varieties are usually rejected by the aloe gatherer—the preference being given to spicata and its allies. Neither the Socotrine nor Barbadoes species, so far as I have seen, grow in the colony in a wild state; but they exist in Baron Ludwig's garden, to whom I presented specimens of both. The medicine is collected in the beginning of summer (September and October), when the rains and heat have rendered the plants turgid with sap. A place is

* Not only in their farming, but likewise in their domestic economy, did our countrymen seem to follow the customs of the Dutch; for at meals a young girl stood up behind back, asking a blessing, and returning thanks, in the peculiar monotonous manner of that people.

† Amongst the articles sold were tobacco and snuff—articles of which the coloured population are extravagantly fond. I was surprised to hear the shopman, on snuff being requested by a Hottentot girl, ask her whether it was for the nose or the mouth: she wished the latter sort, and immediately on getting it, took a hearty sup, and thrust it into her cheek.

selected where the plant is growing in great abundance; and to this the collector repairs, provided with a sharp knife and a few sheep-skins. A round hole is now dug in the ground, and a skin laid over and pressed into it, thus forming a convenient receptacle for the juice. The leaves are then cut off from the plant close to the stem, and brought to the little pit, where they are arranged in a circle, with their cut ends resting on the edge of the cavity: another circle of leaves, similarly disposed, is placed above this, then another, tier above tier, but gradually contracting, till a hollow cone is formed, closed in at the top. The cut extremities of the leaves are thus all resting over the skin in the ground, into which the sap flows. When one cone of leaves ceases to yield any more juice, it is replaced by another, and a third and fourth if need be, till the skin is full enough for removal. As many of these cones are being built and replaced as keeps a person employed; and the produce of the day is carried home, boiled down to the proper consistence in iron pots, and poured into large square boxes, in which it goes to market. The price obtained for this drug from the merchant in Africa is only about 2½d. or 3d. a pound, not exceeding a tenth of the price of the Barbadoes and Socotrine article. It would be very interesting to discover whether this worthlessness of the Cape aloe, compared with that of Socotra and Barbadoes, depended on the nature of the plant used, or in the mode of preparation. I am rather disposed to think it chiefly owing to the latter cause. In gathering the leaves at too early a period, with more juice certainly, but less concentrated, and in boiling it down with too much haste, and too little care, rendering the produce empyreumatic, will be found the main causes of the inferiority. Dr White of Swellendam, to whom I was introduced, showed me an experiment which he was conducting relative to this point, and so far as he had gone, was succeeding in the preparation of a beautiful specimen of the drug. Some well-contrived and well-conducted experiments are certainly much needed for the African aloe, to ascertain its true medicinal value. The climate is so suitable for the growth of this plant, that thousands, I may say millions, of acres of land are thickly studded with it; and if the native species refuse to yield a proper drug, other sorts might be readily introduced, and without doubt would thrive well.

FROM SWELLENDAM TO GEORGETOWN.

Our next stage, after leaving Swellendam, was about sixteen miles, to a farm called Lismore, the property of Mr H——, a gentleman recently from Cape Town. We left in the afternoon, expecting to reach our destination before sunset; but, as we had before experienced, found the colonial miles of inordinate length, and did not arrive at Lismore till past eight in the evening. The aspect of the country during our ride east was richer and more

pleasing than it seemed to the westward of Swellendam: even at this dry season, the greensward in many places formed quite a velvety carpet, and considerable tracts of level alluvial land stretched between the hills, which in turn swelled gently, and formed available pasturage. Few or no plants were observed in flower; not a single tree found a place in the scenery; and bush of goodly size was alike deficient. Indeed the whole track onward to Georgetown was much of the same character, becoming more bushy as we advanced eastward, and only in some places near the coast of such an arid soil, as to be the habitats of euphorbias and aloes. Springs were more numerous, and the rivers contained more water, though that, in many instances, was unavailable for farm purposes, in consequence of the deep and rugged nature of the channels. During the afternoon, we passed several flocks tended by boys or girls; a practice not uncommon in this part of the country, where the labour market is so ill supplied. These juvenile shepherds are paid from 6s. to 8s. a month, with rations. At a short distance from our proposed resting-place, we passed through the Zuurbraak station of the London Missionary Society. It seemed rather a populous village of native inhabitants, from the number of houses it contained; but several of these were deserted, and some were half built or half in ruins, I could not tell which, from the darkness which had now set in. On alighting at Lismore, and presenting my introduction, we were heartily welcomed by the proprietor, whom we found taking his evening cigar in front of his house, into which we were speedily ushered, and as speedily seated at a well-furnished table. This house has been built by Mr H. since his purchase of the farm, and is more after the English style, both in structure and furnishing, than any country-house we had yet seen. The dining-room, drawing-room, and other apartments, with all their appurtenances, were decidedly English, and the hearty manners of the host no less so than his house accommodation. Here, however, the resemblance ceased: all around was foreign, and appeared the more so in contrast with the homestead and its arrangements. The estate contains about 10,000 acres, and the stock at the time of our visit consisted of 1500 sheep, ninety brood mares, besides oxen, cows, and other bestial. Building the house, purchasing the farm, and stocking it, cost the considerable sum of £6000 or more; and I could not help thinking that I would have preferred employing this sum within the bounds of civilised society, instead of retiring to a wilderness and laying it out on horses, sheep, and oxen. Every man to his taste, however; though here I may mention that, in conversing with the older settlers—even those most fortunate—it was a general remark that a person possessed of £2000 or thereby, had more certain and more numerous chances of success in life at home than in Cape Colony.

The next farm of any importance at which we halted was that

of Rotterdam, or Groet Vaderbosch, the property of Mr M——, who came out to the colony in 1817 as the head of an emigrant party, and who, after various removals, with variable success, has at length settled down on an estate of 16,000 or 18,000 acres, where he lives without cross or care, or indeed any stimulus to exertion. His farm, like most of those in the district, lies along the base of a chain of mountains, and consists partly of hill pasture, and partly of low alluvial ground, which, under cultivation, yields good crops of wheat. At one time Mr M. grew wheat extensively after the Scotch system; but, after carrying it full twenty-five miles, could seldom obtain more for it than 1s. 6d. a bushel. This price not at all paying expenses, he has ceased to grow grain beyond what is required for farm use—a practice now adopted by many of the surrounding sheep-farmers. On first settling, he had followed the cot system, and planted labourers on his lands, giving them houses and ground for cultivation; but they soon got dissatisfied, and left him to fight their own way. Many of them are still in the country, and, where steady, have succeeded in bettering their condition, and are now in comfortable circumstances. He has still some cottars with him, but they are all coloured people: only one of the original party sticks by him, who is a cartwright, or now rather a wagon-maker. All the home implements and modes of agriculture have been given up, and are now replaced by the Dutch colonial mode and means. Wool is the staple; to produce which, Mr M. has a flock of 5000 sheep of the improved breed. The average yield of fleece is from 2 to 2½ lbs., lambs included, and the clip in 1846 brought 1s. 6d. per lb. in Swellendam. He has the conveniences of a garden immediately before the house, in a spot of rich level land, well supplied with water; but only a few patches of it are kept in cultivation, the rest being a wilderness of weeds, among which, however, might be seen growing in luxuriance orange, peach, apricot, apple, and pear trees.

I need not fatigue the reader with the minutiæ of this portion of my journey, which was, on the whole, rather dull and monotonous. The great sameness of the country, the same pursuits, and the same style of conducting affairs, gave to the district a sort of stereotype character, very profitable, it might be, but at the same time very uninteresting, even to a stranger. With a few exceptions, we experienced great kindness, and where entertained, the only charge ever made was for our horses' keep—beasts in the Cape apparently being beyond the pale of hospitality. On our way we met in with a decided character, in the person of a tall Frenchman, mounted on a sorry nag, who, rattling a lot of walnuts in his pocket, from which he handed us a few, and presenting a brandy-bottle out of which to take a sip, with vociferous gaiety inquired our names, intentions, and destination, in a laughable medley of French, Dutch, and English. He was not less ready in answering than in putting

questions—scarcely, indeed, giving us the trouble to ask; and we were speedily put in possession of his previous life. He had been a soldier under Napoleon; but his military career, like that of his master, had been cut short at Waterloo. He was now a teacher, and followed his profession sometimes in the village of Riversdale, and sometimes on the neighbouring farms. We often afterwards met in with itinerant teachers, but for whose humble labours many of the young in the remoter districts would be utterly devoid of the simplest elements of book instruction.

After passing Mossel Bay, we experienced the first shower since entering the colony; and here also a new feature in farming presented itself—namely, that of goose-rearing. These fowls are bred and kept for the sake of their feathers, of which they are partially deprived every six weeks during summer. The pluckings of six or eight geese yield a pound of feathers; and a market is readily found for them in the interior, where a pound-weight will purchase a sheep or goat. The geese are driven out and herded on the grass in the same manner as sheep, and require nearly the same extent of pasture. Some farmers possess a flock of four or five hundred.

On the afternoon of the 15th of February we came in sight of George—a pretty-looking town at the foot of a mountain range, which runs diagonally through the district. After crossing a small river of thick reddish-coloured water, we soon entered the capital, and took up our abode in Holmes's Hotel. The country surrounding George looks well, being somewhat level, and pretty well clothed with herbage. Much of the soil seems fit for the plough; but little of it is under cultivation, in consequence of the cost of labour and the want of a good and ready market for the produce. Wheat is very liable to rust; but oats and barley generally yield their increase, except when the locusts destroy every green blade. The mountain-chain lies here eight or ten miles from the sea, and has in its ravines many patches of bush, which, however, yield no timber of useful size. The great forest region begins a few miles eastward, and, with few interruptions, covers the seacoast for many leagues, and from this most of the timber is procured for the whole colony. Much of the land constituting the forest, as also that unincumbered with trees, is yet unappropriated; and at present (1846), a government survey is going on for the purpose of offering it in lots for sale. It may reasonably be conceived, however, that the more available places have been found out, and already taken possession of, and that such as are now to be brought into the market will be found very impracticable farms. George is a scattered town of about eighty houses, but has three churches—the Dutch, Methodist, and Roman Catholic. Properties—by which I mean houses and gardens—bring a good price, if time is afforded for effecting the sale; but when sold hurriedly, often go

off at a low figure. A fine property, consisting of an excellent dwelling-house and offices, with five or six acres of garden ground, sold lately for £300, of which £100 only was paid up —the residue remaining at interest; and as it was let immediately for £45 rent, the purchaser had 33 per cent. on his outlay. Sheep, at the time of our visit, were selling at from 10s. to 20s., according to purity and excellence of breed, George being hitherto considered a bad sheep district. That character is, however, beginning to wear away, under the strenuous and successful endeavours of the resident farmers. Although more grassy and green-looking than the rest of the colony, a great drought was then likewise experienced—indeed such as had not taken place for fifteen years at least. Rumours of war with the Caffres at this time reached George, but were in general treated with indifference.

FROM GEORGETOWN TO ALGOA BAY.

The main road east from George scales a lofty mountain by what is termed Cradock Pass, and thence leads into Lange-Cloof; but this road I left my comrade to pursue, whilst I kept the seaward side of the mountains, for the purpose of visiting the farm of an acquaintance near the coast. I set out in the afternoon of the 16th of February, and for a few hours, had a pleasant ride over a well-watered country, abounding in grassy flats, and diversified with clumps of shrubbery and patches of forest. As I advanced, the bush got closer, and of larger growth, until it insensibly assumed the character of a dense forest of ancient-looking trees. The path was narrow, encroached on at the sides by the gnarled trunks, and overhead by the drooping lichen-clad branches, and was almost impracticable from the water-ruts and large stones that roughened its surface. Such was its condition when nearly level; but after it began to ascend more abruptly, in order to avoid a deep rocky ravine, it became thorough break-neck work, and I and my poor beast made but little progress. As we toiled forward, all traces of a path disappeared, and was lost in the tangled luxuriance of the forest. Here was a dilemma: to advance was impossible: and as night was drawing near, and the forest infested with wolves, there was no alternative but to retrace our steps, all jaded and weary. Having luckily cleared the forest a little after nightfall, I again mounted the saddle, and held for a huge fire which was blazing in the distance. This turned out to be the encampment of a party of woodcutters, who were preparing supper; and as there was no house near, and no road to be perceived, I tied my horse to a bush, made up to, and sat down amongst, as swarthy and forbidding-looking a company as could well be imagined. They were all men of colour; did not know a word of English; seemed barbarous enough to trust one's-self amongst; but I did so, and found no reason to regret it. Of

their supper, which consisted of mutton broiled on the embers, I was offered a share; got a sip from their brandy flask; and had a mat kindly spread for me to sleep on by the side of the fire. Before sunrise, my entertainers and I were astir; and after a bowl of scalding coffee, free of milk or sugar, was directed to the farm of my friend, which I reached about mid-day.

The estate had been under the charge of an overseer, and Mr F—— and family had only arrived at it a few days before from Cape Town. The good lady was profuse in her apologies for the apparent disorder of the establishment, and did not as yet seem well reconciled to life in the wild; and irksome, indeed, it must be to one long accustomed to the pleasures of society. The country around is beautiful, abounding in grass, well supplied with wood and water, with lofty mountains on the one hand, and the sea on the other. Mr F.'s farm extends from the mountains to a chain of salt-water lagoons, stretching along within the sand-hills on the seashore, and in which abundance of fish may be taken at any time with the hook and seine. There is a large extent of forest, containing timber of great size; and a fine stream runs through the grounds, with water enough even at the driest season to turn a mill. There is very little of what can be termed level surface; but the whole undulates so gently, that the plough might pass over the greater portion. Very little, however, has been broken up for crops. Oats and barley thrive well, and also wheat when not attacked with rust; and, what is of importance, no irrigation is in general required. The soil is a good loam; in some places sandy, and in others with a fair admixture of vegetable mould. In the bed of the stream which flows past the homestead, the ancient granite juts out, but a bare rock in any other place is not to be seen. Mr F. had, at the time of my visit, a flock of 1000 sheep of the improved varieties, several individuals of which he had imported direct from Saxony; a small herd of Fatherland or Dutch cattle; and a few other bestial. The clip from the imported specimens weighs 6 lbs., from the others from 1½ to 2½ lbs. Both sheep and cattle were in good condition, giving favourable evidence of the nutritive qualities of the pasture. Two Scotchmen reside on the farm with their master—the overseer, a steady, intelligent man; and a carpenter, rather fond of the bottle. The great drawback to an estate like this is the scarcity of labourers, and want of market for the produce. To labourers who would come and reside on the farm with their families, the proprietor would give as much land as they chose to cultivate, on the condition of its being enclosed with a quince hedge, and would assist them in erecting houses to dwell in. When they felt disposed to labour for him, he would pay them 1s. 6d. to 2s. a day, and permit them to graze some cows for milk.

Our course now lay by Lange-Cloof, Plettenberg Bay, the great Zitsikama Forest, across the Gamtoos River, and along the

sea-coast to Algoa Bay. In this course we crossed and recrossed the mountain-chain already spoken of, and found the country on the seaward side of the chain well wooded and watered, and altogether greatly resembling that of Mr F.'s estate; while on the landward or interior side it was parched and bare, or but indifferently covered with a scraggy dark-coloured bush, which gives a dingy barren hue to the whole landscape. The mountain heights, though destitute of wood, were here and there dotted with bush, and generally profusely covered with heaths of the most brilliant blossom. The country was altogether but thinly peopled; the settlers being chiefly Scotch and English, and many of them individuals who had tried several districts in the colony before coming to this locality. With the exception of occasionally losing the way, once getting into a field of burning bush, from which we had a narrow escape, and now and then startling a wolf or jackal from its lair, we had no adventure on the journey, but quietly reached Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, where, after a little trouble, we procured private lodgings at the house of a widow, at the rate of 4s. 6d. a day, including stalls for our horses, but without food or attendance for them.

Port Elizabeth contains upwards of four thousand inhabitants, the greater number of whom are engaged in mercantile enterprise—importing goods to supply the eastern part of the colony, and exporting its wool and other products. Above a hundred vessels anchor every year in the Bay, and seldom fewer than a dozen are seen in it at a time. There are many excellent dwelling-houses and large stores; several well-built churches belonging to various sects; and an extensive suite of public buildings. These are chiefly arranged along the main street, running parallel with the beach on low ground: immediately beyond there is a rather abrupt rise to extensive flats, constituting the face of the country in a westerly direction; and over the acclivity between the main street and the inland flat, many dwelling-houses are scattered, overlooked by a pyramidal cenotaph, dedicated to the memory of the wife of Sir R. S. Donkin, from whom the town receives its name. Beyond the pyramid are a cluster of huts, forming a Fingoe hamlet; and between the main street and the sea are the huts of the Malay people. The chief street is of great width, but unpaved, and not in the best order, and many stances occur along its sides not yet built on. These sites are very high-priced, and building is likewise expensive, so that rents are exceedingly high, and houses not readily to be obtained. The merest hovel will cost from 20s. to 30s. a month, and a house of any pretensions from £60 to £100 a year in this situation. One square plot in the middle of the town was pointed out to me, perhaps about one-eighth of an acre in size, for which £1600 was refused. Another circumstance that surprised me, was the high price of garden and agricultural produce, in a country where land was so abundant

and cheap, as to be reckoned dear at 5s. an acre wherever you went beyond the bounds of the townships. At present (1846), oaten hay brought from 5s. to 6s. the 100 lbs.; water-melons, from 1s. to 1s. 6d. each; cabbages, 4d. each; small apples, a half-penny each; potatoes, 3s. to 3s. 6d. a bushel; cheese and butter, about 1s. per lb.; and all sorts of meal and grain dearer than in England. In fact, the only article cheaper than at home was butcher-meat, which was selling at 2d. per lb. The other articles required *labour* to produce them; this grew without it: hence the inference, that labour was scarce, and well paid, and that the price of the article depended more on the toil requisite to produce it, than on either rent or capital. Bad roads, and uncertainty of supply, also tended to raise the prices to their present pitch. The retail prices for home goods are also very high, generally twice or thrice that for which they could be purchased in England. The wages of a common labourer was then from 3s. to 4s. a day; and of mechanics, from 5s. to 7s.; even the Fingoes, who do most of the beach work, were paid 3s. 6d. These coloured people offer rather a strange spectacle to the entrant into the colony, as they warp him ashore in the surf boat, without a shadow of clothing on their dark brawny limbs, and then shoulder him on the beach to cross the broken water. It is a disgrace to the merchants of Port Elizabeth that they have never enforced some slight clothing for the nakedness of these their coloured labourers, were it merely as an initiatory step towards civilisation, for in all cases the decencies of life precede the moral and intellectual conversion of savages.

The society of Port Elizabeth presents many individuals of considerable intelligence, of a warm-hearted disposition, and, in the main, of a respectable character. I must confess, however, that in disinterested kindness they fall infinitely short of the other settlers, who are not so disposed to take up everything in the *quid pro quo* fashion. Habit is a second nature, as an old divine remarks; and the merchant's life is so much occupied in studying profits, that some excuse may be found in the nature of his pursuits for that heartlessness so apparent with many of the African dealers. At this time, the fear of a Caffre outbreak and attack on the colony had somewhat subsided, except among the more timid and cautious of the frontier inhabitants, who had displenished their houses, and removed their property more to the westward. Grievous complaints of thefts and outrage committed by these barbarous hordes were, however, in every one's mouth, and ceaseless murmurings at the leniency of government for permitting the spoliation of property to go unpunished.

FROM ALGOA BAY TO UITENHAGE AND GRAHAMSTOWN.

After a short stay in Port Elizabeth, we departed on the 10th of March for Uitenhage, the chief town of the district, situated about eighteen miles to the north-west. Cradockstadt, the pro-

perty of Mr Chase, author of one of the most recent works on the colony, lay on the route, and I called, in passing, to view his place. I found the lively little gentleman at home, and received a kindly welcome. He ushered me into one of the finely-furnished apartments of his mansion, and after offers of hospitality, conducted me through his extensive and well-laid-out gardens, and gave me a view of the homestead. Water was then rather scant, and the horticultural season being near a close, no great bustle prevailed on the grounds; still, there were many plants, native and exotic, highly interesting to an amateur. The exotics were natives both of tropical and temperate climes—arboreal, shrubby, and herbaceous. In one section was a small grove of oak and fir, in another a plantation of bananas; the blue gum of Australia grew beside the China hibiscus, and the Madagascar vinca beside the pink of England; while zamias, aloes, and other indigenous species were interspersed among them. This capability for the growth and intermixture of plants from various regions is the great charm and advantage of South African gardening. Besides extensive and well-built offices, there is a flour windmill attached, and several huts and houses for the accommodation of the workpeople. The country around is of a gently swelling nature, and furnishes a rather coarse, grassy herbage for extensive flocks; and there are salt lakes adjacent, which, by natural evaporation, furnish abundance of that indispensable article. Mr Chase's lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places, and this well-to-do condition of his has very likely influenced his account of the colony, and caused him to depict its advantages in more glowing colours than an unbiassed spectator perceives evidences to admit. In conversation with him respecting emigration, he considered the country a good field of enterprise for persons with capital which could not be advantageously employed at home; but would by no means advise any one to leave his native land whose industry or means allowed him to enjoy a moderate livelihood.

Arrived at Uitenhage, I put up at a private hotel, kept, as many of the Cape inns and hotels are, by an active, bustling Englishman. This town, though the district capital, is smaller and much less active than Port Elizabeth, but is infinitely superior to it in appearance and appliances for a quiet domestic life. These advantages it owes to the extent of its garden ground, and the command of a never-failing stream for irrigating and rendering that fruitful. The country around is open and undulating, except to the north, where the mountains shut in the view. The Swartcops River runs through the vale below the town, receiving the residue of the stream by which the gardens are watered, itself lying too low for such a purpose. The irrigating stream rises in the mountains six miles distant, and with considerable labour has been led to perform its journey, first for the benefit of a mill-wheel, and then for the gardens

with which the houses are surrounded. A full-sized garden, or *erf*, as it is colonially termed, contains two acres, and those not built on were then selling at from £80 to £100. For want of labour, many of the gardens were lying waste, or only ploughed once a year for oaten hay; but they are so productive when wrought and watered, that any one taking an erf on hire, may not only comfortably support himself, but save money by the sale of the produce, which finds a ready market in Port Elizabeth. Two Northumbrians had thus taken erven on lease, and, as market-gardeners, were living comfortably, and rapidly improving their condition. Everything planted seems to thrive well, if supplied with water, except the lemon and orange, which are exceedingly capricious in their growth throughout the colony.

While on this visit to Uitenhage, my companion and I rode out to inspect several farms in the neighbourhood, it being his intention to settle down, should he find a place to his mind. Though the country around, and onwards, I may say, to Grahamstown—a distance of more than ninety miles—was agreeably diversified, and pretty well watered, presenting in many places fine table-lands and low-lying valleys, yet there seemed to be a preponderance of sour-field, which, though well adapted for culture, was not very available for sheep-pasture. It requires extreme caution in entering a flock upon such grounds; but by introducing cattle first, and otherwise reducing the ranker herbage, a sweet grass by and by appears, and sheep may then follow with comparative safety. There being no market for agricultural produce, sheep-farming is really the only source of profit; and where that is attended with unusual risk, as on the sour-field pasture, the settler's avocation may be said to be gone. Among other estates, we called at Sidbury Park, the property of Captain Daniel, the most extensive sheep-farmer in the district, and well known as one of the earliest and most successful improvers of colonial sheep. The captain was from home, but his lady, to whom I had an introduction from her brother, invited me to partake of the well-known hospitality of the place, and his sons showed me over the homestead. Sidbury Park is a large double-storeyed building, with a veranda in front, situated on a gentle slope facing the south. Behind the house is an extensive suite of buildings, forming a square, and containing various offices convenient for the establishment. It has rather an aristocratic air, and is one of the best rural mansions in the eastern district. From the want of trees, it has rather a naked look; only a small clump of firs growing contiguous to its western walls. These trees were growing and thriving without led water, and suffice to show that labour and attention applied to planting might improve and beautify the colonial homestead, and yield shade and shelter from sun and winds, where nothing of the sort is at present found. A garden

has been laid out before the house, but a very deficient supply of water seems to have interfered with its success, and given it anything but a thriving aspect. Large square fields to the eastward of the mansion have been laid out, and enclosed with hedges of the medicinal aloe; but the fences are now neglected, in many places broken down, and the cattle suffered to roam over the parks at large. Many of the sheep-kraals were likewise dilapidated, and altogether, the place looked as if the proprietor had lost conceit of it, and ceased to bestow that care and attention with which it had at one time been regarded. There were five flocks on the farm, amounting in number to about 7000, which fully sustained the character they universally bore for their condition and quality of wool. A considerable extent of land is sometimes ploughed for wheat, but with uncertain results as to return: on the previous season, of a large extent sown, not a tenth of the seed was realised.

After leaving Sidbury Park, visiting the village of Sidbury, and returning to Uitenhage, where, during my stay, I experienced the greatest kindness (in particular, from my countrymen the minister and schoolmaster), I held onward for Grahamstown. During this journey, the country was refreshed by several heavy showers, which had quite a magical effect on the vegetation; sending up verdure, where, a few hours before, all seemed withered and lifeless. On approaching Grahamstown, I was, for the third time in the colony, demanded toll-money (one penny); a tax imposed for improving the road, which at present crosses a steep and irregular hill. The town lies in a hill-surrounded valley, and has rather an imposing appearance from the high land overlooking it; and the interest so excited is not lost on entering its bounds. The streets are wide, and lined with handsome houses, and capacious well-built stores. There are a number of churches, several of which are favourable specimens of ecclesiastic architecture, and afford ample accommodation to the church-going inhabitants; and if persuasive means are ineffectual in leading them the right way, there is a court-house to try offenders, a jail to incarcerate them, and barracks for soldiers, to overawe them when refractory. Exclusive of the civil and military establishments, the great bulk of the inhabitants are traders; and a very keen business-class they are. Large profits are realised by the sale of goods, and still larger by their barter for wool and other farm produce. Before some of the houses, the oak and other trees grew in rows; and before others, little garden plots were railed in for a few flowering shrubs and herbs, which seemed to thrive well without the aid of led water. Indeed, in the gardens generally, with which many of the outskirt dwellings are furnished, the rains alone are trusted to for the crops to be reared. I have been told that twenty-eight inches of rain fall annually: perhaps the quantity is overrated; but there must be a better

supply of this heavenly gift here than in other parts of the colony, where irrigation is absolutely requisite.

The same complaint existed in Grahamstown as in other parts of the colony—of the scarcity and bad quality of servants. The most of them are lazy, untrustworthy, and liable to quit without notice. Female domestic servants seldom remain in the houses of their employers during the night, but retire to their own dwellings after sunset, and return in the morning. This is certainly a bad custom, both for employers and employed; subjecting the former to much inconvenience, and withdrawing the latter from a wholesome control. The above refers to Hottentots and other coloured persons, the usual labourers in this sphere; with respect to emigrant handmaidens, these generally prefer a husband to service, and seldom remain longer in place than a very brief courtship. Mechanics—as blacksmiths, cabinetmakers, masons, &c.—at the time of my visit, were earning from 5s. to 7s. a day.

The general, and with many the almost exclusive topic of conversation, was now "the Caffres." On various grounds, symptoms, surmises, and overt acts, a general impression pervaded the public mind that these barbarians were on the eve of an outbreak; and many who had been personally engaged, and severely suffered in the conflict of 1834–5, shuddered at the idea of a repetition. Others, who knew nothing of Caffre warfare save descriptively, or were of a more hardy and hopeful nature, relied confidently on the power and preparation of the colony to prevent all hazard of invasion, and seemed to make light of the subject. The prevalent opinion, however, manifested itself in the preparations making for defence: soldiers were seen moving about in small parties; the whole adult male population were getting themselves armed and arranged in companies; ammunition was served out; and places of rendezvous appointed.

JOURNEYINGS AROUND PORT FRANCES, BATHURST, &c.

On the 21st of March, I (now companionless) left Grahamstown on a visit to Port Frances, at the mouth of the Cowie River. Several houses were passed, but most of them were deserted, or at least dismantled, in consequence of the threatened invasion. At a snug little farm at which I called, I found two brothers from the west of Scotland, renting a few hundred acres; and here they not only kept sheep and cattle on a limited scale, but grew oats, barley, potatoes, melons, pumpkins, and onions; reared bees; and were, for the first time in the district, attempting the culture of hemp. Their farming was indeed quite exemplary, and showed what could be done by clever industry alone—their head and hands being the only capital they had to begin with. Arrived at Port Frances, I found the mansion of Mr C—— standing on the west bank of the Cowie, near the sea, at the verge of an extensive grassy slope falling to the south-

west. From the eminence on which the house stands, there is a short rapid descent to the bed of the river, which appears an irregular continuation of pools, expanding and contracting with the rise of the tide. Both banks are rather abrupt and lofty, in some places precipitous, and infested throughout with bush and timber. Mr C.'s villa is a square, flat-roofed, rather ponderous structure; but commodious, well-finished, and furnished with the conveniences and elegances of life. Its situation gives it a delightful view of pastoral and sylvan scenery: the river can be traced inland beyond its visible waters by the woody ravine marking its winding course; on the opposite heights the pretty village of Bathurst is seen nestled in the vast thicket; and the ocean extending to the south-east, gives change to the scene. The Cowie discharges very little fresh water; the influx and efflux of the tide being the sole source of its current, save an occasional freshet from the rains. It has, in consequence, been unable to clear a passage of much depth for itself through the sea-board sands; but the bed widens and deepens within, so as to form a large natural harbour (Port Frances). Mr C. has strenuously attempted to aid nature in opening a passage through the strand, of dimensions suitable for large vessels; but all his labours have hitherto failed, nor is it likely that the enterprise and resources of any private individual will ever be able to achieve so extensive an undertaking.

The rich and abundant herbage of Mr C.'s pasture-grounds readily fattens cattle, but is apt to engender disease; and unless under the greatest caution, is not well suited for sheep. The frequent appearance of the asfogel, or country vulture, rising lazily from the pastures, proved too well the mortality that was going on among neglected herds. With much beauty, and many natural advantages, the locality suffers from the want of good water—that in use being bitter and brackish. Hemp, I have said, has been attempted; and in Mr C.'s garden several species of cotton were in a thriving condition, and furnished fine samples of their downy produce. The successful cultivation of both these articles demand too many hands, in the present state of the colonial labour market, to be remunerative, and can only be regarded as experiments for ulterior development and prospective gain. My entertainer seemed in a very uneasy state from the present aspect of frontier affairs; and the arrival of his son from Grahamstown, with the government order for the rural population to assemble in suitable places of rendezvous, and put themselves in a posture of defence, did not tend by any means to quell his fears.

Acting on the government suggestion, and afraid to proceed further eastward, I turned inland to the first place of rendezvous, Mr M'Luckie's farm, where I found already assembled several of the neighbouring farmers, with their wives, children, chattels, and cattle. The greatest commotion prevailed from

this increase of numbers to the usual establishment, particularly of women and children; and in the course of the evening several fresh arrivals took place, so that ere bedtime twelve wagons had drawn up before the house—part of the travellers by which were bivouacked about them, and part found shelter within doors. M'Luckie's house had been selected from its central situation, its size, and particularly on account of its zinc roof, which was proof against the brand-lit assagai of the Caffre. This assemblage of the distant farmers afforded a specimen of the class, both as tenants and proprietors; together with their servants, white and coloured. They were altogether a strange-looking set, and offered great contrasts to each other both in manners and dress—some being respectable in these matters, others being ragged and rude. The coloured portion of the assemblage were Hottentots and Fingoes, and their dresses varied from the common sheep-skin kaross to a cast-off soldier's coat—of whose martial cut and colour they were quite vain. The talk was generally boisterous and boastful, and conducted in barbarous Dutch, such as is spoken by the coloured people; even the children, of whom a precious lot were here gathered together, preferred the Dutch patois to their mother tongue, and indeed, though both father and mother were English, could not speak a word of their parents' language. Each family kept its separate cooking and its own table; I, as a stranger, sat at that of the landlord of the house, but had pressing invitations to share the hospitality of the others. As the exact state of matters was not very well known, a watch was set in the evening to guard against surprise. Four whites and one coloured person took this by two-hour turns; and to insure impartiality, lots were drawn. I shouldered a musket, and took my turn as sentinel, considering it my duty to do so, though, as a visitor, I would have been excused. The night turned out wet and cold; but with musket in hand, and a blanket by way of military cloak, I paced my appointed round, and by trial knew somewhat of the troubles of a frontier farmer.

Next morning, after an early repast, I took the road for Port Elizabeth, crossing the country by the villages of Farmerfield, Salem, and Sidbury. Large herds of cattle, and some flocks of sheep, were now seen moving westward from the frontier districts to places of greater safety, and in general accompanied by the Fingoe herds and their families. In these removals the women always had the chief share of the drudgery—carrying immense bundles on their heads, with the frequent addition of an infant cross-legs on their side; while the "lords" took it easy, and did not carry so much as a finger's load. The habit among the Fingoe women of balancing burdens on their heads, gives them an erect, stately carriage, which a duchess might justly envy. After various mishaps by the way, the heaviest of which was the thorough breakdown of my poor over-ridden animal, which I was obliged to exchange at considerable loss, I arrived

at Port Elizabeth, where I found dreadful havoc going on among the vessels in the bay. Three had been driven on shore, and totally wrecked, but fortunately with small loss of life: these were the "Black Aller" of Glasgow, the "Jim Crow" and the "Susan" of London. The latter bore me to Africa, and thankful I was that she had delivered her outward cargo in safety before suffering this catastrophe. Most of the harbours in the colony are exposed to seaward gales at certain seasons of the year; and the colonists indirectly pay for all the wrecks and loss of property, induced by the want of good havens, in the shape of high premiums of insurance and dear-priced importations. Whilst the sun is north of the equator, the prevailing winds on the coast are south-east; and when the sun crosses the line, these change to the north-west. At the period of change in the months of March and April, they get unsteady, and are apt to blow with great fury; and thus it was at the conclusion of the south-easters that the Susan and her luckless companions were cast on shore. After the north-west winds are fairly set in, on and after April, Algoa Bay is usually safe for several months.

While lingering at Port Elizabeth, news arrived that the governor, Sir P. Maitland, had resolved to visit the eastern frontier, and in person superintend the direction of affairs. The confirmation of this report, by his excellency's departure from Cape Town, gave much satisfaction to his eastern subjects, and inspired them with new courage and confidence. Although affairs were in a critical state, it was now expected that no immediate rupture would take place; and wearied with a state of inactivity, and hearing nothing of the emigrant ship "Recorder," whose arrival I was waiting, I resolved to face the danger, and make another excursion into the interior. A party had been from the Scotch location of Baviaan's River and Mancazana to the bay with their wool, and receiving a warm invitation to accompany them homewards, I agreed to join them, and share the hazards and hospitalities of life in the wilds.

FROM PORT ELIZABETH TO THE EASTERN FRONTIER.

On Tuesday, 31st March, the wagons of our party were despatched under the superintendence of one of the young Pringles —nephew to the well-known poet of that name. His brother, another young man, and I, followed on horseback next afternoon. Heavy rains had fallen during the morning, by which the progress of the wagons had been retarded, and we came up to them about sixteen miles from town, where we bivouacked for the night. In travelling by wagon one gets on slowly: twenty miles a day is reckoned moderate travelling, sometimes thirty; but the latter distance, in the ordinary state of the roads, is too long to be continued day after day: two miles and a-half an hour is the usual rate of progress, and three or four hours a long enough stage at a time. No expense is incurred for food to the

oxen, as they are turned loose at "outspanning" to pick up their own support. In some places, government lands have been reserved for outspanning stations; but little difficulty occurs where no such provision has been made, for scarcely a farmer will refuse pasturage for the oxen of a traveller. Provisions are carried along with the wagon for the persons who accompany it, and usually consist of mutton, bread, rice, coffee, and sugar. If the stock gets low, a sheep or goat is bought at a farm in passing, and country bread can usually be purchased at the same place. Cooking utensils—as a kettle, gridiron, and pot—accompany the wagon, together with a few little jugs, and a keg for water. Bedding is also a part of the travelling appurtenances, and is either made up in the body of the wagon or in the open air, according to the state of the weather and inclination of the parties. The first thing to be done after unyoking the bullocks, and turning them out to graze, is to procure wood, and light a fire; then water must be brought, the kettle made to boil, and coffee prepared—this beverage being an accompaniment of almost every travelling meal, and frequently the only preparation. The stewing or broiling of meat may at the same time be going forward; and if not cooked with the skill of a Soyer, it is at least abundant and substantial. Wagon travelling is thus independent and unexpensive; quite a family conveyance too, where one may enjoy all the charms of a nomadic life within the usual domestic circle, and even more cheaply than in a settled home. In fact, a whole family may travel with more comfort, and at less expense, in a bullock wagon than a single traveller on horseback is able to do, provided time be no object.

It was in this fashion that our party now proceeded across the country. At Sunday River we were detained two days till its rain-swollen waters had subsided sufficiently to allow the passage of our wagons; and there we had the company, for one night, of a detachment of the 27th regiment, who were proceeding eastward with ammunition and military stores. After fording the river, we held across the Zuurberg, a wild high range, almost impenetrably covered with bush, intersected by numerous ravines, and thinly, or not all peopled. What houses we passed were deserted; and no wonder, seeing that the Caffres had now possession of the Zuurberg, from whose bush they could carry on their depredations and attacks with the most perfect security. We now "treked" and "outspanned" with the greatest circumspection; and glad we were when we emerged from the bush, and entered upon the *Karoo*,* or *Spring-Bok* Flats beyond. These Flats are traversed by the Somerset road, along which we now held, and reached that village on the evening of the 9th of April. The place is finely situated at the foot of the Bush-

* Karoo pasture consists of low shrubby plants, fig-marigolds, and others of a nutritive quality, and is generally tenanted, as in the present case, with thousands of the spring-bok; hence the above designation.

berg Mountains, from whose springs it is supplied with water. It has one long street, intermittingly lined with dissimilar houses, and others in the process of formation; but is altogether of no great extent, and contains only a few hundred inhabitants. It was at one time the site of a government farm, where agricultural and horticultural operations were extensively carried on under the superintendence of R. Hart, Esq.—a gentleman still resident upon his estate of Glenavon, in the immediate vicinity. After dining at the Somerset Hotel, I rode east to Mr Hart's to spend the night, and witness his estate, which, in point of natural beauty, completeness of homestead and offices, and taste and success in gardening, is certainly the finest in this part of the colony. Mr Hart has an unlimited supply of water, both for irrigation and for mill purposes; and has taken great pains in embellishing his residence, by the introduction and culture of fruit and forest trees, shrubs and flowers, from almost every region of the globe. The lands of Glenavon are extensive, not only embracing a large extent of low country, facing the mansion-house, but a wide range of mountain pasture behind. As on many other farms, however, the sweet grass pasture is yearly becoming more scanty; and unless means be taken to allow the herbage to renew itself by seeding and rest, or to improve it by artificial sowing and dressing, many of the Cape estates will shortly be incapable of maintaining a half of their present flocks.

Proceeding on our journey, we came up to the Great Fish River on the 12th, and found the stream to be crossed about sixty feet wide and two deep. Having passed in safety, Mr Pringle and I now rode forward, leaving the wagon party to follow at their leisure. Adjoining the river, the country was somewhat broken, desert, and lonely; but as we ascended from the valley to the table-land of the Kaga, or Quagga Flats, it became open to a vast extent, intersected by few ravines, and sparingly dotted with bush. There being little danger of ambuscade in this region, many of the farmers still resided on their places, resolved to abide the result of the present dispute, rather than risk the loss of property by removal. We accordingly again saw flocks and herds, and dwellings peopled by the rural inhabitants—signs of peace and quietness gratifying to behold. The greater part of the surface was here clothed with grass, and the recent rains had freshened its verdure, so that the scenery was lively and pleasant; and the effect was heightened by the distant mountains, which almost enclosed the fertile plateau. Here the tracks of the quagga and elephant were still to be traced; and here thousands of conical ant-hills dotted the surface. Leaving the Flats, and crossing some hilly and bushy ground, then threading the windings of a mimosa-clad valley, we arrived at Spring-Grove, the present home of my travelling companion, and eventually mine longer than I anticipated when I entered

its hospitable door. The proprietor is connected with the Pringle party by marriage, his wife being a sister of the poet's; he entered upon his estate some eight or ten years ago, under considerable disadvantages; but by prudence and industry, has now rendered it one of the most delightful estates in the district. It was purchased almost entirely on credit for £700; and not only has he cleared off the purchase money, but planted a large garden, ploughed broad fields for grain, gained large flocks and herds, built commodious premises; and, in short, surrounded himself and fine family of sons and daughters with all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life. During my residence, I came more closely in contact with life in the wild than I had hitherto done, and perceived what multifarious duties, what drudgeries, what hopeful perseverance and industry, were requisite on the part of a settler to insure success. Here, in addition to the farm labours, the settler must be his own shoemaker, carpenter, blacksmith, tinker, tanner, brewer, and so forth; while the ladies of the house become bakers, candle-dippers, soap-boilers, tailors, and all what not in turn. No ennui here: to the fair sex at home, twelve months on a thriving Cape farm would be worth a lifetime at spas and other hydropathic absurdities.

For a few days after my arrival affairs continued quiet; and I took the opportunity to visit several of the larger estates in the neighbourhood, highly delighted with the country, and with the management and success of such properties as those of Sir A. Stokenströem, Mr Dods Pringle, the brother of the late poet, Mr Rennie, and others, located in the valley of Glen Lynden, along the Baviaan's, and in the vicinity of Mancazana Post. Though travelling under arms, and in the midst of danger, there was enjoyment in the journey: everywhere I experienced unmeasured kindness; and in this, as in other districts, my professional skill enabled me to accomplish many deeds of kindness and mercy in turn. Medical assistance is indeed so rare, that on the recommendation of my profession, I would undertake to thread the Colony from one end to the other without a shilling in my pocket.

My agreeable journeyings were, however, of short duration: the first blow had been struck; a party of the burgher force had been routed by the Caffres, and exulting in their success, the enemy swept onward, seizing flocks and herds, burning farmsteads, and committing other excesses. The smaller farms were now deserted, and the larger became forts in miniature, crowded with anxious but determined inmates. A trench, and an embattlement of stakes and mimosa branches, were now drawn around Spring-Grove; the windows boarded, the roof rendered fire-proof with sods, arms prepared, and scalding water in readiness to be dashed at the naked savages, should they enter within the ramparts. During the day, we con-

tinued to receive accessions to our numbers, to secure the bestial, and to strengthen our position; during the night, the men kept watch, and mounted guard in turn. Day after day the reports became more alarming; travelling was impracticable, unless in large parties; and night after night the firing of homesteads became more frequent, and approached nearer and nearer to our position. On the night of the 27th April the savages made their first attack: in an instant the alarm was given, the fires and lights were extinguished, every man was at his post; and to distinguish our faithful Fingoes from Caffres in the dark, their heads were filletted with a stripe of white calico. After some firing, the enemy, finding us too powerful, made a sudden retreat, and on the morrow some bloody *spoors* (tracks) into the bush showed that our muskets had told with deadly effect. On the following evening, Caffre fires were lighted on the surrounding heights, as a signal for the assembling of greater numbers. Another attack was accordingly experienced, but not without bloodshed on both sides; and as the savages seemed determined to carry the place, the inmates resolved on treking, and leaving it to its fate.

THE RETURN.

Seeing no end to the struggle, I now resolved, at all hazards, to return to Port Elizabeth, and to take the road one way or other ere dangers thickened more closely around. Accordingly, I bade the kind-hearted people of Glen Lynden adieu; and under escort of one of the younger Pringles as far as the village of Cradock, wended my way from their pleasant valley on the 30th of April. Arrived at Cradock, I determined to proceed by the Zuurberg, Graaf Reinet, and Uitenhage—a circuitous route, no doubt, but one which then offered the greatest chances of safety. Mounted on the best horse I could find, or rather I may say horses—for two broke down under the fatigues of the journey—I hurried westward, sometimes in company with a wagon party, escorted by a burgher guard, sometimes under a small escort furnished by a field cornet, and at others alone, or at best with a single hired guide, to lead the way through the bush and over the mountains. The ride was a bold one, extending over ten days, and through a country whose lately happy homesteads were now here and there smouldering in ruins; but it was successful, and brought me in safety once more to Algoa Bay. Here I found the "Recorder" had arrived, bringing with her a relative for whom I had long been anxiously waiting. Renovated in health, and glad to escape from so troubled a scene—a country which, with several advantages, has many drawbacks as a place of settlement for a British emigrant—I took passage on board the "Jessie Smith," and left the colony with her on the 23d May, for a securer home in the mother country.

A SELECTION OF ENGLISH AND SCOTCH PROVERBS.

ENGLISH PROVERBS.

A BAD workman quarrels with his tools.
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
A cat may look at a king.
Aching teeth are ill tenants.
A chip of the old block.
A clear conscience fears no accusation.
A contented mind is a continual feast.
A creaking door hangs long on the hinges.
A day after the feast.
A drowning man will catch at a straw.
A fat kitchen makes a lean will.
A fault confessed is half redressed.
A fool and his money are soon parted.
A fool's bolt is soon shot.
A fool can make money; it requires a wise man to spend it.
A fool may give a wise man counsel.
After death, the doctor.
After dinner, sit a while; after supper, walk a mile.
After meat, mustard.
A friend in need is a friend indeed.
A good maxim is never out of season.
A good servant makes a good master.
A good word is as soon said as an ill one.
A goose cannot graze after him.
A great dowry is a bed full of troubles.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.
A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.
A happy heart makes a blooming visage.
A hungry man's an angry man.
A king's favour is no inheritance.
A libertine's life is not a life of liberty.
A light-heeled mother makes a heavy-heeled daughter.
A little body doth often harbour a great soul.
A little leak will sink a great ship.
A little pot is soon hot.
All are not friends that speak us fair.
All is fish that comes to the net.
All is not gain that is got into the purse.
All is not gold that glitters.
All lay the load on the willing horse.
All the honesty is in the parting.
All things are soon prepared in a well-ordered house.
All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy.
Almost and very nigh, save many a lie.
Always put the saddle on the right horse.
A man forewarned is forearmed.
A man may buy gold too dear.
A man may hold his tongue in an ill time.
A man may lose his goods for want of demanding them.
A man must ask his wife leave to thrive.
A miss is as good as a mile.
An apple, an egg, and a nut, you may eat after a slut.
An evil lesson is soon learned.
Anger dieth quickly with a good man.
An honest man's word is as good as his bond.
An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.
An idle brain is the devil's workshop.
An oak is not felled with one blow.
An obedient wife commands her husband.
A nod from a lord is a breakfast for a fool.
An old sack asketh much patching.
An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy.
Antiquity is not always a mark of verity.
An unlawful oath is better broke than kept.
Anything for a quiet life.
A penny saved is a penny earned.
A pin a-day is a groat a-year.
A pitcher goes often to the well, but is broken at last.
A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.
A quiet tongue shows a wise head.
A rolling stone gathers no moss.
A rotten sheep infects the whole flock.
A single fact is worth a ship-load of argument.
A small pack becomes a small pedlar.

A small spark makes a great fire.
A smart reproof is better than smooth deceit.
A spur in the head is worth two in the heel.
As the fool thinks, the bell clinks.
As the old cock crows, the young cock learns.
A stitch in time saves nine.
As welcome as flowers in May.
As you make your bed, so must you lie on it.
As you sow, so you shall reap.
A tree is known by its fruit.
A wager is a fool's argument.
A wilful man will have his way.
A willing mind makes a light foot.
A word before is worth two behind.
Aye be as merry as you can.

Bachelors' wives and maids' children are always well taught.
Beauty is no inheritance.
Before thou marry, be sure of a house wherein to tarry.
Beggars have no right to be choosers.
Be it for better, or be it for worse, be ruled by him that beareth the purse.
Be slow to promise, and quick to perform.
Better do it than wish it done.
Better go about than fall into the ditch.
Better known than trusted.
Better late than never.
Better to be alone than in bad company.
Better to bend than to break.
Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
Between two stools we come to the ground.
Birds of a feather flock together.
Birth is much, but breeding is more.
Borrowed garments never fit well.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Building and marrying of children are great wasters.
Building castles in the air.
Burning the candle at both ends.
Business is the salt of life.
Buy at a market, but sell at home.
By others' faults wise men correct their own.

"Can do" is easily carried.
Care killed a cat.
Carrying coals to Newcastle.
Carrying more sail than ballast.
Catch not at the shadow, and lose the substance.
Catch the bear before you sell his skin.

Charity begins at home, but does not end there.
Cheating play never thrives.
Children and chickens must be always picking.
Children are uncertain comforts.
Climb not too high, lest the fall be the greater.
Confession of a fault makes half amends for it.
Confine your tongue, lest it confine you.
Conscience is the chamber of justice.
Conscience makes cowards of us all.
Constant occupation prevents temptation.
Content is the true philosophers' stone.
Contentment to the mind is as light to the eye.
Courtesy on one side never lasts long.
Craft bringeth nothing home.
Custom is a second nature.
Cut your coat according to your cloth.

Death is deaf, and hears no denial.
Death keeps no calendar.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Deeds are fruits, words are but leaves.
Deep rivers move in silence, shallow brooks are noisy.
Delays are dangerous.
Deliberate slowly, execute promptly.
Depend not on fortune, but on conduct.
Dependence is a poor trade to follow.
Deserve success, and you shall command it.
Desires are nourished by delays.
Despise none, despair of none.
Diligence is the mistress of success.
Diseases are the interests paid for pleasures.
Do as you would be done by.
Doing nothing is doing ill.
Do not burn daylight upon it.
Do not halloo till you are out of the wood.
Do not make fish of one and flesh of another.
Do not rip up old sores.
Don't be all your days trotting on a cabbage-leaf.
Don't buy a pig in a poke.
Don't measure other people's corn by your bushel.
Do what thou oughtest, and come what can.

Eagles fly alone, but sheep flock together.
Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.
Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
Enough is as good as a feast.
Entertain honour with humility, and poverty with patience.
Ever drunk, ever dry.

Ever spare, and ever have.
Every bean hath its black.
Everybody's business is nobody's business.
Every couple is not a pair.
Every dog has his day.
Every herring must hang by its own head.
Every Jack has his Gill.
Every man is the architect of his own fortune.
Every one for himself, and God for us all.
Every one puts his fault on the times.
Every path hath a puddle.
Every shoe fits not every foot.
Everything hath an end, and a pudding hath two.
Everything is good in its season.
Everything is the worse for wearing.
Evil communications corrupt good manners.
Evil gotten, evil spent.
Example teaches more than precept.
Experience is the mother of science.
Experience teaches fools.

Faint heart never won fair lady.
Fair and softly go far in a day.
Fair words make fools fain.
Fall not out with a friend for a trifle.
False friends are worse than open enemies.
Fancy may bolt bran, and think it flour.
Far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies.
Fat paunches make lean pates.
Fat sorrow is better than lean sorrow.
Few take care to live well, but many to live long.
Fine feathers make fine birds.
Fine words butter no parsnips.
Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.
Fire is not to be quenched with tow.
Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.
Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.
Fools should never see half-done work.
Forbearance is no acquittance.
Forgive and forget.
Forgive any sooner than thyself.
Fortune favours the brave.
Fortune has no power over discretion.
Fortune knocks once at least at every man's gate.
For want of company, welcome trumpery.

Gather thistles, expect prickles.
Gentry sent to market will not buy one bushel of corn.
Get thy spindle and distaff ready, and God will send flax.

Give a dog an ill name and hang him.
Give the devil his due.
God helps those who help themselves.
God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
Go farther, and fare worse.
Good counsel is above all price.
Good harvests make men prodigal, bad ones provident.
Good to be merry at meat.
Good ware makes quick markets.
Good wine needs no bush.
Good words cost nothing, but are worth much.
Grasp all, lose all.
Great cry, and little wool.
Great gain and little pain make a man soon weary.

Half a loaf is better than no bread.
Handsome is that handsome does.
Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.
Happy is he whose friends were born before him.
Happy is the wooing that is not long in doing.
Harm watch, harm catch.
Hasty resolutions seldom speed well.
Hear twice before you speak once.
He dances well to whom fortune pipes.
He doubles his gift who gives in time.
He has a bee in his bonnet.
He has brought his noble to ninepence.
He has had a bite upon his bridle.
He is a wise man who speaks little.
He is proper that hath proper conditions.
He knows not a B from a bull's foot.
Hell is paved with good intentions.
He loseth his thanks who promiseth and delayeth.
He loseth nothing that keeps God for his friend.
He must needs run whom the devil drives.
He must stoop that hath a low door.
He plays well that wins.
He's a Jack in office.
He that always complains is never pitied.
He that blows in the dust fills his eyes.
He that falls in an evil cause, falls in the devil's frying-pan.
He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.
He that has no shame has no conscience.
He that has no silver in his purse should have silver on his tongue.
He that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles.
He that is angry is seldom at ease.

He that is warm thinks all are so.
He that lendeth loseth double. [Loses both his money and his friend.]
He that licks honey from thorns pays too dear for it.
He that lies down with dogs must expect to rise with fleas.
He that lives not well one year, sorrows for it seven.
He that liveth wickedly can hardly die honestly.
He that reckons without his host must reckon again.
He that runs fast will not run long.
He that runs in the night stumbles.
He that sows not corn plants thistles.
He that stays in the valley will never get over the hill.
He that will not be counselled cannot be helped.
He that will not be saved needs no preacher.
He that will steal an egg will steal an ox.
He that would thrive must rise at five, he that has thriven may lie till seven.
He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.
He who is hasty fishes in an empty pond.
He who knows himself best esteems himself least.
He who lies long in bed, his estate feels it.
He who marrieth for wealth doth sell his liberty.
He who rises late never does a good day's work.
He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.
He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.
He who spends all he gets is in the high-road to beggary.
He who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.
He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.
He who would reap well must sow well.
Hiders are good finders.
His bread is buttered on both sides.
His eye is bigger than his belly.
His tongue's no slander.
Home is home though it be ever so homely.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Hot love is soon cold.
Hot sup, hot swallow.
Humility is the foundation of all virtue.
Hunger is the best sauce.
Hungry dogs eat dirty puddings.

I can see as far into a millstone as the picker.
Idle folks have the least leisure.
Idle folks have the most labour.
Idleness is the greatest prodigality.
Idleness is the parent of want and shame.
Idleness is the root of all evil.
Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.

If every one would mend one, all would be amended.
If the cap fit, wear it.
If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.
If we subdue not our passions, they will subdue us.
If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.
If you give an inch, he will take an ell.
If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn.
If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the flower.
Ignorance is the parent of many injuries.
I have a crow to pluck with him.
I have lived too near a wood to be frightened by owls.
I have other fish to fry.
I'll trust him no farther than I can fling him.
Ill examples are like contagious diseases.
Ill-gotten goods seldom prosper.
Ill news travels apace.
Ill wedding and ill wintering tame both man and beast.
Ill weeds grow apace.
In a calm sea every man is a pilot.
In at one ear and out at the other.
In vain he craves advice that will not follow it.
Inconstancy is the attendant of a weak mind.
It costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.
It cuts both ways, like a two-edged sword.
It is a bad horse that refuses to carry his provender.
It is a long road that has no turning.
It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.
It is better to do well than to say well.
It is good to begin well, but better to end well.
It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.
It is never too late to learn.
It is no small conquest to overcome yourself.
It is not the cowl that maketh the friar.
It's a bad cause that none dare speak in.
It's a bad sack will abide no clouting.
It's a good horse that never stumbles.
It's a poor sport that's not worth the candle.
It's a sad heart that never rejoices.
It's a wise child that knows its own father.
It's easy to bowl down hill.
It's ill healing an old sore.
It's merry in the hall when beards wag all.
It's more painful to do nothing than something.
It's not the gay coat makes the gentleman.

Jack Nokes and Tom Stiles.
Jack-of-all-trades, and master of none.
Jesting lies bring serious sorrows.
Judge not of men or things at first sight.

Keep a thing seven years, and you will find a use for it.
Keep counsel thyself first.
Keep good men's company, and you shall be of the number.
Keep no more cats than will catch mice.
Keep the bowels open, the head cool, and the feet warm, and a fig for physicians.
Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.
Keep your tongue within your teeth.
Kill two birds with one stone.
Kindness is lost upon an ungrateful man.
Kindnesses, like grain, increase by sowing.
Kissing goes by favour.
Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty is best in the end.
Knowledge is power.

Land was never lost for want of an heir.
Lazy folks take the most pains.
Least said is soonest mended.
Lend thy horse, and thou mayest have back his skin.
Let every pedlar carry his own burden.
Let every tub stand on its own bottom.
Let not your tongue cut your throat.
Let sleeping dogs lie.
Let the cobbler stick to his last.
Let those laugh who win.
Life is half spent before we know what it is.
Life without a friend is death without a witness.
Light come, light go.
Lips, however rosy, must be fed.
Little and often fills the purse.
Little boats must keep near shore.
Little pitchers have great ears.
Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.
Live and let live.
Live not to eat, but eat to live.
Living like a toad under a harrow.
Lock the stable door when the steed is stolen.
Long-looked-for comes at last.
Look before you leap.
Look to the main chance.
Look twice ere you determine once.
Lookers-on see more than players.
Losers are always in the wrong.
Love asks faith, and faith asks firmness.

Love me, love my dog.
Lovers live by love as larks by leeks. [Ironical.]
Lowly set, richly worn.
Lucky men need little counsel.

Make a virtue of necessity.
Make hay while the sun shines.
Make not your sail too large for your ship.
Make the best of a bad bargain.
Making a toil of a pleasure.
Man doth what he can, and God what he will.
Man proposes, God disposes.
Manners often make fortunes.
Many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip.
Many a true word is spoken in jest.
Many can pack the cards that cannot play.
Many go out for wool and come home shorn.
Many hands make light work.
Many words will not fill the bushel.
Marry in haste, repent at leisure.
Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can. [Bad advice.]
Mills and wives are ever wanting.
Mischiefs come by the pound, and go away by the ounce.
Misfortunes seldom come alone.
Misreckoning is no payment.
Modesty is the handmaid of virtue.
Money makes the mare to go.
Money will do more than my lord's letter.
More afraid than hurt.
Much is expected where much is given.
Much water goes by the mill the miller knows not of.
Much would have more, and lost all.
Muffled cats are bad mousers.
Murder will out.

My son is my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter's my daughter all the days of her life.

Necessity is the mother of invention.
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thine actions serve the turn.
Never carry two faces under one hood.
Never fall out with your bread and butter.
Never find anything before it is lost.
Never fish in troubled waters.
Never light your candle at both ends.
Never look a gift horse in the mouth.
Never make a mountain of a molehill.
Never quit certainty for hope.

Never ride a free horse to death.
Never rub against the grain.
Never sound the trumpet of your own praise.
Never tread on a sore toe.
Never trust to a broken staff.
Never venture out of your depth till you can swim.
Never wade in unknown waters.
New brooms sweep clean.
New lights often come through cracks in the tiling.
New lords, new laws.
Next to love, quietness.
No alchemy is equal to saving.
No man can serve two masters.
No mill, no meal.
None are so deaf as those who will not hear.
None knows the weight of another's burden.
None so blind as those who will not see.
No pot is so ugly as not to find a cover.
No receiver, no thief.
No rose without a thorn.
Nothing comes out of the sack but what was in it.
Nothing down, nothing up.
Nothing dries sooner than tears.
Nothing is impossible to a willing mind.
Nothing venture, nothing win.

Of all prodigality, that of time is the worst.
Of all studies, study your present condition.
Of all the crafts, to be an honest man is the master craft.
Of two evils, choose the least.
Old bees yield no honey.
Old birds are not to be caught with chaff.
Old friends and old wine are best.
Old friends to meet, old wine to drink, and old wood to burn.
Old reckonings breed new disputes.
One bad example spoils many good precepts.
One eye-witness is better than ten hearsays.
One flower makes no garland.
One good turn deserves another.
One half the world knows not how the other half lives.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after.
One is not so soon healed as hurt.
One man may steal a horse, when another may not look over the hedge.
One man's meat is another's poison.
One nail drives out another.
One never loses by doing a good turn.
One ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit.
One scabbed sheep will mar a flock.

One swallow does not make a summer.
One tale is good till another is told.
Open rebuke is better than secret hatred.
Opportunity makes the thief.
Opportunities neglected are irrecoverable.
Our own opinion is never wrong.
Out of debt, out of danger.
Out of sight, out of mind.
Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Passion is a fever that leaves us weaker than it finds us.
Passion is ever the enemy of truth.
Patience and time run through the longest day.
Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's garden.
Patience is a plaster for all sores.
Pay as you go.
Penny wise and pound foolish.
People who live in glass houses should never throw stones.
Perfection is the point at which all should aim.
Petulant contentions engender malice.
Plain dealing's a jewel.
Positive men are most often in error.
Possession is nine points of the law.
Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows.
Poverty parts friends.
Praise a fair day at night.
Praise the sea, but keep on land.
Prettiness dies quickly.
Prevention is better than cure.
Pride of heart foreruns destruction.
Pride will have a fall.
Procrastination is the thief of time.
Promise little and do much.
Promises are too much like pie-crust.
Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.
Pry not into the affairs of others.
Pull hair and hair, and you'll make the carle bald.
Put no faith in tale-bearers.

Quick at meat, quick at work.
Quick resentments are often fatal.
Quick returns make rich merchants.
Quit not certainty for hope.

Raise no more spirits than you can conjure down.
Ratify promises by performances.
Ready money will away.
Reckless youth makes rueful age.
Remove an old tree and it will wither.

Rome was not built in a day.
Rule the appetite, and temper the tongue.

Safe bind, safe find.
Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.
Saving at the spigot and spending at the bung.
Say no ill of the year till it be past.
Saying and doing are two things.
Search others for their virtues, thyself for their faults.
Seeing is believing.
Seek till you find, and you'll not lose your labour.
Seldom seen, soon forgotten.
Self-preservation is the first law of nature.
Set a thief to take a thief.
Shameless craving must have shameless way.
Sharp stomachs make short graces.
She shows many more airs than graces.
Short reckonings make long friends.
Show me a liar, and I will show you a thief.
Silence doth seldom any harm.
Silks and satins put out the fire in the kitchen.
Sit in your place, and none will make you rise.
Sleep without supper, and wake without owing.
Sloth is the mother of poverty.
Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.
Soon ripe, soon rotten.
Soon well, long ill.
Sooner said than done.
Sorrow will pay no debt.
Sour grapes, as the fox said when he could not reach them.
Spare well, and spend well.
Spare when you are young, and spend when you are old.
Speak the truth, and shame the devil.
Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few.
Stars are not seen by sunshine.
Stick your opinions on no person's sleeve.
Stretch your legs according to your coverlet.
Strike while the iron is hot.
Study to be worthy of your parents.
Such a welcome, such a farewell.
Such as the tree is, such is the fruit.
Sue a beggar, and catch a louse.

Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves.
Take heed of an ox before, an ass behind, and a knave on all sides.
Take heed will surely speed.
Take the will for the deed.

Take time by the forelock.
Talk of the devil and he'll appear.
Talking pays no toll.
Tell me the company you keep, and I'll tell you what you are.
Temperance is the best physic.
That is well spoken that is well taken.
That penny is well spent that saves a groat.
That's placing the cart before the horse.
That was laid on with a trowel.
The absent party is still faulty.
The ass that brays most eats least.
The best physicians are Dr Diet, Dr Quiet, and Dr Merryman.
The better day the better deed.
The blind man's wife needs no painting.
The cobbler's wife is the worst shod.
The comforter's head never aches.
The covetous man is his own tormentor.
The crow thinks her own bird the fairest.
The devil is not as black as he is painted.
The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil grew well, the devil a monk was he.
The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a fray.
The eye of the master does more work than both his hands.
The farthest way about is often the nearest way home.
The faulty stands on his guard.
The foremost dog catches the hare.
The galled jade will wince.
The goodness of a pudding is known in the eating.
The gray mare is the better horse.
The greatest burdens are not the gainfullest.
The greatest strokes make not the best music.
The greatest wealth is contentment with little.
The groat is ill saved that shames the master.
The guilty mind needs no accuser.
The handsomest flower is not the sweetest.
The hasty hand catches frogs for fish.
The hastiest man that is must wait while his drink is drawing.
The highest branch is not the safest roost.
The highway is never about.
The hotter war, the sooner peace.
The last drop makes the cup run over.
The last suitor wins the maid.
The lion's skin is never cheap.
The longest day must have an end.
The market is the best garden.
The married man must turn his staff into a stake.
The mill cannot grind with the water that is past.

The mob has many heads, but no brains.
The more noble, the more humble.
The more the merrier, the fewer the better cheer.
The more you heap, the worse you cheap.
The nearer the church, the farther from God.
The offender never pardons.
The path of virtue is the path of peace.
The rat which has but one hole is soon caught.
The receiver is as bad as the thief.
The still sow sucks the most wash.
The sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar.
There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
There is luck in leisure.
There is reason in roasting eggs.
There's a lion in the path. [Excuse for not doing any thing.]
There's a salve for every sore.
There's no compassion like the penny.
There's no fool like an old fool.
There's no general rule without an exception.
There's no joy without alloy.
The table robs more than the thief.
The truest jests sound worst in guilty ears.
The truth may be blamed, but not shamed.
The weakest must go to the wall.
The wearer best knows where the shoe pinches him.
There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.
There would not be great ones if there were no little.
They love too much who die for love.
They must hunger in frost who will not work in heat.
They need much whom nothing will content.
Think of ease, but work on.
Those who live longest will see most.
Those who play with edge tools must expect to be cut.
Threatened folks live long.
Time and tide stay for no man.
Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise.
Timely blossom, timely fruit.
'Tis the second blow that makes the fray.
To a child all weather is cold.
To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.
To be hail fellow well met with one. [In good fellowship.]
To be in a merry pin.
To dine with Duke Humphry. [To go without dinner.]
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.
To find a mare's nest. [To discover something already well known.]
To give and keep, there is need of wit.

To go through thick and thin. [Stick at nothing.]
To have nothing but one's labour for one's pains.
To have the law in one's own hand.
To have two strings to one's bow.
To kill two birds with one stone.
To laugh in one's sleeve.
To leave a morsel for the Duke of Rutland. [That is—to leave it for the sake of *manners*, Manners being the family surname of the Duke of Rutland.]
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
To play the dog in the manger. [Not to eat yourself, nor let anybody else.]
To put one's nose out of joint.
To rob Peter to pay Paul.
To seek a needle in a bottle of hay.
To send one away with a flea in his ear [in a state of trepidation and astonishment].
To stand in one's own light.
To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.
To take a wrong sow by the ear.
To throw the helve after the hatchet. [Giving up a thing in despair.]
Trade is the mother of money.
Tread on a worm and it will turn.
Truth hath always a fast bottom.
Two heads are better than one.
Two of a trade seldom agree.

Unknown, unmissed.
Use the means, and God will give the blessing.

Valour is worth little without discretion.
Valour that parleys is near yielding.
Venture a small fish to catch a great one.

War is death's feast.
Waste not, want not.
Wealth makes worship.
Welcome is the best cheer.
We must eat a peck of salt with a man before we know him.
We never know the worth of water till the well is dry.
What cannot be cured must be endured.
What is bred in the bone will not come out of the flesh.
What is got over the devil's back is spent under his belly.
What the eye sees not the heart rues not.
What the goodwife spares, the cat eats.
When all is consumed, repentance comes too late.

When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.
When rogues fall out, honest men get their own.
When sorrow is asleep, wake it not.
When the cat's away, the mice will play.
When the goodman's from home, the goodwife's table is soon spread.
When we have gold we are in fear, when we have none we are in danger.
When wine's in, wit's out.
When you are at Rome, do as they do at Rome.
Where much smoke is, there must be some fire.
Where the carcase is, there the ravens will gather together.
Where the king is, there is the court.
Where the will is ready, the feet are light.
Where there is a will there is always a way.
While the grass grows the cow starves.
While there's life there's hope.
Who dainties love shall beggars prove.
Who spits against the wind spits in his own face.
Wilful waste makes woful want.
Wisely and slow: they stumble who run fast.
Wool sellers know wool buyers.
Words may pass, but blows fall heavy.
Wranglers never want words.
Write injuries in dust, but kindnesses in marble.

York—every man pay his share.
You are as busy as a hen with one chick.
You can't see green cheese but your teeth must water.
You cannot catch old birds with chaff.
You cannot eat your cake, and have it also.
You cannot hide an eel in a sack.
You cannot kill a dog with a bone.
You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

SCOTCH PROVERBS.

A BEGUN turn is half ended.
A bit is often better gi'en than eaten.
A blate cat maks a proud mouse.
A borrowed len' should gae laughing hame.
Affront your friend in daffin', and tine him in earnest.
A fidging mare should be weel girded.
A fou man and a hungry horse aye mak haste hame.
A friend's dinner's soon dished.

After a storm comes a calm.
A gi'en horse shouldna be looked i' the mouth.
A gi'en piece is soon eaten.
A greedy e'e ne'er gat a gude pennyworth.
A green Yule maks a fat kirkyard.
A gude cause maks a strong arm.
A hasty man never wanted wae.
A hunger and a burst.
A kiss and a drink o' water mak but a poor breakfast.
A man's weel or wae as he thinks himsel sae.
An ilka-day braw maks a Sabbath-day daw.
An ill shearer never got a guid heuk.
An ill wife and a new-kindled candle should hae their heads hadden down.
An unhappy fish gets an unhappy bait.
A nod o' honest men is eneugh.
A pund o' care winna pay an ounce o' debt.
A rough bane makes a fou wame.
As dark as a Yule midnight.
As guid fish in the sea as e'er came out o't.
As guid may haud the stirrup as he that loups on.
A Scotch mist will wet an Englishman to the skin.
A sillerless man gangs fast through the market.
A sorrowfu' heart is aye dry.
A' Stuarts are no sib to the king.
A tale never tines in the telling.
A tarrowing hen was never fat.
A tocherless dame sits lang at hame.
A wight man ne'er wanted a weapon.
A wilfu' man should be unco wise.
Auld men are twice bairns.
Auld sparrows are ill to tame.
Auld springs gie nae price.

Bairns speak in the field what they hear in the ha'.
Be a friend to yoursel, and others will.
Bear and forbear is guid philosophy.
Bear wealth weel, poortith will bear itsel.
Be aye the same thing you would be ca'd.
Be lang sick, that ye may be soon hale.
Best to be off with the old love before we be on with the new.
Better a finger aff than aye wagging.
Better a tocher in her than on her.
Better a toom house than an ill tenant.
Better a wee bush than nae bield.
Better a wee fire to warm you than a big fire to burn you.
Better be blithe wi' little than sad wi' naething.
Better buy than borrow.

Better lang something than soon naething.
Better sma' fish than nane.
Better wear shoon than wear sheets.
Blind men shouldna judge o' colours.
Bode for a silk gown and ye'll get a sleeve o't.
Burning a halfpenny candle seeking a farthing.
Burnt bairns dread the fire.

Cadgers have aye mind of lade saddles.
Canny stretch, soon reach.
Carrying saut to Dysart.
Cast not a clout till May be out.
Castna out the dowed water till ye get the fresh.
Cheatery kythes.
Come unca'd, sits unserved.
Come wi' the wind, and gang wi' the water.
Confess debt, and crave days.
Corn him weel, he'll work the better.
Count again is not forbidden.
Count siller after a' your kin.
Courtesy is cumbersome to him that kens it na.
Covetousness brings naething hame.
Credit is better than ill-won gear.
Credit keeps the crown o' the causey.

Dawted bairns can bear little.
Deal sma', and serve a'.
Death and marriage break term-day.
Ding down the nest, and the rooks will flee away.
Dinna cast awa' the cog when the cow flings.
Dinna gut your fish till ye get them.
Dogs bark as they are bred.
Do weel, an' doubt nae man; do ill, an' doubt a' men.
Do weel, an' hae weel.
Do your turn weel, and nane will speer what time ye took.
Drink little, that ye may drink lang.
Drive a cow to the ha', she'll run to the byre.

Early birds catch the worms.
East or west, hame is best.
Easy learned, soon forgotten.
Easy learning the cat the road to the kirn.
Easily working when will's at hame.
Eat in measure, an' defy the doctor.
Eat peas wi' a prince, an' cherries wi' a chapman.
Eat-weel's Drink-weel's brither.
Eating an' cleaning only require a beginning.
Ell and tell is guid merchandise.
Ever busy, ever bare.

Every ane loups the dike where it's laighest.
Every bird thinks its ain nest best.
Every cock craws crousest on his ain midden head.
Every fault has its fore.
Every flow has its ebb.
Every man bows to the bush he gets bield frae.
Every man buckles his belt his ain gate.
Every man can guide an ill wife weel but him that has her.
Every man can tout best on his ain horn.
Every man has his ain draff poke.
Every man's tale's guid till anither's be tauld.
Every Maybe hath a May not be.
Every miller wad weise the water to his ain mill.

Fair words break nae banes, foul words mony.
Fancy flees before the wind.
Far-awa fowls hae fair feathers.
Farther east, the shorter west.
Fausehood makes ne'er a fair hinder-end.
Flitting o' farms mak mailens dear.
Fools are aye fond o' flittin'.
Fools are aye seeing ferlies.
Fool's haste is nae speed.
Fools laugh at their ain sport.
Fools set far trysts.
Fools shouldna hae chappin'-sticks.
For want o' a steek a shoe may be tint.
Forbid a fool a thing, an' that he will do.
Frae saving comes having.
Friends are like fiddle-strings, they maunna be screwed owre tight.
Friends gree best at a distance.
Friendship canna stand aye on ae side.
Fry stanes wi' butter, an' the broe will be guid.

Gear is easier gotten than guided.
Gentle partans hae lang taes.
Gentle servants are poor men's tinsel.
Get weel, keep weel.
Gie your tongue mair holidays than your head.
Giff gaff maks guid friends.
Glasses an' lasses are brittle ware.
God ne'er sent the mouth, but he sent the meat wi't.
God shapes the back for the burden.
Gratitude is a heavy burden.
Great comfort is like ready gold in need.
Guid advice is ne'er out o' season.
Guid bairns are eith to lear.
Guid folk are scarce, tak care o' ane.

Guid health is better than wealth.
Guid kail is half meat.
Guid will ne'er wants time to show itsel.
Guidly cow, gawsy calf.
Guessed wark's best if weel done.

Hae, gars a deaf man hear.
Hand-in-use is father o' lear.
Hankering an' hinging-on is a poor trade.
Happy the wife that's married to a motherless son.
He can hide his meat and seek mair.
He can see an inch before his nose.
He caresna wha's bairns greet if his laugh.
He comes oftener wi' the rake than the shool.
He doesna aye ride when he saddles.
He doesna ken what end o' him's uppermost.
He doesna like his wark that says *Now* when it's done.
He eats the calf i' the cow's wame.
He gangs lang barefoot that wears dead men's shoon.
He has a caup for a' corn.
He has a guid judgment that doesna lippen to his ain.
He has a slid grip that has an eel by the tail.
He has come to guid by misguiding.
He has gotten the whip hand of him.
He has muckle prayer, but little devotion.
He has wit at will that wi' an angry heart can sit still.
He'll gie you the whistle o' your groat.
He'll have enough some day, when his mouth's fu' o' mools.
He'll mak an ill runner that canna gang.
He'll mend when he grows better, like sour ale in summer.
He'll neither dance nor haud the candle.
He'll no let grass grow at his heels.
He'll no sell his hen on a rainy day.
He'll soon be a beggar that canna say No.
He'll tell it to nae mair than he meets.
He lo'ed mutton weel that licked where the ewe lay.
He lo'es me for little that hates me for nought.
He looks like the far end of a French fiddle.
He maun be soon up that cheats the tod.
He maun hae leave to speak that canna haud his tongue.
He may find fault that canna mend.
He needs a lang spoon that sups wi' the deil.
He ne'er did a guid darg that gaed grumbling about it.
He reads his sin in his punishment.
He rides sicker that never fa's.
He's a fool that forgets himsel.
He's a fool that marries at Yule; for when the bairn's to bear, the corn's to shear.
He's a man of a wise mind, that of a foe can mak a friend.

He's a silly chiel that can neither do nor say.
He's a worthless guidman that's no missed.
He's like a flea in a blanket.
He's no sae daft as he lets on.
He's no the best wright that casts maist spails.
He's sairest dung that's paid wi' his ain wand.
He starts at straes, and lets windlins gae.
He's unco fu' in his ain house that canna pick a bane in his neighbour's.
He's weel worthy o' sorrow that buys it.
He's wise that's timely wary.
He's worth nae weel that can bide nae wae.
He that canna mak sport should mar nane.
He that counts a' costs will ne'er put plough i' the grund.
He that deals in dirt has aye foul fingers.
He that does you an ill turn will ne'er forgie you.
He that fa's in a gutter, the langer he lies, the dirtier he is.
He that fishes before the net, fishes lang or he fish get.
He that gets forgets, but he that wants thinks on.
He that has a mickle nose thinks ilk ane speaks o't.
He that has but ae e'e maun tent that weel.
He that has mickle wad aye hae mair.
He that has nae gear to tine may hae shins to pine.
He that lends his pot may seethe his kail in his loof.
He that looks to freets, freets will follow him.
He that rides or he be ready, wants aye some o' his graith.
He that's aught the cow gangs nearest the tail.
He that's ill to himsel will be guid to naebody.
He that seeks motes gets motes.
He that shows his purse bribes the thief.
He that speers all opinions comes ill speed.
He that steals can hide too.
He that tholes overcomes.
He that will cheat in play winna be honest in earnest.
He that will not thole maun flit mony a hole.
He that will to Cupar maun to Cupar.
He that winna when he may, shanna when he wad.
He that would eat the kirnel maun crack the nut.
He wad gar you trow that the moon's made o' green cheese.
He wad tine his lugs if they were not tacked to him.
He was mair fleyed than hurt.
He was the bee that made the honey.
Highlanders—shoulder to shoulder.

I canna sell the cow an' sup the milk.
If ae sheep loup the dike, a' the rest will follow.
If the deil find you idle, he'll set you to wark.
If the lift fa', the laverocks will be smoored.

If you win at that, you'll lose at naething.
Ill bairns are aye best heard at hame.
Ill bairns aye get broken brows.
Ill beef ne'er made guid broe.
Ill comes upon waur's back.
Ill counsel will gar a man stick his ain mare.
Ill doers are aye ill dreaders.
Ill getting het water frae 'neath cauld ice.
Ill hearing maks wrang rehearsing.
Ill herds mak fat foxes.
Ill laying up maks mony thieves.
Ill payers are aye guid cravers.
Ill-will ne'er spak weel.
Ill-won gear winna enrich the third heir.
Ill workers are aye guid onlookers.
I'll ne'er keep a dog and bark mysel.
I'll rather strive wi' the lang rigg than the ill neighbour.
I'm no sae blind as I'm bleer-e'ed.
I'm owre auld a cat to draw a strae before.
I'm speaking o' hay and you o' horse corn.
I ne'er sat on your coat-tail.
I think mair o' your kindness than its a' worth.
It maun be true what a' folk says.
It's a far cry to Lochaw.
It's a hard task to be poor and leal.
It's a mean mouse that has but ae hole.
It's a nasty bird that files its ain nest.
It's a silly hen that canna scrape for ae bird.
It's an ill pack that's no worth the custom.
It's better to sup wi' a cutty than want a spoon.
It's by the head that the cow gies milk.
It's far to seek an' ill to find.
It's guid baking beside the meal.
It's guid gear that pleases the merchant.
It's guid sleeping in a hale skin.
It's guid to be in your time, ye kenna how lang it may last.
It's guid to be sib to siller.
It's guid to dread the warst, the best will be the welcomer.
It's hard both to have and want.
It's hard for a greedy e'e to hae a leal heart.
It's hard to sit in Rome and strive wi' the pope.
It's ill bringing butt what's no ben.
It's ill speaking between a fu' man and a fasting.
It's ill wared that wasters want.
It's kittle for the cheeks when the hurlbarrow gaes owre the brig o' the nose.
It's kittle shooting at corbies and clergy.
It's kittle to waken sleeping dogs.
It's lang before the deil be found dead at the dikeside.

It's lang ere the deil dee.
It's nae laughing to girn in a widdy.
It's nae play when ane laughs and anither greets.
It's needless to pour water on a drowned mouse.
It's no lost what a friend gets.
It's not what is she, but what has she.
It's owre far between the kitchen an' the ha'.
It's owre late to spare when the back's bare.
It's past jouking when the head's aff.
It's stinking praise comes out o' ane's ain mouth.
It's the best spoke in your wheel.
It's well that our faults are not written in our face.
It was never for naething that the gleg whistled.
It will be feathered out o' your wing.
It will be lang ere ye wear to the knee lids.
I wad be scant o' claith to sole my hose wi' dockens.
I wadna be deaved wi' ye're keckling for a' your eggs.
I wadna ca' the king my cousin.
I wish you readier meat than a rinnin' hare.
I would rather see't than hear tell o't.

Joke at leisure, you kenna wha may jibe yersel.
Jouk, and let the jaw gang by.

Keep out o' his company that cracks o' his cheatery.
Keep something for a sore foot.
Keep the feast till the feast day.
Keep the staff in your ain hand.
Keep your ain fish guts to your ain sea-maws.
Keep your breath to cool your own porridge.
Keep your mouth shut and your e'en open.
Ken when to spend and when to spare, and ye needna be busy, and ye'll ne'er be bare.
Ken yoursel, and your neighbour winna misken you.
Kend folk's nae company.
Kindle a candle at baith ends, it will soon be done.
Kindness comes o' will, it canna be coft.
Kindness will creep where it canna gang.
Kings and bears aft worry their keepers.
Kings' chaff's worth other folk's corn.
Kings' cheese gaes half away in parings.
Kings hae lang hands.
Kiss a carle, and clap a carle, that's the way to tine a carle.
Kythe in your ain colours, that folk may ken ye.

Laith to bed, and laith to rise.
Lang fasting gathers wind.
Lang fasting hains nae meat.
Lang standing and little offering maks a poor priest.

Lang straes are nae motes.
Laugh at leisure, ye may greet ere night.
Law's costly; tak a pint, and gree.
Law-makers shouldna be law breakers.
Lay the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice.
Lay your wame to your winning.
Leal heart never lied.
Learn the cat the road to the kirn, and she'll aye be lickin.
Learn you to an ill habit, and ye'll ca't custom.
Learn young, learn fair.
Let alane, maks mony a loon.
Let byganes be byganes.
Let him cool in the skin he het in.
Let him tak a spring on his ain fiddle.
Let his ain wand ding him.
Let ilka ane soop before their ain door.
Let ilka sheep hang by its ain shank.
Let na the plough stand to kill a mouse.
Let the horns gang wi' the hide.
Let the mickle horse get the mickle windlin.
Let the tow gang wi' the bucket.
Let them care that come behind.
Let your meat dit your mouth.
Light burdens break nae banes.
Like a cow on an unco loan.
Like a sow playing on a trump.
Like butter in the black dog's hause.
Like hens, ye rin aye to the heap.
Like the bairns o' Falkirk, ye mind naething but mischief.
Like the cat, fain fish wad ye eat, but ye are laith to weet your feet.
Like the wife that aye took what she had, and never wanted.
Like the wife that ne'er cries for the ladle till the pot rins o'er.
Like's an ill mark.
Lippen to me, but look to yoursel.
List to meat's guid kitchen.*
Little dogs hae lang tails.
Little folk are soon angry.
Little Jock gets the little dish, and that hauds him lang little.
Little kenned, the less cared for.
Little meddling maks fair parting.
Little mense to the cheeks to bite aff the nose.
Little wats the ill-willy wife what a dinner may haud in.
Little wit in the head maks mikle travel to the feet.

* Hunger is the best sauce.

Little wit in the pow that lights the candle at the lowe.
[Flame of a coal.]
Living at heck and manger.
Lock your door, that you may keep your neighbours honest.
Love and lairdships like nae marrows [equals].
Love is as warm among cottars as courtiers.
Lo'e me little, an' lo'e me lang.
Love owerlooks mony faults.

Maidens should be mild and meek, quick to hear, and slow to speak.
Mair by luck than guid guiding.
Mair haste the waur speed, quoth the tailor to the lang thread.
Mair than eneugh is owre mickle.
Mak a kirk an' a mill o't.
Mak nae toom ruse.
Malice is aye mindfu'.
Marriage and hanging go by destiny.
Marry a beggar, and get a louse for your tocher.
Marry aboon your match, and get a master.
Marry for love, and work for siller.
Master's will is guid wark.
Mastery maws the meadows down.
Maun-do is a fell fallow.
May-be's are no aye honey-bees.
Measure twice, cut but ance.
Meat feeds, claith cleads, but manners mak the man.
Mess and meat ne'er hindered wark.
Mettle's dangerous in a blind mare.
Mickle about ane, quoth the deil to the collier.
Mickle gifts mak beggars bauld.
Mickle head, little wit.
Mickle maun a guid heart thole.
Mickle meat, mony maladies.
Mickle musing mars the memory.
Mickle power maks mony faes.
Money is like the muck midden, it does nae guid till it be spread.
Money is welcome any way.
Money maks a man free ilka where.
Mony an honest man needs help that hasna the face to seek it.
Mony ane kisses the bairn for love o' the nurse.
Mony ane lacks what they would fain hae in their pack.
Mony ane serves a thankless master.
Mony ane speers the gate they ken fu' weel.
Mony ane's gear is mony ane's death.
Mony guid-nights is laith away.

Mony kinsfolk, but few friends.
Mony littles mak a mickle.
Mony purses haud friends lang thegither.
Mony ways to kill a dog, though ye dinna hang him.
Mony wyte their wife for their ain thriftless life.

Nae fleeing without wings.
Nae man can live langer in peace than his neighbours like.
Nae man can mak his ain hap.
Nae man has a tack o' his life.
Nae wonder to see wasters want.
Naething but fill and fetch mair.
Naething is a man's truly but what he comes by duly.
Naething is got without pains but dirt and lang nails.
Naething is sae difficult but we may owercome by perseverance.
Naething sae bauld as a blind mare.
Naething to be done in haste but gripping fleas.
Naething to do but draw in your stool and sit down.
Nane are sae weel but they hope to be better.
Nane can play the fool sae weel as a wise man.
Need maks greed.
Need will gar an auld wife trot, and a naked man rin.
Ne'er draw your dirk when a dunt will do.
Ne'er fash your thoom.
Ne'er let on, but laugh in your ain sleeve.
Ne'er lippen owre mickle to a new friend or an auld enemy.
Ne'er marry a widow unless her first man was hanged.
Ne'er owre auld to learn.
Ne'er put a sword in a madman's hand.
Ne'er put the plough before the owsen.
Ne'er put your hand farther out than your sleeve will reach.
Ne'er rax aboon your reach.
Ne'er sca'd your lips in ither folk's kail.
Ne'er seek a wife till ye ken what to do wi' her.
Ne'er shaw me the meat but the man.
Ne'er shaw your teeth unless ye can bite.
Ne'er speak ill o' them whase bread ye eat.
Ne'er strive against the stream.
Ne'er tak a forehammer to break an egg.
Ne'er tell your fae when your foot sleeps.
Neither sae sinfu' as to sink nor sae haly as to swim.
Neither to haud nor to bind.
Next to nae wife, a guid wife is the best.
Nobility without ability is like a pudding without suet.

Of a' flatterers, self-love is the greatest.
Of a' sorrow, a fu' sorrow's the best.
Of ae ill comes mony.
Of ill debtors men get aiths.
Onything for you about an honest man's house but a day's wark.
Open confession is guid for the soul.
Our sins and debts are aften mair than we think.
Out o' the peat pot into the gutter.
Owre braw a purse to put a plack in.
Owre mony grieves only hinder the wark.
Owre reckless may repent.
Owre sicker, owre loose.
Owre strong meat for your weak stamach.

Pay him in his ain coin.
Placks and bawbees grow pounds.
Play's good while it's play.
Please your kimmer, and you'll easily guide your gossip.
Plenty maks dainty.
Poor folk's friends soon misken them.
Poverty is the mother o' a' arts.
Pride and grace ne'er dwell in ae place.
Pride finds nae cauld.
Pride ne'er leaves its master till he get a fa'.
Pride that dines wi' vanity sups wi' contempt.
Provision in season makes a bein house.
Put a coward to his metal, and he'll fight the deil.
Put on your spurs and be at your speed.
Put twa pennies in a purse, and they'll creep thegither.
Put your finger in the fire, and say it was your fortune.
Put your hand twice to your bonnet for ance to your pouch.

Quality without quantity is little thought of.
Quey calves are dear veal.
Quick, for you'll ne'er be cleanly.
Quietness is best.

Rather spoil your joke than tine your friend.
Raw dads mak fat lads.
Raw leather raxes weel.
Reckon up your winning at your bed-stock.
Red wood maks good spindles.
Reputation is often got without merit, and lost without crime.
Rich folk hae routh o' friends.
Rich mixture maks guid mortar.
Riches are got wi' pain, kept wi' care, and tint wi' grief.

Right wrangs nae man.
Roose [praise] the fair day at e'en.
Rue and thyme grow baith in ae garden.
Rule youth weel, for eild will rule itsel.

Saut, quoth the souter, when he had eaten a cow a' but the tail.
Saw thin, shear thin.
Say still No, and ye'll ne'er be married.
Scanty cheeks mak a lang nose.
Scart-the-cog wad sup mair.
Send your gentle bluid to the market, and see what it will buy.
Serve yoursel till your bairns come of age.
Set a stout heart to a stey brae.
Shame fa' them that think shame to do themselves a guid turn.
She brak her elbow at the kirk door.
She hauds up her head like a hen drinking water.
She looks as if butter wadna melt in her mouth.
She looks like a lady in a landward kirk.
She that gangs to the well wi' an ill will, either the pig breaks or the water will spill.
She'll keep her ain side o' the house, and gang up and down yours.
She'll wear like a horse-shoe, aye the langer the clearer.
She's better than she's bonny.
Show me the man, and I'll show you the law.
Sic as ye gie, sic will ye get.
Silence grips the mouse.
Slander leaves a sair behind.
Smooth waters run deep.
Soon eneugh if weel eneugh.
Sorrow and ill weather come unsent for.
Sorrow is soon eneugh when it comes.
Speak good of pipers, your father was a fiddler.
Stay nae langer in a friend's house than you're welcome.
Stuffing hauds out storming.

Tak a man by his word and a cow by her horn.
Tak the bit and the buffet wi't.
Tak time ere time be tint.
Tak wit i' your anger.
Tak your ain will, and ye'll no die o' the pet.
Tak your thanks to feed your cat.
Tak your venture, as mony a guid ship has done.
That's Halkerston's cow.*

* A story told the reverse of the real occurrences.

The black ox near trod on his foot.*
The book o' maybe's is very braid.
The cost owergangs the profit.
The foot at the cradle and the hand at the reel, is a sign that a woman means to do weel.
The head for the washing.
The king may come in the cadger's gate.
The master's foot's the best measure.
The o'ercome only fashes folk to keep.
There was ne'er a guid town but there was a dub at the end o't.
There was never a silly Jocky but there was as silly a Jenny.
There's a dub before every door.
There's a tough sinew in an auld wife's heel.
There's a whaup i' the raip.†
There's aye some water where the stirkie drowns.
There's beild aneath an auld man's beard.
There's steel in the needle point, though little o't.
There's the end o' an auld sang.
The simple man's the beggar's brither.
The smith's mare and the souter's wife are aye the warst shod.
The thing that lies na in your gate breaks na your shins.
The thrift o' you and the woo o' a dog wad mak a braw web.
The tod ne'er sped better than when he gaed his ain errand.
The worth o' a thing is best kenned by the want o't.
They'll gree better when they gang in by different kirk doors.
They are sad rents that come in wi' tears.
They hae need o' a canny cook that hae but ae egg to their dinner.
They ne'er saw great dainties that think a haggis a feast.
They speak o' my drinking, but ne'er think o' my drouth.
They that get a word o' soon rising may lie a' day.
They that gie you hinder you to buy.
They that lie down for love should rise up for hunger.
They that love maist speak least.
Three can keep a secret when two are away.
Thrift is a guid revenue.
Time and thinking tame the strongest grief.
Time tint is ne'er to be found.
Time tries a'.
Tine heart and a's gane.
Tine thimble, tine thrift.
Tit for tat's fair play.
To him that wills, ways are seldom wanting.
Toom stalls mak biting horses.
Truth will aye stand without a prop.

* Death never gave him sorrow. † Something amiss.

Try your friend ere you need him.
Twa words maun gang to that bargain.

Virtue ne'er grows auld.

Waes the wife that wants the tongue, but weel's the man that gets her.
Want o' wit is waur than want o' wealth.
War maks thieves, and peace hangs them.
We are aye to learn as lang as we live.
We are bound to be honest, and no to be rich.
Wealth has made mair men covetous than covetousness has made men wealthy.
Wealth maks wit waver.
Weans maun creep ere they gang.
We canna baith sup and blaw.
Wedding and ill wintering tame baith man and beast.
Weel is that weel does.
Weel kens the mouse when the cat's out o' the house.
We'll never ken the worth o' water till the well gae dry.
We maun live by the living, and no by the dead.
Wha can haud what will be away.
Wha can help misluck.
Wha can help sickness, quoth the wife, when she lay in the gutter.
Wha comes oftener, and brings you less.
Wha daur bell the cat.
What's my case the day may be yours the morn.
What may be done at ony time will be done at nae time.
What we first learn we best ken.
What winna do by might do by flight.
What you do when your drunk ye may pay for when your dry.
When a' men speak, nae man hears.
When ae door steeks, anither ane opens.
When friends meet, hearts warm.
When he dies of age, ye may quake for fear.
When my head's down my house is theiked.
When petticoats woo, breeks come speed.
When the barn's fu', ye may thresh before the door.
When the cap's fu', carry't even.
When the cow's in the clout she soon runs out.*
When the guidman drinks to the guidwife, a' wad be weel.
When the guidwife drinks to the guidman, a's weel.
When the heart's fu' o' lust, the mouth's fu' o' leasing.
When the tod preaches, tak tent o' the lambs.
When the tod wins to the wood, he caresna how mony keek at his tail.
When the wame's fu', the banes wad be at rest.

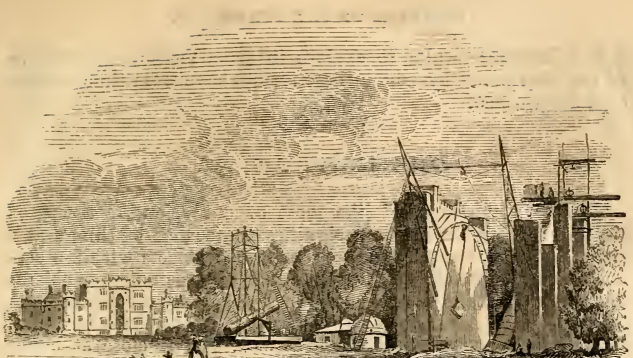
* The price of a cow is soon spent.

When wine sinks, words swim.
When ye're gaun an' comin', the gate's no toom.
When ye are weel, haud yoursel sae.
When ye win at that, ye may lick aff a het girdle.
When you're served, a' the geese are watered.
Where drums beat, laws are dumb.
Wrang has nae warrant.

Ye're like Macfarlane's geese, ye hae mair mind o' your play than your meat.
Ye're like the chapman, ye're aye to handsel.
Ye're like the miller's dog, ye lick your lips ere the poke be opened.
Ye're like the tod, ye grow gray before ye grow guid.
Ye fand it where the Highlandman fand the tangs.
Ye hae gotten a ravelled hesp o't.
Ye hae gotten the chapman's drouth.*
Ye hae stayed lang, and brought little wi' ye.
Ye hae taen the measure o' his foot.
Ye hae tint the tongue o' the trump.
Ye'll get nae mair o' the cat but the skin.
Ye'll hae baith your meat and your mense.†
Ye'll sit till ye sweat, and work till ye freeze.
Ye look like Let-me-be.
Yelping curs will raise mastiffs.
Ye maun have it simmered and wintered.
Ye're a guid seeker, but an ill finder.
Ye're best when ye're sleeping.
Ye're bonny eneugh to them that lo'e ye, and owre bonny to them that lo'e ye and canna get ye.
Ye're busy seeking the thing that's no tint.
Ye're come o' bluid, and sae's a pudding.
Yer een's yer merchant.
Ye're feared for the day ye never saw.
Yer gear will ne'er owregang ye.
Ye're never pleased, fu' nor fasting.
Ye're of sae mony minds, ye'll never be married.
Ye're sair fashed hauding naething thegither.
Yer teeth's langer than yer beard.
Ye shape shoon by your ain shachled feet.
Ye watna where a blessing may light.
You cannot eat your bannock, and have it.
Young folk *may* die, and auld folk *maun* die.
Your head will never fill your father's bonnet.
Your purse was steekit when that was paid for.
Your tongue rins aye before your wit.

* Hunger.

† Offer a person a thing, and if he will not take it, you will at least have the credit of having made the offer.



WONDERS OF THE TELESCOPE.

IT has been eloquently said that "while the microscope unfolds to us a world of life and enjoyment in every atom, the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, and suggests that, above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe." The one reveals to us the wonders of the organic world, displaying beauty and harmony of structure in beings otherwise but dimly visible, and detecting activity of being where life was altogether unsuspected by the unassisted eye; the other makes known to us the superficial character of orbs, which seem mere luminous specks to the natural vision, and draws forth from the recesses of space stars and world-systems, the existence of which, but for its aid, would remain for ever unknown. The one exhibits the immensity of the Creator in the minute; the other his minuteness in the immense. Like all human means, however, both are limited and imperfect, and leave the enlightened imagination to depict myriads of forms and functions in either direction as perfect, and as perfectly sustained, as those which are the nearest and most familiar. To the revelations of the microscope, we have already devoted a number of this Miscellany; the still more marvellous discoveries of the telescope will form the subject of the present paper. The objects of the former lie amid the minute of our own world; those of the latter are the countless suns and sun-systems scattered throughout the regions of illimitable space. It is necessary, however,

before detailing results, to explain in some measure the nature of the instrument by which these results have from time to time been determined.

THE INSTRUMENT.

The word "telescope," like most of our scientific terms, is derived from the Greek, and signifies the seeing of things at a distance. The natural eye is formed to see objects within a certain range, but by the help of the telescope, we can discern objects that are too distant to be seen by the naked eye; and the things that the eye of itself can see only in a dim and indistinct manner, may be seen by that instrument as clearly as if close at hand. The invention of this wonderful aid has been ascribed to various persons; but whoever the inventor, it is certain that it was not directed, in the spirit of philosophical inquiry, to the heavenly bodies anterior to the beginning of the seventeenth century (1609–10), when the illustrious Galileo, and our countryman Harriot, simultaneously, but unknown to each other, commenced that career of observation which, with all its imperfect appliances, has already disclosed so many marvellous and important facts and existences.

The powers of the telescope depend upon the action of glass lenses upon rays of light. A lens is a piece of glass (such as the eye of a pair of spectacles) whose surface is not flat like window or mirror glass, but rounded, so as to be either thicker in the middle than at the edges, which makes a *convex lens*, or thinner in the middle than at the edges, making a *concave lens*. In fig. 1, page 5, the lenses A B and C D are both convex; in fig. 2, A B is convex, and C D concave.

When light passes through a piece of plane glass, such as a window-pane, the rays proceed in the same direction after passing through as they had before entering. A level ray would continue level on coming through a piece of plane glass; but if, instead of plane glass, we use a lens, the direction of the light is altered in going through. A level ray may be turned up or turned down, according to the surface-line of the glass; and a north ray would diverge to the east or west. This bending of the rays alters very much the appearance of the bodies they come from. If we see a man through a window, we see him exactly as if there were nothing between him and us; but if we see him through a lens, his appearance is totally altered, owing to this bending of the rays from his person in their passage through the lens. If it be a concave lens, the bending will be such, that he will seem smaller and farther off than he is. The rays will strike the eye in the same way that rays would strike it from a man standing at a greater distance. If it be a bulging or convex lens, he will seem larger and nearer than he actually is, when

we hold the lens at a certain distance from the eye. If we hold it at other distances, his whole image will be broken up, and made so incoherent, that we will not recognise even the shape of a human being. This arises from the directions of all the rays being so much altered, that they do not enter the eye in the proper manner for producing the figure of a man; but there is one position, at a particular distance from our eye, that will show the image of the person we are looking at correct and complete, but turned upside down, and made perhaps much smaller or much larger than the reality. This is the most singular effect of all. The rays from all parts of his person pass through the lens, and are so bent inward by it, that they all cross one another on the other side, and fall into their proper places, so as to make a new picture, as it were, in the air, whose rays proceed to the eye, and show a new inverted man, instead of the original upright one. If a lens be correctly rounded, and well placed, it has this remarkable power of creating a new image of all objects that are exposed to it: the object being on one side of the lens, and the image, as seen by the eye, on the other. All the rays coming from the head of a man are so bent in passing through the lens, that they join together again, and make a new image of a head; whilst those from the breast fall together next the head, and so on; every part, and every ray, being nearly in the same place in the new picture as in the original, only the whole is turned upside down. Any one may make this interesting experiment with a magnifying glass. If the glass is properly held before a candle, a new inverted candle will be pictured in the air on the other side; and the picture may be seen by the eye, if it looks in the straight line of the glass and the candle, or the picture may be brought out on a sheet of paper held on the other side of the glass from the candle, and moved backward and forward till the place is found where the image is most correct. The place where the image is formed is called the *focus* of the lens. The camera obscura and magic lantern are constructed with a single convex lens on this principle. They enable us to transfer the whole appearance of any object to a piece of paper, or a screen, or a bit of frosted glass; and, by the choice and placing of the lens, we may make the new picture either larger or smaller than the original.

This wonderful power of a single bit of rounded bulging glass, to create between the eye and the glass a new representation of any outward thing, may be turned to the most valuable purposes. It may be so managed, that a very distant object can be viewed with as great distinctness as if it were many times nearer. If we can so arrange matters, that our eye shall come very close to this new image, we may be able to see its parts with very great minuteness; for in this case we are not dealing with the original, which may be many yards, miles, or even millions of miles off; we are, in fact, viewing a thing within a few inches

perhaps of the eye. But it is necessary to explain how we can take a close view of such a nice object as an aërial picture.

If we use a screen, as already explained, the thing will be before us as it were bodily, and we can examine it with our eyes; or we may use a magnifying glass or a microscope to make it still more visible. But the same thing can be done without a screen. It is, however, necessary to understand precisely the use of a single lens as a magnifying glass, which is a convex lens the same as the picturing glass, only it is held close to the eye, instead of being placed at a considerable distance. When held close, it does not make a new picture—it only modifies the appearance of the original, so as to make it larger, as is generally supposed; but, in fact, this is not what really happens. The real action of a magnifying eyeglass is this: there is a certain distance from the eye where things close at hand are very distinctly seen; if they are brought nearer, they become confused and indistinct. Thus an ordinary person sees small print well at about six or eight inches from his eye; if he bring it within four inches, it becomes unreadable. The eyeball itself is a convex lens, acting, as we have explained, by making on a screen at its back surface an image of all outward objects; and this image is not perfect if things are held too near. But if we are looking at a thing that is very small, or very nice and minute in its parts—such as the parts of a small insect—we hold it very near, that it may cover a larger space on the eye, and make a larger picture for us in the inside. Indeed, in looking at very fine objects, we would hold them to the very surface of the eyeball itself, to gain more apparent size, if it were not for the confusion already mentioned. Now, it is the office of the magnifying glass to remedy this confusion, and allow the things to be placed close. It so modifies the direction of the rays of light, that an object that made a distinct appearance only at eight inches from the eye, may be distinct at four inches, or even one inch—perhaps a quarter of an inch, if the form be very much rounded, like a little glass bead. Every one may observe that in using such a glass, he holds the object looked at closer to the eye. But if an object can be distinctly seen at four inches from the eye, it makes four times as large a figure as when it stands at eight inches, and its small parts will thus be fourfold more apparent: a point scarcely noticed in the latter case, may be very distinct if it be doubled in length and doubled in breadth, as it really is at half the distance from the eye. If, therefore, distinct vision can be made to take place at one inch, the object will really be eight times larger each way than at eight inches; the surface will have sixty-four times the extent, which must enable far smaller parts to be seen. Such is the *magnifying* function of a convex lens—its power of modifying the appearance of an outward object by diverting or bending the direction of its rays.

Now, a telescope contains two lenses: one is used to create a

picture; the second to magnify that picture, or, more properly, to enable the eye to come very close to it, and yet have a distinct picture of it. Two convex lenses properly adjusted, constitute the simplest form of the telescope, as in fig. 1.

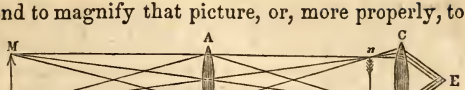


Fig. 1.

Let the arrow (M N) stand for any outward object, and let its rays fall upon a convex lens (A B), which is seen edgeways in the figure. The rays will be all bent, so that, at a certain distance on the other side of the lens, a new representation of the arrow (*n m*) will be made. The rays from the point of the arrow at M will be so acted on at the two surfaces of the lens, that they will all come together again, and make, as it were, an arrow point at *m*. The rays from the feather at N will fall into their places at *n*, in a new arrow head; and so on throughout, the whole being inverted. A second lens (C D) is used, not to form a second picture (as it would do if distance were allowed it), but to enable the eye at E to look closer at *n m* than it could otherwise do. What the eye sees, therefore, by the two lenses, is a near picture of the original arrow turned upside down. This picture is nearer and larger to the sight in proportion to the roundness of the magnifying lens. Suppose the image (*n m*) is 6 inches from the picturing or *object* lens, then, if the eye look at it at a distance of 6 inches, the picture will have the same apparent size as the original, and nothing will be gained. But if the second lens, called the *eye-piece*, enables the eye to come within 1 inch of the picture, and yet see it without confusion, it will be 36 times as large to appearance as the original, 6 times each way. In fact, the view is now improved as much as if a six-mile object were brought within 1 mile. Now, the greater the distance of the picture from the object lens which forms it, the greater its focal distance; and the nearer that the eye can be brought to the picture by the eye-lens, the larger the appearance will be, or the greater will be the magnifying power of the telescope. Two such lenses shut up in a tube, make what is called the *astronomical* telescope. In looking at the heavens, the inversion of the picture causes no inconvenience. In the Galilean telescope (fig. 2)—so called from Galileo—a concave eye-piece is placed behind the position of the picture, which lodges it at once in the eye. There is no inversion in this telescope.

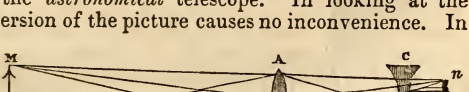


Fig. 2.

For land objects, which must appear erect, a telescope is formed with additional lenses, which make a second picture, as in fig. 3. The lens (AB) makes the first picture, and the two lenses (CD and EF) cross the rays again, and make a second picture, which is upright. This is viewed by the eye-piece (GH). To increase the power of these telescopes, the object-glass (AB) is made with a very long focus, or so as to form its picture as far off from itself as possible. This requires its shape to be very much flattened, and still to preserve a perfect roundness—a matter difficult of execution. All lenses are more or less imperfect; that is, the picture they form is liable to be somewhat confused, which takes off from the advantage of the instrument. The greatest evil is one that cannot be cured by a single lens—that is, the fringing or colouring of the picture. But this action has been done away with by using a double lens, or two lenses of different kinds of glass joined together. The difference in the quality of the glasses to produce colour is so managed, that they neutralise one another, and a picture free from coloured and indistinct edges is produced. This compound lens is called *achromatic*, or wanting in colour. With these lenses very perfect telescopes are made of 2, 3, 6, or 10 feet of length, and with eye-pieces of half or quarter of an inch, and under, of focal distance. A three-feet telescope—that is, a telescope where the picture is made 36 inches from the object-glass, and an eye-piece that lets the picture come within half an inch of the eye (a half-inch eye-piece), would magnify 72 times each way, and have the same effect as if the distance of the original were divided by 72.

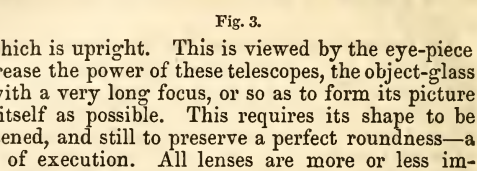


Fig. 3.

A hollow or concave mirror, if the hollow be truly spherical, has the same power as a convex lens in creating a new picture of an object, that will serve the purposes of a telescope. A plane mirror also makes a picture, but it has not the power of yielding a telescopic effect with an eye-piece. The concave mirror has the advantage of not creating a coloured picture: it is, therefore, extensively used for telescopes, especially for those of the largest power. The form of a *reflecting telescope* must be different from the other, that the observer may not stand between

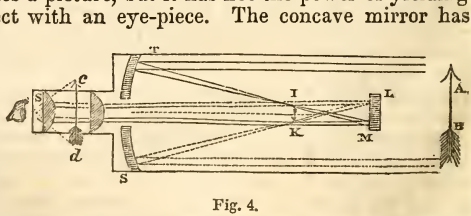


Fig. 4.

the object and the mirror. Fig. 4 is a reflecting telescope, called the *Gregorian*, from its constructor, James Gregory of Aberdeen. The *object mirror* (T S) is seen at the bottom of the tube. An external object (A B), sending its rays into the tube, has a reflected picture of itself formed at I K. This picture passes on to a second small mirror (L M), which reflects it back again through a hole in the large mirror to the eye-tube, where picture *c d*, that the eye is to look at, is formed, and viewed close by the eye-piece (S).

Sir William Herschel got over the difficulty of placing the observer out between the object and the mirror, by a simpler arrangement, represented in fig. 5. He gave the mirror (A B) at the bottom of the tube a slight slope, so that it sends its image to *a*, at the edge of the tube's mouth, where it is viewed by the eye-piece without bringing the observer's head between the thing viewed and the mirror.

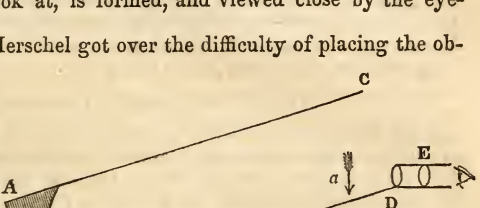


Fig. 5.

On this principle Sir William Herschel constructed telescopes of gigantic dimensions and power. His greatest was 40 feet long, and the mirror 4 feet wide. The use of a large mirror is to take in more light, which is apt to fail in using high magnifying powers. With an eye-piece of an inch focus, the power of such a telescope would be 480 each way, which would magnify a surface nearly a quarter of a million of times. The moon would be seen by such a power as if she were brought within 500 miles of us, her real distance being 240,000 miles.

But Lord Rosse has surpassed Herschel in the construction of reflecting telescopes. The chief difficulty in making monster telescopes (apart from the stupendous machinery for supporting and moving them), is the forming of the mirror or speculum, which is of metal, and requires to have a surface of high polish and reflecting power, and at the same time to be ground into a perfectly spherical or rather parabolic form. The mixing of the ingredients to make a good shining metal, and the casting of an immense mass, like a millstone, of an even hardness throughout; and lastly, the grinding, shaping, and polishing of the surface, make a series of operations of the utmost difficulty. After succeeding in the manufacture of the speculum, Lord Rosse has gone on to construct two telescopes of immense power —the one 26 feet long; the other, "the monster telescope," 56

feet, the focal length of the mirror being 52 feet. The 56 feet tube is 7 feet wide; the mirror at the bottom is 6 feet wide, with a glittering polish all over the surface, and weighs three tons. This largest instrument not only surpasses Herschel's and all others in size, but in the perfection of its finish, and of the picture that it produces, which is of far more consequence than the largeness of its focal range. As it is unquestionably one of the greatest curiosities of the age, both in point of construction and effect, we transfer the following description from "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal"—referring at the same time to the vignette illustration which accompanies this paper.

VISIT TO THE ROSSE TELESCOPE.

First by railway to Kildare, and thence by coach, the journey of seventy-eight miles from Dublin was satisfactorily performed; and early in the afternoon of an October day, 1846, I found myself comfortably seated in a hotel in Parsonstown—adjoining the noble mansion of the same name, where was situated the interesting object of my journey.

The appearance of Parsonstown was somewhat surprising. In travelling towards it from Dublin, various extensive tracts of bog-land are crossed, useful no doubt for fuel to the adjacent inhabitants, but otherwise unproductive, and too large and unsightly to inspire pleasing emotions. There is also seen not a little wayside poverty—mud hovels, a poor state of husbandry, and a straggling, though far from dense population. Immediately beyond one of the dreary bog regions, we come suddenly upon Parsonstown, almost as neat and brisk a town as could be seen in England—environs consisting of numerous villas, a square of good houses, and several regular streets; pretty nearly the whole being whitewashed, and possessing an air of substantiality and comfort. To account for these agreeable features, I was informed that the town has become a favourite resort of families seeking a place of genteel retirement, though the nature of the climate is by no means favourable to those requiring a dry and equable condition of the atmosphere. Perhaps not the least irresistible of its attractions are the easy terms on which building-ground is obtained from Lord Rosse, and the not less marked liberality of that nobleman in opening his extensive pleasure-grounds for several hours daily to all who choose to visit them.

A walk along a terrace of houses, forming, with the trees opposite, a species of boulevard, conducts to the gate of his lordship's domain; and, uninterrupted, we soon reach the lawn in front of the castle—a large and commodious building of some antiquity, which endured a siege during the wars of the Revolution. In whatever manner the edifice was surrounded with defences in those troublesome times, it is now open to the park-like lawn that bounds it on the north, and in which are situated

the various telescopes of its ingenious proprietor. Previous to the arrival of the steward, who was kindly deputed to afford me every desirable information, I had an opportunity of taking a general glance at the apparatus, and of looking around the grounds, through which flows, in many a meandering turn, the pretty little river Lower Brusna, a tributary of the Shannon.

The telescopes, on which of course my attention was mainly riveted, are three in number, like the degrees of comparison—great, greater, greatest—and are all situated near to each other, so as to command a fair view of the heavens over the tops of the trees which bound the lawn. The smallest is contained in a dome-roofed edifice, resembling an ordinary observatory, and therefore presents nothing exteriorly remarkable. The two larger are under no roof; they are open to the weather; great black tubes dangling from chains like the funnels of steamboats, lowered slopingly from the perpendicular. One of these is 26 feet long and 3 feet in diameter, and is adjusted so as to wheel round to point in any required direction. The other, which is appropriately called the "monster telescope," measures 50 feet in length by 6 feet in diameter, and is suspended between high and substantial walls, which permit its command of only a stripe of the heavens from south to north—an arrangement which, however imperative from the bulk of the machine, I was sorry to think must somewhat lessen its usefulness.

So much for a first glance of these wonderful astronomical instruments. Before I had walked round them, the steward, an intelligent and obliging young man, placed himself at my service; and, by way of beginning at the beginning, conducted me to the workshops where the whole apparatus was made. The road proceeded through a clump of trees, and emerged on a courtyard on the right of the castle, where an entire engineering establishment disclosed itself. It was certainly something new to find a smelting furnace in active operation, blown by a steam-engine, within a dozen feet of the drawing-room window of a nobleman's castle! The furnace was puffing away at a great rate; and a neat little engine was diligently occupied not only in blowing the bellows, but in giving motion to sundry shafts, belts, and pulleys. A large complex piece of machinery, designed to turn and smooth the specula of the telescopes, was at rest; and about a dozen men were here and there occupied with sundry minor operations. All the workmen who have, from first to last, been engaged in preparing the telescopes, or the apparatus connected with them, have been natives—a fact which will seem strange to those who are unacquainted with the aptitude for instruction of the Irish character. It will probably appear not less surprising that the instructor and superintendent of these artisans in their multifarious duties has been no other than Lord Rosse, whose accomplishments in practical science, independently of his rank, would place him in a distinguished posi-

tion. As illustrative of his skill in this respect, an anecdote is related by the good folk of Parsonstown, to the effect of his lordship having on one occasion visited an engineering establishment in London, and there shown such a knowledge of mechanics, that the proprietor, in his ignorance of whom he was addressing, offered him a situation of some hundreds per annum—a compliment, one can fancy, which is not likely to be paid to many other members of the peerage. Devoted to pursuits involving mathematical calculations, he has been pretty constantly engaged, since 1826, in perfecting the means of telescopic observation; and on this interesting branch of science alone he is understood to have spent, till the present time, as much as £30,000. Long-continued and costly as have been these labours, they could not have realised their present successful results, unless they had been conducted with the most imperturbable patience and good-humour, together with a readiness to have recourse to new and hazardous expedients on all occasions of difficulty and defeat. On this account, the operations of his lordship more resemble the long and studious exercises of the old alchemists in their laboratories, than the proceedings of a modern man of science and letters.

It would be a very long story to tell all that Lord Rosse has done since he commenced his labours twenty years ago, and I need therefore refer only to the more important steps in his operations—a slight popular sketch being alone desirable in these pages. His lordship began by attempting to make a telescope, with glass lenses, of the old and usual kind. A short course of experiments proved that little good could arise from this effort, and he then adopted the principle of the reflecting telescope, [described in the preceding pages.] The power of a reflecting speculum depends, like that of a lens, on its diameter and degree of sphericity; or, properly speaking, its capacity for collecting the rays which stream from any object. In employing the exact spherical concavity, however, there is always a slight confusion to the eye, in consequence of the centre of the speculum giving the image or reflection of the object at a different focal distance from the parts at and near the circumference. This confusion, which is called *spherical aberration*, can be avoided only by forming the speculum with a parabolic curve—that is, a concavity slightly elliptical or oval; but the exceeding difficulty of producing this figure with mathematical accuracy, may be judged from the fact, that if two specula of six feet in diameter —the one spherical, and the other parabolic—were pressed into contact at the centre, the edges would not diverge from each other more than the thousandth part of an inch!

Lord Rosse, at the outset, abandoned the spherical form altogether, and endeavoured to produce a true parabolic speculum, which should be free from aberration. An approximation to the parabolic in small specula had previously been attained by cer-

tain telescope makers by means of hand labour. His lordship attempted no such imperfect process: he invented a grinding and polishing machine, by which, after repeated trials, he realised the means of making perfect specula of any dimensions, from one to six feet in diameter. A difficulty not less formidable impeded his operations—the casting of a speculum of sufficient size and strength. Herschel discovered Uranus with a speculum of forty-eight inches diameter; but it became tarnished, from defects of composition, and was abandoned for one of eighteen inches. That which was now desirable was a nice adjustment of metallic compounds, which, while affording a durable lustre, would also give that degree of ductility by which the speculum could be handled and ground without liability to fracture. After numerous trials, it was found that the best combinations were of tin and copper, in the proportions of rather more than two of copper to one of tin; or, more correctly, 126·4 parts of copper to 58·9 of tin. These proportions fused together, and cast in a mould, made a preferable speculum metal.

With a knowledge of the proper proportions to be used, Lord Rosse commenced making a speculum which should be three feet in diameter, by casting sixteen separate portions, to be soldered together afterwards. After repeated trials, he made one of this compound kind; and it was by the experience he acquired in doing so, that he became acquainted with the method of casting a large speculum in a single piece. Several tormenting difficulties attended his first efforts. Small air-holes were formed in the metal, and the speculum cracked in cooling. A mould of sand, and subsequently a mould of cast-iron, failed in giving freedom from pores. The desideratum was a kind of mould which should retain the molten metal, and yet allow the air-globules to escape. Such was at length discovered, and it is this which has deservedly stamped Lord Rosse's name with celebrity, reducing as it does the casting of specula to a certainty. The simplicity of the contrivance causes it to appear a matter of no great wonder; but, like the plan pursued by Columbus to make the egg stand on end, it is easy only when it is known. The contrivance consisted in making the bottom of the mould of layers of hoop iron, bound closely together, with the edges uppermost. By this means the iron conducted the heat away through the bottom, so as to cool the metal towards the top, while the interstices between the hoops, though close enough to prevent the metal from running out, were sufficiently open to allow the air to escape. At my visit, I had an opportunity of seeing this singular mould; it was a large disk of malleable iron, the layers of which were about half an inch thick, and to all appearance so closely welded, that water could not filter through them.

The first large speculum thus made in a single piece was a round plate of metal three feet in diameter, nine inches thick,

and upwards of a ton in weight. On becoming solid, it was removed, to be annealed, to a brick oven, the mouth of which is level with the ground, at the distance of a few feet. The oven was nearly red-hot when the speculum was shut up within it, and from this temperature it was allowed to become gradually cool, when the annealing was completed. The time required for annealing a plate of this large size is, I believe, about three weeks; and yet, with all this attention, so brittle is the metal, from sudden variations of temperature, that a warm hand laid upon it in a cold night will make it fly in pieces.

Following the mass to the next stage in its progress, we find it placed, with the face upwards, upon a turning apparatus. Here it is seen moving round slowly, immersed partially in water, in order to be kept cool, while a grinding or rubbing tool works on its surface. By means of this grinder, with emery and water, and the adjusted rotative motions, the proper parabolic curve, along with a certain degree of smoothness, is produced; after which the surface is similarly polished with resin, and some other substances. The required curve is ascertained in the following manner:—The grinding is performed on the ground-floor of a house, adjoining which is a tower several storeys high. On the top of this tower is erected a mast, the summit of which is ninety feet from the speculum on the grinding machine. To the top of the mast the dial-plate of a watch is fixed, forming a small round object relieved against the sky. When the workmen wish to try the capacity of the speculum, it is cleared of its grinder, trap-doors overhead are opened, the figures on the dial-plate are reflected on the speculum, and this reflection is seen at the regulated focal distance by means of a small eye-piece: in other words, a temporary telescope is formed without a tube; and by this ingenious yet simple device, the speculum is wrought to that nice parabolic figure which brings the incident rays to an exact focus. Of the extreme accuracy required, we may obtain some notion from a statement of Lord Rosse, that an error of a small fraction of a hair's-breadth would destroy all hope of correct action; and Dr Robinson mentions that the smallest inequality of local pressure during the polishing process, would be attended with the result of changing a well-defined star into a blot or comet. The speculum, nevertheless, was polished in the short space of six hours.

The speculum, so fortunately completed, was fixed or bedded on three iron plates, which gave it support, and then transferred to its appointed situation in the tube. This, as I have already noticed, is three feet in diameter and twenty-six feet long, and attached to an apparatus on the lawn, by which it can be brought to bear on any point of the sky a short way above the horizon. The machinery for moving it round, and raising and depressing it, is simple and ingenious; and notwithstanding its size, it may be adjusted with the greatest ease. Two step-ladders

form part of the apparatus, and by these we mount to a gallery, which can be raised or lowered to any required height. In order to procure an observation, the tube is first brought to bear on the star or other object, and the gallery being raised, we ascend to it by one of the ladders. On reaching the gallery, which is a small railed platform sufficient to hold several persons, we find ourselves close to the telescope, near its upper extremity; and here, on looking through a small eye-piece fixed to the tube, we at once recognise in the obliquely-placed mirror within the object of our observation. The tube is of wood, hooped with iron, and the focal distance of the speculum is twenty-seven feet. I was rather surprised to find that the mouth of the tube remained permanently open—the natural idea arising in my mind being, that the rain and vapours would enter thereby, and injure the speculum at the lower extremity. I was informed, however, that the telescope is lowered in wet weather, and that the speculum is confined in a case, the cover of which is withdrawn by an exterior action when required. A vessel of quicklime is also kept constantly in the case, for the purpose of absorbing the moisture and acid vapours by which the speculum might be tarnished.

The power of the telescope depends on the glasses employed in the eye-piece. This requires a little explanation. The rays collected by the speculum are directed on the mirror at the proper focal distance, and there reflected clearly, or brought within telescopic reach. A telescope must be employed to magnify the image, or draw it out; and accordingly, a small telescope like a pocket prospect-glass, technically an eye-piece, is used for this purpose. But this eye-piece requires to be used with discretion; its glasses must be shifted according to circumstances. Unless the atmosphere be exceedingly clear and dry, a powerful telescope will magnify its particles, and these will seemingly form a haze interceptive of lucid observation. Different densities, from contending streams of warm and cold air, will have a similar result; and if the atmosphere be excessively cold, as in a Russian winter, floating spiculæ of ice, invisible to the naked eye, will be magnified so as equally to interrupt perfect astronomical observation. Such contingencies present serious drawbacks to the increase of power in telescopes; and in the instrument we have been describing, they are attempted to be overcome by employing various eye-pieces, whose magnifying powers range from 180 to 2000.

The performances of this magnificent twenty-six-feet telescope were found to be far beyond those of any previously-constructed instrument. Certain patches of light or nebulous matter in the heavens were resolved into clusters of separate stars; stars hitherto seen but dimly, appeared round and well-defined; and on the surface of the moon, valleys, mountain-tops, and craters of volcanoes were plainly visible. Gratifying as were these re-

sults, Lord Rosse considered that something still grander could be achieved; and before the twenty-six-feet telescope was well finished, he projected the gigantic instrument the dimensions of which have been already given. The casting, grinding, polishing, and mounting of this monster speculum were pretty nearly a repetition, on a larger scale, of what had been previously done. When finished, the speculum was placed in a square box, which is attached to the lower end of the tube, and by means of a door, can be entered at pleasure. This box adds six feet to the length of the tube, which, like its predecessor, is of wood, hooped with iron like a barrel, and so wide, that a tall man could walk through it without stooping. It is this huge black funnel that I have spoken of as being suspended between high and strong walls of Gothic architecture. It swings with a clear space of twelve feet on each side; and so far it can be drawn aside, giving half an hour before and after the meridian. By means of a windlass, and a most skilful adjustment of chains and counterpoising weights, it can also be brought to the zenith, or turned fairly round from south to north, always within its bounds of twenty-four feet. Enormous as are its dimensions, and although weighing altogether twelve tons, it seemed to me about as easily moved as the other telescope; and it is as much in the mechanical contrivances for effecting this purpose, as in anything else, that the peculiar merit of the structure consists.

At the period of my visit, few observations had been made by this monster instrument, some parts of whose apparatus, indeed, were not completed; but so far as a trial in favourable conditions of the atmosphere had been attempted, the results had been interesting and important. [The results since obtained are given in the subsequent sections of the present paper.] Unfortunately, the atmosphere, during the two nights which I attended in Lord Rosse's grounds, was not propitious for observation. I had an opportunity, for only a few minutes, of seeing a group of binary stars of different colours; and these certainly were distinct, clear, and lustrous, like a pair of glittering diamonds. The moon, on both the occasions of my visit, kept provokingly under a tract of clouds; and the hemisphere, except for a brief interval of time, was loaded with an Irish drizzle. Yet this was no solitary disappointment. Astronomers spend weeks at Parsonstown, and yet perhaps enjoy only one or two really good nights for observation. When to these atmospheric impediments is added the comparatively limited lateral range of the great telescope, a long space of time will appear to be required for making a thorough and general search of the heavens.

Disappointing in some respects as may be the result of such transient observations as that which my time allowed me to make, not the less grateful will be the feelings of visitors towards Lord Rosse for his unexampled politeness and liberality in throwing open to them his workshops and the whole of the telescopic

apparatus which adorn the beautiful grounds around his mansion. To use the complimentary language of a local writer—"With a rank and fortune, and every circumstance that usually unfit men for scientific pursuits, especially for their practical details, if his lordship only encouraged those undertakings in others, he would merit our praise; but when we see him, without losing sight of the duties of his station in society, give up so much time, and expend so much money on those pursuits himself, and render not only his name illustrious, but his rank more honourable, we must feel sympathy in his successes, and rejoice that he has obtained from all quarters the highest and most flattering encomiums, and that he can now enjoy, in the use of his telescope, the well-earned fruits of his previous labours."

REVELATIONS OF THE INSTRUMENT.

The telescope is in constant use for descrying distant objects on the earth, and in this capacity it very much extends the range of our knowledge of what is going on around us. But it has not, properly speaking, enabled us to make new discoveries on the earth, like the microscope, for we can examine close at hand everything that the terrestrial world contains on its surface. But by turning the instrument to the heavens, a vast number of appearances have been made known to us that were entirely new. Celestial bodies have become visible that we did not previously know to exist; the blank spaces of the sky have been filled with hosts of stars. The bodies, also, that were always visible, have been viewed with so much distinctness, that many new revelations have been made regarding their constitution. We shall, in detailing these various discoveries, describe in order the sun, the moon, the planets, the comets, and the starry universe—presuming that the reader is somewhat acquainted with the order of the solar system, and with that of the star-systems beyond.

THE SUN.

The sun had all along appeared to mankind as a broad, round face, covered with an even and uniform glare of light. But when the telescope, immediately after its invention, was applied to the solar body by Galileo, he found that it was not of a uniform brightness, but was speckled here and there with dark spots. The application of the most powerful telescopes of recent times, in addition to these spots, has discovered the whole surface of the sun to be very irregular and unequal in brightness. The light is made up of spatches of all different degrees of brilliancy, being a confused mixture of more and less bright portions; and the disk is mottled with dark dots or pores, that are perpetually changing and shifting, closing up and breaking out

again. The luminous matter, whatever it be, is never at rest, but is evidently tumbling and weltering in endless agitation.

The large spots noticed by Galileo are continually changing. They break out, perhaps, all of a sudden, and immediately begin to alter their shape; sometimes closing up at a rapid and steady rate till they disappear, sometimes dividing into several smaller spots before they vanish. They may last for days or weeks, but they are never permanent.

When one of the spots is closely examined, it is seen to have in the centre a perfectly black speck, called the shadow, or *umbra*, and round about the shadow a rim of faint light, called the *penumbra*, or partial shadow. Not unfrequently there is a ring of more than ordinary brightness surrounding the whole, as if the luminous matter had been excavated from the hollow of the spot, and accumulated on its brink.

It was the existence of the spots, as landmarks on the surface of the sun, that first showed that his body was not at rest, but had a slow whirl, as if about an axle, performing an entire turn or revolution in about twenty-five days. Moreover, the change in appearance in any one of the spots, as it moved round with the sun towards his edge, there to disappear, led to curious suppositions about them. When near the edge of the sun, the penumbra on one side disappeared, and left no margin between the central blackness and the brilliant outer ring. When the same spot reappeared, about twelve days after, at the opposite edge, the penumbra on the other side was wanting; namely, that on the side farthest from the sun's edge. This appearance would exactly arise if the spot were a deep cavity, with walls of light or of luminous matter sloping or shelving towards the bottom. When the spot lay about the middle of the sun's face, we would look directly into the cavity, and its shelving sides all round would be distinctly seen. But by the revolution of the sun, the opening of the cavity would be, as it were, turned somewhat away from us; and while the walls on one side would still be seen, the opposite wall would be hidden. If the spot were near the sun's edge, it is precisely the penumbra next the edge that should be visible.

This discovery led Sir William Herschel and others to speculate upon the constitution of the sun. It seems likely that the great mass of his matter forms a round, solid globe, which is perfectly dark of itself. On this globe there is a transparent atmosphere, or ocean of clear air, whose depth is immense—perhaps upwards of a thousand miles. If there were no more about him than the solid mass and this aërial covering, he would be not unlike the earth. But within the clear atmosphere there floats huge masses of luminous matter, or blazing cloud, of such quantity and extent, as for the most part to cover and overshadow the whole enormous surface of the sun. This floating fire is eternally in commotion, so as to be sometimes excited to

unusual glare, at other times to break up, and leave great holes or openings in the air, and down through these we see the black, naked body of the sun. Such openings are the *spots*, and the little black points, or pores, are merely smaller openings, not exceeding perhaps a few hundreds of miles in breadth, while the larger openings measure thousands, and even tens of thousands of miles across. The perpetual movement and tumult of the fire-clouds will sometimes cause a sort of blow-up here and there, and leave a huge rent in the floating matter, which, however, will immediately dart forth on all sides to close it up again.

Sir William Herschel imagined two different kinds of floating cloud in the transparent atmosphere—the one above the source of the heat and light, which it gives forth, and which are reflected by an inferior region of opaque cloud, which is thereby made of a dazzling whiteness. This inferior cloud he would make the umbra of the spots, it being less broken up than the superior fire stratum. The stormy commotion above might extend itself to this matter floating in the lower depths, and cause it to break up in the same way.

What, however, seems most certain, is the threefold composition of the sun—the dark solid body, the deep clear atmosphere, and the floating luminous masses in incessant motion and change. What the mode of action is that creates for us a perpetual stream of heat and light, we are utterly unable to discover, or even to imagine. All that we know of the production of heat tends to show that by no process that takes place in the earth is it absolutely created. If a fire really created heat, we might suppose that a vast combustion, a tremendous eternal bonfire, was sustained all over the sun's ground; but combustion merely evolves heat that was previously latent in the bodies burning, and this heat must have been itself originally derived from some other source. It is the same with every other mode of causing heat artificially: it cannot be shown that in any case heat is created where none had ever been laid up. There is no original source of heat but the sun itself, and therefore there is nothing to compare his agency with: it is to us an unfathomable mystery. We may hope to know the deepest secrets of animal life, because it is within our reach; but the remote power that supplies us with unceasing warmth, which is constantly expending, and yet never exhausted, we can hardly expect to understand. Even the nature of the solar beam itself, compounded of at least two distinguishable elements—its heating and lighting rays—is very difficult to be investigated.

THE MOON.

Of all the bodies that float in the sky, the moon is the nearest to us, and therefore the best seen. Although appearing about as big as the sun, it is really a mere atom in comparison: the sun, measured across, exceeds the moon 400 times, but happening to

be about 400 times the distance of the moon, the apparent breadths of the two come to be equal.

A telescope of ordinary power applied to the moon, enables us to discover the character of her surface. Unlike the sun, she is not the source of her own light, but is lighted up by the solar rays as the earth is; consequently her brilliancy is nothing else but a reflection of these rays, like the brilliancy of the clouds in our sky, or of the sea and the green fields on a summer day.

Light is reflected from the surfaces that it falls on in two very different ways. The one way is by minor reflection, the other is by being absorbed into the surface, and emitted as from a new centre. In the first case, the rays are not broken up at all; they are sent back as they came, and each ray received is a single ray in being reflected. The effect of mirrored rays, likewise, is to show, not the face of the reflecting surface, but the face of the body that first sent out the rays. Thus, when the sun or moon falls on the surfaces of water, their image is reflected unbroken; and though we are looking at the water, we see not its surface, but the faces of the luminaries themselves. When a surface reflects light in this way, it can show us nothing of its own character, except indirectly. If it is very smooth, it will reflect the image of a pure and perfect shape; and therefore the shape observed will be a test of the smoothness. If it is wavy, it will repeat the image on every wave, and make a long streak of images, as we see when the moon shines on a ruffled lake. The manner of the reflection will therefore tell us what the outline of the surface is; it will also tell us if it is a good reflecting surface or not; but beyond these points it gives no information.

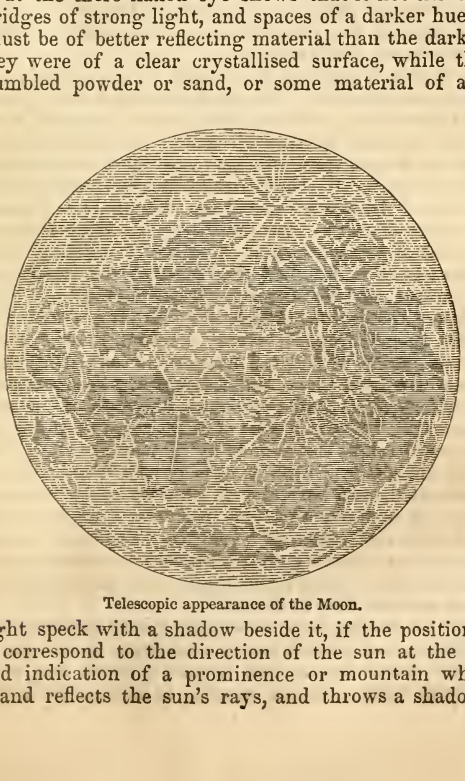
The second kind of reflection is the reflection that we really see bodies by. The light falling on a cloud tinges the matter of the cloud with light; this it sends out *in all directions*, and thereby shows the cloud itself, and not the sun that lighted it. The cloud is not a mirror reflecting rays, but a substance actuated with the power of emitting rays from itself as a centre; it is kindled up with the light-giving energy, and every point of it diffuses a shower of light all around, as if it were a point of the sun's own surface. By this kind of light, we have a distinct view of the cloud's own body, and no reference whatever to the object that originally supplied the light. Such reflection, or rather secondary emission and diffusion, affords us the means of seeing bodies fully and directly, in their whole extent, and with their proper shape and colour, and all the peculiarities of their surface.

The light of pure reflection being unbroken and undivided, is always strongest. A reflected image of the sun is more brilliant than the whitest cloud in the sky. Where the water is reflecting the sun, its own proper surface-light, its light of visi-

bility, is quenched. In viewing pictures, the surface is invisible where reflected rays are coming to our eyes.

From a distant object like the moon, the rays of pure reflection must be what chiefly come to the earth. The rays of emission from the surface will be so much feebler than these, that they can only be seen in spots where no reflection happens at the time. Hence the rays that would show us the *colour* of the moon's surface, that would tell whether it is green, or blue, or red, or brown, cannot be expected to strike our eyes with distinctness through such a distance. The real luminous rays must be rays of reflection, and by these we can infer only the forms and the reflecting power of the surface, as we can infer the rippling of water from the alternation of lights and shadows.

If the moon were a plane surface of one uniform quality, like a vast ocean or a sandy desert, she would be evenly lighted all over. But the mere naked eye shows that is not the case: we can see ridges of strong light, and spaces of a darker hue. These ridges must be of better reflecting material than the dark plains; as if they were of a clear crystallised surface, while the other were crumbled powder or sand, or some material of a dullish hue.



Telescopic appearance of the Moon.

A bright speck with a shadow beside it, if the position of the shadow correspond to the direction of the sun at the time, is a decided indication of a prominence or mountain whose top catches and reflects the sun's rays, and throws a shadow at its

base. Now such appearances are abundant in the moon. They are of course totally distinct from those permanent differences of brilliancy in different spots, which can only be accounted for by a difference of substance or quality in the several tracks of surface. The shadows of the mountains are best seen in the ragged edge of light and darkness when the moon is a crescent. If the surface or ground were even and smooth, this edge would be a perfect unbroken line of a slightly-curved form. But the mountains give it a ragged appearance. Within the dark surface specks of light are seen, as of mountains whose base has gone out of the reach of illumination, but whose high tops still catch the rays; just as a high mountain in the earth has its summit lightened when the sun has set to the plains below. Again, mountains within the enlightened half throw a premature shadow on the ground that they conceal from the sun, which becomes black through their presence before its time. Such shadows are made known by dark inroads in the illumined edge. We have thus light points within the line of darkness, and dark indentations in the lightened face; and these are the proofs of the mountainous character of the surface.

It is possible to guess at the height of the mountains by the extent of their shadows. The higher a mountain is, the longer will its top remain lightened after it has passed into the dark side. The extreme distance, therefore, of a bright speck from the edge of illumination will serve to show the height of the reflecting summit. By the requisite measurements and calculations, many of the heights have been estimated; but astronomers do not agree as to the exact results. Sir John Herschel says the highest of the mountains is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles, or 9000 feet. But others have maintained that some of the lunar peaks are loftier than the highest mountains of the earth.

The lunar mountains, which are scattered abundantly over her whole surface, are of several different kinds. 1. A great number are single or isolated heights, or sugar-loaf elevations, rising out of a wide plain, and terminating in sharp peaks. 2. Many are formed in chains or ridges, like most of our terrestrial mountains. 3. There is a class of formations of the *crater* species, or great cavities surrounded by mountain walls. These are of various dimensions; in some the cavity is broad, and in others it is contracted, and surrounded by steep rocky walls, rugged and cleft. Sometimes a conical peak starts up in the middle, giving it all the character of a volcano. The entire character of the surface has always struck observers as resembling the volcanic regions of our earth; and appearances have sometimes been seen as of volcanic fires in action.

There is no decided trace of an atmosphere in the moon. She has no clouds, and no such action upon stars at her edge as an atmosphere would have. The extended plains are in no case covered with water: she has no seas. It is uncertain if any kind

of fluid matter lies on her surface. She is, therefore, a vast, dry, rocky region; her mountains not being washed by rains, nor weathered by the atmosphere, must retain the forms that they had at their first upheavement. There are no signs of vegetable or animal life, which, according to our experience, could not exist in a vacuum, or live on solid rock and arid deserts.

The different parts of the surface would seem to be of different geological formations, if we can judge by the different shades of the light. In as far as regards the great active forces that originate in the interior, the moon appears to resemble the earth; but, bereft of water and air, she must remain of a totally different aspect from what our weather-worn regions have acquired.

OF THE PLANETS.

The nearest of the planets is many times farther off than the moon, and therefore so much more obscure. It would be more interesting to see a planet closely, as they have far greater chances of containing living inhabitants. The planetary system known to the ancients, and discernible by the naked eye, includes five bodies, named Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn: to these are now added nine telescopic planets, whereof seven revolve in the space between Mars and Jupiter, and two—Uranus and Neptune—extend beyond the orbit of Saturn.

Mercury.—This is the planet nearest to the sun, and the most brilliantly lighted by his rays. It rises and sets on all occasions so close to the sun, that it is very difficult to be seen, especially by the naked eye. When it is above the horizon, the sun is either up or about to rise, or else recently set, so that the twilight makes all the stars invisible. Telescopic observation shows scarce anything in this planet but an even glare of strong light. This light, strong as it is, must be very feeble compared with the sun's surface; and therefore the mere strength cannot hide inequalities of the reflecting surface, if such there be. But nothing of the nature of less and more brightly illuminated parts can be made out, as in the sun and moon. All that is certain is, that the body is of a round shape, like all the other bodies of the solar system, and that it exhibits phases like the moon, proving that it is lighted up exclusively by the sun.

Venus.—This planet revolves in a wider circle than Mercury, and between it and the earth. It is the most brilliant star in the heavens to the naked eye, and has been known in all ages and countries as the morning and evening star. The application of the telescope proves its round shape and its phases, as in Mercury; but there is the same want of variation in the luminous appearance. Whether it be the naked ground of these planets, or a cloudy atmosphere that reflects their light, it must be of an almost uniform quality of surface, and of equal reflecting power. Spots have been observed on rare occasions, but they have been very temporary; and they have only served to show that

Mercury and Venus, like the other planets, revolve around themselves, as if spinning on an axis. It is pretty well ascertained that Venus has an atmosphere like the earth, which probably carries clouds and discharges storms as with us. The examination of the illuminated edge, when the planet is half full, shows the same constant raggedness as in the moon, giving proof of a mountainous surface. It is therefore most probable that the want of variegated light is owing to the fact, that the reflection does not come from the heights and valleys of the solid surface, but from the cloudy atmosphere that surrounds it.

Mars.—The circular track of this planet encloses the orbit of the earth, and is next in order beyond. To the naked eye, Mars has a conspicuous appearance, being of a fiery red colour, which is distinguished from the pale whiteness of other starry bodies. Seen by the telescope, its surface is abundantly varied. Large patches are of a strong reddish colour, and are supposed to be land continents. Other patches are darker, and of a greenish tint; and from their uniform aspect, they are supposed to be seas. This variety of appearance is so permanent, that it must at all events attach to the solid surface of the planet, and not to an atmospheric covering. Although it is probable, from various marks, that Mars possesses an atmosphere, yet, from the constant clearness, this cannot be very extensive, nor very liable to contain cloudy vapour. By seizing on some fixed appearance, and watching it for some time, it is discovered that the planet wheels about itself once nearly every twenty-five hours. Looking at its poles, or the points where the axis of its rotation would pass through, we find a white appearance covering a certain space, which may be supposed to be snow, as is rendered probable by the fact, that the whiteness disappears on the pole facing the sun, and is largely accumulated at the same time on the other pole. In size, and in many other respects, Mars is very like the earth: a person standing on Mars, and looking with a telescope at our world, would see nearly the same appearance that we see in Mars.

The Asteroids.—This name is applied to a group of very small planets, now seven in number, that revolve round the sun nearly all at the same distance, in a course midway between Mars and Jupiter. The telescope, which is required to bring them into view, has given no information of their constitution, except that they are all very small. The strangest thing about them is their being all, as it were, in one circle, as if they were portions of one great original planet. All the other planets have concentric courses, far apart from each other; but the circles of these asteroids all intersect like so many equal rings lying almost side by side, or merely slanting a little one from the other.

Jupiter.—Next to Venus, or almost equal to it, Jupiter is the brightest star in the sky. His distance from the earth is 485,000,000 of miles; but such is his size, that he still remains very conspicuous. One of the earliest discoveries of the tele-

scope was the four moons or satellites that circle around him at different distances. A very feeble instrument is sufficient to bring these attendants into view. When they are watched for any length of time, they are seen to move round Jupiter in circular courses, occupying in a revolution from forty-two hours (the time of the nearest) to nearly seventeen days, the time of the farthest. Every now and then one of them disappears, as if blotted out, which happens when the planet is in the line between it and the sun. It is, in fact, an eclipse. The prominent feature in the face of Jupiter himself is his belts, or a set of dark bands that run across from side to side, between other bands of a brilliant white appearance. The planet is found to be revolving on its axis with amazing swiftness, considering his size; and the belts are in the direction of this movement. The middle of the body—the equator—shows commonly a broad white band, and on each side of it run the darker bands. It is imagined that the brightness on the equator comes from clouds in the atmosphere, and that the darker portions are where the air is clear, and shows the solid ground of the planet through it.

Saturn.—Far beyond the circle of Jupiter moves Saturn, next to Jupiter in size, and partaking in some of the same peculiarities. The telescope has, however, made revelations about Saturn that belong to no other known body. Seven attendant moons have been successively discovered. But, in addition to these, the planet carries with it an enormous solid ring, encompassing its body like the rim of a school globe. It does not touch the planet, and it lies within the circle of the nearest satellite. The planet itself is of gigantic magnitude, being 79,000 miles in diameter. The inner surface of the ring is nearly 20,000 miles from the ground of Saturn; the outer surface is about 50,000 miles from the ground. The ring itself is in two pieces, or makes two rings, one within the other, with about 1800 miles between them. The thickness is estimated at 100 miles. To an inhabitant of Saturn, this ring must appear as a tremendous solid arch in the sky, being sometimes illuminated after sunset, and at other times throwing an immense shadow on the ground, involving in night large portions of the landscape. On one place it will rise right overhead, like a bow dividing the sky into equal halfs; in other places it will have a slant along the heavens, like the track of the sun in winter—the degree of slant varying with the latitude. On the poles, it will be like a solid platform beyond the horizon at a great distance. The body of Saturn shows the same belts as Jupiter, and it has the same rapid whirl, which may be the cause of their production; just as the rotation of the earth makes our trade-winds, whose aspect at a distance might be much the same.

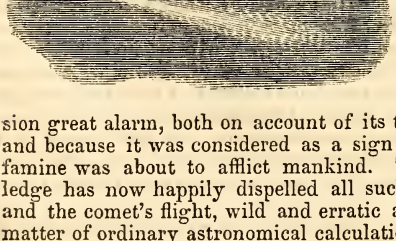
Uranus.—This planet was discovered by Sir William Herschel circling beyond the orb of Saturn, and occupying nearly eighty years in a revolution. No belts or variety of colour are seen on

its surface. Several satellites have been found attending it; but they are so difficult to discern, that their number, and other points about them, are as yet unsettled.

Neptune.—The discovery of this planet is remarkable, not so much from its illustrating the powers of the telescope, as from its proving how perfect is our knowledge of the laws and forces that sustain the heavenly motions. Before it was seen, it was *felt* acting as a very minute disturbance on the motions of Uranus; and the character of the disturbance gave the scent of the direction of the disturbing body. In this direction the telescope was applied, and the planet discovered, revolving at an enormous distance beyond the circle of Uranus. A satellite to it has also been discovered. With this, our telescopic knowledge of the planetary system stops for the present.

COMETS.

Comets are a peculiar class of bodies belonging to our solar system, and apparently subject to the same laws that govern the revolutions of the planets. They move round the sun, however, in orbits much less circular than those of the planets; sweeping closely past him in one part of their course, and at another receding so far in space, that his light and heat can but faintly affect them. They usually consist of two parts—a body or nucleus, which emits a pale whitish light, and a transparent luminous tail or train; hence their name from *coma*, a bush or head of hair. The accompanying figure represents their general appearance as they sweep forward along the darker groundwork of the sky. In ignorant ages, the sudden appearance of a comet in the heavens never failed to occasion great alarm, both on account of its threatening appearance, and because it was considered as a sign that war, pestilence, or famine was about to afflict mankind. The advance of knowledge has now happily dispelled all such superstitious alarms; and the comet's flight, wild and erratic as it may seem, is now matter of ordinary astronomical calculation and prediction.



Out of the great multitude—certainly not less than 1000—which are supposed to exist, about 150 have been made the subject of scientific observation. Instead of revolving, like the planets, nearly on the plane of the sun's equator, it is found that they approach his body from all parts of surrounding space. At first, they are seen slowly advancing, with a comparatively faint appearance. As they approach the sun, the motion becomes quicker, and at length they pass round him with very great rapidity, and at a comparatively small distance from his body.

The comet which was seen throughout Europe in 1680, approached within one-sixth of his diameter. After passing, they are seen to emerge from his rays with an immense increase to their former brilliancy, and to the length of their tails. Their motion then becomes gradually slower, and their brilliancy diminishes, and at length they are lost in distance. It has been ascertained that their movement round the sun is in accordance with the same law which regulates the planetary movements, being always the quicker the nearer to his body, and the slower the more distant. In the remote parts of space their motions must be extremely slow.

Three comets have been observed to return, and their periods of revolution have been calculated. The most remarkable of these is one usually denominated Halley's Comet, from the astronomer who first calculated its period. It revolves round the sun in about seventy-six years, and has been known to appear in 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1759, 1835, and is again expected to make its appearance about the end of February 1911. Another, called Encke's Comet, from Professor Encke of Berlin, has been found to revolve once in 1207 days, or $3\frac{1}{3}$ years; but in this case the revolving body is found, at each successive approach to the sun, to be a little earlier than on the previous occasion, as if, from some retarding cause, its orbit were gradually lessening, and as if the comet might consequently in time fall into the sun. The third, named Beila's Comet, from M. Beila of Josephstadt, revolves round the sun in $6\frac{3}{4}$ years. It is very small, and has no perceptible tail. In 1832, this comet passed through the earth's path about a month before the arrival of our planet at the same point. If the earth had been a month earlier at that point, or the comet a month later in crossing it, the two bodies would have been brought in contact, a collision which might have occasioned a total revolution in the arrangements of our globe. Comets are often affected in their motions by the attraction of the planets. Jupiter, in particular, has been described by an astronomer as "a perpetual stumblingblock" in their way. In 1770, a comet got entangled amidst the satellites of that planet, and was thereby thrown out of its usual course, while the motions of the satellites were not in the least affected by its proximity.

Comets often pass unobserved, in consequence of the part of the heavens in which they move being then under daylight. During a total eclipse of the sun which happened sixty years before Christ, a large comet, not formerly seen, became visible near the body of the obscured luminary. On many occasions their smallness and distance render them visible only by the aid of the telescope; on other occasions they are of vast size. The comet now called Halley's, at its appearance in 1456, covered a sixth part of the visible extent of the heavens, and was likened to a Turkish scimitar. That of 1680, which was observed by

Sir Isaac Newton, had a tail calculated to be 123,000,000 of miles in length, a space greater than the distance of the earth from the sun. There was a comet in 1744 which had six tails, spread out like a fan across a large space in the heavens. That of 1811, which was certainly the most splendid cometary spectacle ever witnessed, had a body or nucleus computed at 50,000 miles diameter, and this was again surrounded by a halo-like appearance, which increased the apparent diameter to not less than 946,000 miles! The length of its tail on the 15th of October, the period when it appeared longest, was estimated to be at the least 100,000,000 of miles in length, a tail the length of which exceeded the earth's distance from the sun!

Respecting the constitution of comets, astronomers are not agreed. Some consider them opaque bodies, which receive their light from the sun; others regard them as mere luminous masses of a vaporiform nature. Whatever be the constitution of the nucleus, the coma or tail is in most instances so transparent, that the stars beyond it may be seen with a good telescope; and in all instances where it exists, it proceeds from that side of the nucleus which is turned away from the sun.

THE STARS.

The idea at which astronomers have arrived respecting the stars is, that they are all of them suns, resembling that of our own system, but diminished to the appearance of mere brilliant specks, by the great distance at which they are placed. As a necessary consequence to this supposition, cosmogonists presume that they are centres of light and heat to systems of revolving planets, each of which may be the theatre of a vital existence as harmonious and wonderful as that which peoples the orb to which we ourselves belong.

The stars seen by the naked eye on a clear night are not above a thousand in number. This, allowing a like number for the half of the sky not seen, gives about two thousand in all of visible stars. These are of different degrees of brilliancy, probably in the main in proportion to their respective distances from our system, but also perhaps in some measure in proportion to their respective dimensions. Astronomers class the stars under different *magnitudes*, not with regard to apparent size, for none of them present a measurable disk, but with a regard to the various quantities of light flowing from them: thus there are stars of the first magnitude, the second magnitude, and so on. Only six or seven varieties of magnitude are within our natural vision; but with the telescope, vast numbers of more distant stars are brought into view; and the magnitudes are now extended by astronomers to at least sixteen.

The stars are at a distance from our system so very great, that the mind can form no idea of it. The Dog-star, which is supposed to be the nearest, because it is the most luminous, has

been reckoned by pretty accurate calculation to give only 1-20,000,000th part of the light of the sun: hence, supposing it to be of the same size, and every other way alike, it should be distant from our earth not less than 1,960,000,000,000,000,000 miles. An attempt has been made to calculate its distance by a trigonometrical problem, from which it appears that it is at least 19,200,000,000 millions of miles distant, however much more! Supposing this to be its distance, its light would take several years to reach us, though travelling, as it does, at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time!

> "How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
> So distant, says the sage, 'twere not absurd
> To doubt, if beams set out at Nature's birth,
> Are yet arrived at this so foreign world."

It is ascertained, beyond doubt, that some stars, at one time visible, and registered by ancient astronomers, are not now to be seen; while many instances are on record of stars which have come into sight for a time, and then gradually vanished. A large star suddenly became visible 125 years before Christ, and attracted the attention of Hipparchus, who was thereby induced to draw up a catalogue of stars, the first ever made. In the year 389, a star blazed forth in the constellation Aquila, and after remaining for three weeks as bright as the planet Venus, disappeared. A star appeared in the region of the heavens between Cepheus and Cassiopeia in the years 945, 1264, and 1572, and is supposed to be one which comes within our sight once every three hundred and nineteen years or thereby. At its last appearance, it was very attentively observed by the celebrated Danish astronomer Tycho Brahé, who published a volume respecting it. Its appearance was so sudden, that, in returning from his laboratory to his dwelling-house, he found a group of country people gazing at it, and was satisfied it had not been in that quarter of the sky half an hour before. It was then as bright as the Dog-star, and continued till it surpassed Jupiter when brightest, and was visible at mid-day. It disappeared entirely about eighteen months after being first observed. It is mentioned by contemporary writers, that at the birth of Charles II., in 1630, a large star, never before observed, appeared in the daytime, as if to mark something extraordinary in the fortunes of the child that day ushered into existence. Other instances have been noticed in still more recent times; but, upon the whole, this is a point in which astronomical observation is defective. It seems, however, to be clearly ascertained that some, if not all of the stars, have periodical motions throughout space, some more rapid than others. In several of the instances where the period is short, there is no want of positive knowledge. It has been ascertained, for instance, that the star Omicron, in the constellation Cetus, has a periodical movement

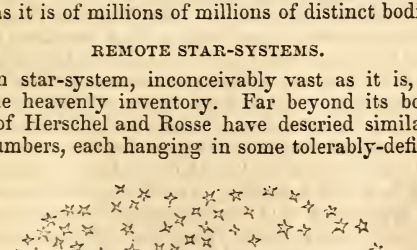
occupying 334 days. It is seen as bright as a star of the second magnitude for about a fortnight, then gradually diminishes for three months, till it becomes invisible, in which state it remains for five months, when it again becomes visible, and gradually increases till it regains its former brightness, more or less—for it does not always reach the same degree of lustre. The star Algol, in the constellation Perseus, continues visible during a period of sixty-two hours, when it suddenly loses its splendour, and from a star of the second magnitude, is reduced, in three hours and a-half, to the fourth; after which it begins to increase, and in three hours and a-half resumes its former size. There are eleven other stars which exhibit analogous phenomena, some of them at intervals of five hundred years, to which we may look forward without any danger of mistake. Astronomers have long been of opinion that our solar system might have a motion through space. From recent observations, it is now believed to have such a motion; nay, the whole of the stars of our cluster appear as moving round a fixed point, performing, as it were, the office of satellites to some orb of inconceivable dimensions.

Another variety in the nature of these luminaries is their being in some instances not *single stars*, as they appear to the naked eye, but a group of two or more, evidently, from their motions, forming one system. The star Castor, one of the Twins, is found, when much magnified, to consist of two stars of between the third and fourth magnitude, within five seconds (a very small space) of each other. Sir William Herschel made observations upon more than 500 stars of this kind, where the distance is not more than half a minute (also a very small space); and to this list a foreign astronomer has added five times that number. Nor is there reason to suppose that, in *all* these instances, one of the stars is at a great distance behind the other, and that they are only brought together by the accident of our position. Many of the double stars, no doubt, are thus accidentally brought together; but of a great number, it has been fully ascertained that they are each a system, with a reciprocal relation to each other. They are therefore called *binary stars*. It is generally observed that they move round each other within a certain time, and in elliptical orbits; and several of them have made a revolution since they were first observed, and are now advancing in their second period. Whether one of these stars serves to the other as a sun, or whether both are suns, or whether the organised life with which they are probably stored be of a kind which can endure a perpetual light and heat thrown from the one to the other, or in what other manner these immense worlds are put to use, it would be vain to inquire. One remarkable peculiarity in them is, the variety of tints apparent in the light emitted by a considerable number of them; but no accurate account has yet been given of the reason of this wonderful difference of colour in the stars.

Perhaps the most magnificent of all the starry phenomena is the *Milky Way*. This, as is generally known, is a broad belt of whitish lustre, which stretches round the whole sky, being parted into two streaks for a large part of the circuit. The ancients formed the mean idea of this light, that it was the milk spilt by the nurse of Mercury, one of the deities: hence its name. When examined by a powerful telescope, it is found to consist entirely of stars, "scattered by millions," as Sir John Herschel beautifully describes them, "like glittering dust on the black ground of the general heavens." The average magnitude of these stars is about the tenth or the eleventh; and hence their invisibility to the naked eye. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that though the stars of the larger magnitudes are scattered with considerable equality over the whole heavens, there is a notable clustering of the smaller ones towards the body of this ring. Sir William Herschel, by gauging, as it were, the depth of our starry system in this and other parts, arrived at what he believed to be an approximation to the figure of the system itself—namely, an elongated cake-shaped mass, parting flatwise into two at one particular part of the exterior (where the Milky Way is double), and in which our solar system was placed somewhat nearer the one extremity than the other. Where the distance between two stars is so great as we have seen—and we can suppose the distance between all the rest to be no less—what must be the entire extent of this star-system, composed as it is of millions of millions of distinct bodies!

REMOTE STAR-SYSTEMS.

Our own star-system, inconceivably vast as it is, is but an item of the heavenly inventory. Far beyond its bounds, the telescopes of Herschel and Rosse have descried similar systems in great numbers, each hanging in some tolerably-defined shape



Remote Star-system.

in the vast empyrean, and each capable of being resolved, not

exactly into stars, though these are in some instances visible, but into what has been expressively called *star-dust*, a collection of small brilliant particles, each of which would probably appear a distinct sun under a stronger power of artificial vision. Observations have been made upon these star-systems chiefly in the direction of the thinner parts of our own system, where the sky is clearest of our own stars, and where of course they are most distinct from other and nearer objects. But even in these limited fields of the sky, very great numbers have been seen—between 1000 and 2000 in the northern hemisphere alone—a number, we must recollect, exceeding that of all the ordinarily visible stars in the same section of the heavens.

They are of various forms, but in general, as has been said, tolerably well-defined. Many appear as spherical clusters, with a crowding of the star-dust towards the centre (see fig.): of this kind there is a brilliant example in the constellation Hercules. It has been remarked, that in the worlds about the centre of such clusters, the visible heavens must be inconceivably brilliant, though they will have no appearances resembling our Milky Way. There is another spherical class, in which the external parts are the most brilliant: in these cases, the visible heavens of a world near the centre will probably be almost entirely composed of milky way. From our earth these annular clusters are presented in various points of view, some so nearly edgewise, that we can barely see the long line of thin matter in the centre. Several exhibit to Lord Rosse's telescope most remarkable and even startling forms; one being somewhat like an anchor, another like a crab, and so forth. Surprising to relate, there are more than one bearing a strong resemblance to the form which has been presumed as that of our own star-system—namely, a flattened mass, with a brilliant annular exterior, parting flatwise into two at one part! "We are," says an astronomer who possesses eloquence worthy of his noble science, "lost in mute astonishment at these endless diversities of character and form. But in the apparent aim of things near and around us, we may perhaps discern some purpose which such variety will also serve. It seems the object or result of known material arrangements to evoke every variety of creature, the condition of whose being can be made productive of a degree of durability; and perhaps it is one end of this wonderful evolution of firmaments of all orders, that there, too, the law of variety may prevail, and room be found for unfolding the whole riches of the Almighty." The vast general distance of these clusters, their distinctness from our own system, and their relative distances, have been determined by the comparative powers of the telescopes employed in observing them. Some of them are distant from us many thousands of times the distance of the Dog-star, the nearest of our own stars.

NEBULÆ.

Astronomers have long had under their observation a set of peculiar objects, apparently within the limits of our star-system, and called *nebulæ*, from their filmy cloud-like appearance. There is one of magnificent appearance in the girdle of the constellation Andromeda, and another still more splendid in the sword-hilt of Orion, both visible to the naked eye. Some of these objects are of irregular form, stretching like a fragment of semi-pellucid membrane over the sky, with patches of brighter matter scattered irregularly throughout their extent. In others, the bright patches are of greater intensity, so as to have the decided appearance of *gatherings* of the matter towards a particular point. Others there are in which these bright parts seem nearly disengaged from the surrounding thin matter, or only bedded on a slight background composed of it. In a fourth class, we see detached masses, approaching more or less to a spherical form, and with various measures of comparative brightness towards the centre, until they resemble a star with only a slight *bur* around it.

When telescopes of high powers were applied to these bodies, many of them were resolved into dense clusters of stars; but others could not thus be resolved, and had such a peculiar appearance, that it was surmised they were not starry masses, but patches of diffused matter in the course of being condensed to stars and systems. This surmise was readily supported by many, on the belief that such uncondensed suns were likely to exist, and that the hypothesis furnished a ready basis whereon to found the history and connection of the solar system. But in 1846, the powerful telescope of Lord Rosse showed that one of the most marked of these nebulæ (that in Orion) did really consist of an immense irregular mass of stars, undiscernible before, from its being situated so remotely in the depth of the starry spaces. It has consequently been pronounced as extremely doubtful if there are any masses of diffused, or, properly speaking, nebulous matter in the regions of space.

The discovery, however it may affect theories, infinitely exalts our conceptions of the magnitude and extent of the material universe. It teaches us to regard the farthest and filmiest speck which the most powerful telescope can descry, as a mass of worlds, melted by distance into a dim light, but comprising individualities as perfect, and at the same time as progressive in their natures, as our own. "What mean, for instance," says Professor Nichol in a recent work, "those dim spots which, unknown before, loom in greater and greater numbers on the horizon of every new instrument, unless they are gleams it is obtaining, on its own frontier, of a mighty infinitude beyond, also studded with glories, and infolding what is seen as a minute and subservient part? Yes; even the six-feet mirror, after its powers of distinct vision are exhausted, becomes in its turn

simply as the child gazing on these mysterious lights with awful and hopeless wonder. I shrink below the conception that here—even at this threshold of the attainable—bursts forth on my mind! Look at a cloudy speck in Orion, visible, without aid, to the well-trained eye; *that* is a stellar universe of majesty altogether transcendent, lying at the verge of what is known. Well, if any of these lights from afar, on which the six-feet mirror is now casting its longing eye, resemble in character that spot, the systems from which they come are situated so deep in space, that no ray from them could reach our earth until after travelling through the intervening abysses during centuries whose number stuns the imagination. There must be some regarding which that faint illumination informs us, not of their present existence, but only that assuredly they were, and sent forth into the infinite the rays at present reaching us, at an epoch farther back into the past than this momentary lifetime of man, by at least *thirty millions of years!*"

Such are the more prominent and marvellous revelations of the telescope—an instrument without which we of the present age would have known as little of the actual configuration of the heavenly bodies, as did the earliest eye that was turned heavenward. The nearer orbs would still have been regarded as mere brilliant specks—"lamps set in the upper firmament;" while the more distant and minute would have remained for ever unknown. The eye of the most enlightened philosopher, without its aid, is of as little avail as that of the untutored peasant; it cannot dwell longer on the glare of the sun, or pierce farther into the profundities of space. In fact, for all that we know of the actual appearance of the heavenly hosts—of their satellites, belts, surface-irregularities, and so forth—we are indebted to the magic lenses and reflectors of the astronomical telescope. Nor is man in possession of all that he will yet know of the heavenly bodies; for so enticing is the pursuit, that from the time of Galileo downwards, observers have never flagged, either as regards the improvement of the instrument, or as concerns its application to farther discoveries. Nor a more ennobling function could they well perform; for, throwing altogether aside the importance of the telescope in a practical point of view, it is not too much to assert, that it has been no insignificant auxiliary to the cause of intellectual and religious advancement. It has extended the boundaries of science; trained, like all other instruments requiring delicate manipulation, to habits of caution and precision; expanded the mental grasp commensurate with the scope of its observation; and by its revelations, infinitely exalted our conceptions of the Divine Architect, who has created and arranged in such perfect order and harmony the innumerable systems of the universe.

JIM CRONIN.

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS HOARE.

I.

ABOUT thirty years ago there lived, in a wild district of the south of Ireland, a widow named Cronin and her family, consisting of two sons and a daughter. She was what is called "well to do in the world," being in possession of a small farm, stocked with three cows and some sheep, and for which she paid merely a nominal rent. At the time our tale commences, her eldest son James was ten years old, his brother Daniel nine, and little Ellen six.

One fine morning in the month of May, Mrs Cronin and her children had finished their breakfast of milk and potatoes, and the pig was enjoying his, consisting of the skins, politely given to him on the floor, when the mother addressed her eldest boy: "Come, Jemmy, 'tis time for you to be off to yer school."

"I wont mind going to-day, mother; 'tis Inchigulah fair, and I want to see the fun."

"Oh, thin, the never a step you'll go to the fair to-day. Is it to be kilt entirely you want in the fight they'll have wid the Kilmichael boys?"

"That's the very reason I want to go;" and the undutiful boy prepared to move in the forbidden direction.

His mother did not exert her authority to restrain him, but turning to her youngest son, who was leaning against the door, lazily biting a straw, "Dan," said she, "you'll be a good boy, I

know, and go to school to-day; and next day I go to Macroom, I'll bring you a fine new cloth cap to wear to chapel on Sunday, and Jim will have to go in his dirty ould caubeen, because he wont do my bidding."

James turned round, his face flushed with anger. "Mother," said he, "that's always yer way: you care more about Dan than you do about me."

"To be sure I do. Isn't his little finger worth your whole body?"

"Thin keep him, and make much of him, for it's little of me you'll see this day;" and off he set, leaving his mother in a most unenviable state of mind. She was far from meaning what she said when she spoke of preferring Dan to James; on the contrary, her eldest son was her favourite, and having spoiled him in infancy by foolish indulgence, she now tried to govern his wayward temper by exciting the fiendish passion of jealousy. The result of this most pernicious plan will be seen in the sequel.

II.

At that time the hedge-schools were the only means of education which the country afforded; and wild and uncouth as were both masters and scholars, and primitive as was their place of assembly—for, as the poet says,

"Its roof was the heaven, its wall was the hill"—

yet a considerable share of learning was often acquired by the pupils, more, perhaps, than in some polished seminaries. To one of these schools Mrs Cronin sent her children as regularly as she could induce them to go, and thither Daniel and his little sister proceeded this morning.

Mister Dogherty's rustic establishment was rather a favourable specimen of its class. Some of the head boys were well versed in the higher branches of arithmetic, could write "copper-plate," and the broad Doric intonation of their reading was abundantly compensated, at least in the opinion of most of their auditors, by the gallant speed and reckless rapidity with which the most jaw-breaking polysyllables were cleared in a flying gallop. True, this sporting pace constantly left both reader and hearers perfectly innocent of the meaning of the text. But this was a trifle, and Irishmen never stick at trifles.

"Why, thin, Dan, it's time for you," said Mister Dogherty, as the boy entered the school; "and where's James this fine morning?"

"He's gone to Inchigulah fair, though my mother tould him not to go."

"Oh, it's like him, the young scamp! Never fear, when I catch him to-morrow I'll wattle him well, to tache him obedience in future."

The scholars were now examined on the subject of their lessons, and having acquitted themselves very much to Mister Dogherty's satisfaction, he proceeded, as was not unusual with him, to tell them one of his drollest stories.

The happy frame of mind in which the recital never failed to put the worthy master, was quickly disturbed by sounds of clamour and crying among the more juvenile of his pupils. Seizing his formidable *wattle* (Anglice, cane), he loudly demanded what was the matter.

"It's little Ellen Cronin, sir, that's roaring because Dan is pinching her, and saying his mother doesn't care about her, and that he's the white-headed boy at home."

'Come up here, Dan." The summons was slowly and sulkily obeyed. "Take that, sir," said the master, giving him a few smart blows, "and I hope 'twill tache you to have more *nature* for yer sister. 'Twas one mother bore you both, and in place of tormenting, you ought to love one another." He then dismissed the school, and little Ellen, glancing fearfully at Dan, went up to a pleasant-looking boy of twelve years old, named John M'Carthy, who, taking her hand, said kindly, "Never fear, Aileen, Dan shan't touch you: I'll walk home with you to yer mother's door."

The children then dispersed in different directions, Dan walking gloomily apart, and John talking cheerfully to Ellen till they reached her home.

They found Mrs Cronin in a state of fretful anxiety about James, who had not yet made his appearance. Several of the neighbours were passing on their return from the fair, driving a few lambs, or a cow, or a pig before them. One man, who was trying to quicken the pace of a peculiarly refractory specimen of the last-named animal, was accosted by the widow.

"God save you, Jerry!"

"God save you kindly, ma'am!"

"Was there a good fair to-day?"

"There was, ma'am, a power and all of people in it, but there wasn't to say much in the way of buying and selling."

"Would you see that gorsoon of mine anywhere there?"

"I did thin, ma'am, see him in the thick of all the fun; for there was a dickens of a scrimmage between the Walshes and Cotters; and never fear, Jemmy was wheeling his bit of a stick, and shouting for the bare life as well as the best."

"Oh yea, wisha! I wouldn't doubt him: he's an active boy anyway." And, strange to say, a kind of pleased pride at her son's courage and daring spirit mingled with anger at his disobedience and fears for his safety. "Was he hurt at all, Jerry?"

"Myself didn't see; for as I had this *slip* bought, I thought 'twas better to make the best of my way home without waiting to see how 'twould end." Then giving the pig a significant cut

of his whip, he moved on, wishing Mrs Cronin good-evening, and saying, "Oh, thin, wont I airn this one before I have her home to-night!"

Evening began to close in, and still no sign of James. At length a man appeared, driving a donkey-car, at the bottom of which the truant boy lay stretched on some straw. His mother ran out to receive him, and albeit the nerves of Irishwomen in her rank of life are pretty well steeled against fears connected with broken heads and bruised limbs, yet when she saw her son's pale face, and his fair curls matted with blood, escaping from beneath a bandage which was bound tightly round his head, she burst into a passionate cry of grief and terror, not unmixed with rage. The neighbour who had kindly brought him home raised him in his arms, and assisted her to lay him in bed, at the same time saying, "Don't fret yerself, Mrs Cronin, you'll find the boy will be none the worse to-morrow. To be sure 'twas well I found him whin I did, for he was down on the ground, and a boy of the Walshes lickin' him at no rate; but still Jimmy showed the thrue blood, for he kept bating the cowardly spalpeen, that was twice his size, as long as ever he could stand."

"Oh the murtherin' villain, to dar touch my child! Never fear, he'll sup sorrow for it yet."

So saying, she went to prepare some whey for James, who just then opened his eyes, and asked feebly for a drink. Her neighbour wished her good-night, and went home; and she, having settled the sick boy as comfortably as she could, retired to rest with her other children. James passed a sleepless night, and next morning was in a high fever. His mother, in great alarm, sent Daniel with all haste to summon Dr Handley to see him.

III.

Let not our English readers imagine for a moment that the gentleman whom we have mentioned had ever in his life attended a school of medicine or taken out a diploma. He belonged to a class of men who are every day becoming more rare in Ireland, and will probably soon be nearly extinct, owing to the now universal establishment of dispensaries, and the consequent residence in the country of regularly qualified practitioners; but at the time of which we write, the rural population might be said to be totally destitute of licensed medical assistance; for the expense attendant on bringing a physician fifteen or twenty miles into the country was of itself an insurmountable obstacle; besides, that the people in general entertained a strong prejudice against the regular practice, and much preferred their own unlicensed pretenders. Medical advice, such as it was, was offered by three classes of practitioners. The first were the "fairy-men," who undertook to charm away the diseases both

of men and cattle; and although the effect of their prescriptions was of course purely imaginary, yet they were regarded throughout the country with much respect, not unmixed with awe; and if any one got a "blast" (the name for every kind of illness whose origin was unknown), these men and their charms were always had recourse to. The second, and most numerous division, were the "old women," who, besides their prescriptive right to usher all the thumping young Paddies into a land of fighting and potatoes, were also called on for advice in various cases of disease. Here, it must be confessed, their practice was often most destructive, being characterised by a bold disregard of the plainest rules in medicine. Turning the head of a patient in typhus fever towards a blazing turf fire, heaping blankets on his bed, and administering copious libations of whisky punch, "to drive the cold from his heart," and which, for fear of any mistake, usually first paid toll at the lips of the good lady herself—these formed part of their standing rules. Still, somehow, the patients often recovered, thanks to the ever-open door, the wide chimney, and creviced roof, which served to admit plenty of fresh air, and also to the hardy constitution with which the rural Irish are happily endowed.

The "old women," long life to them! still flourish. I very lately, when visiting the district where the scene of our story is laid, met with some amusing specimens of the tribe. They look on the encroachments of the dispensary physicians pretty much as the aboriginal dogs of New Holland regard those of their European brethren, condescending to emulate them to a certain extent, but jealously excluding them, as far as may be, from their lovely sylvan haunts.

The practitioner who was sent for on the present occasion belonged to the third class, who were a degree more learned; men who had picked up a smattering of medical knowledge, and assumed the grave title of "doctor." The doctor was regarded with much respect, and his advice sought on various matters—agricultural, political, domestic, and matrimonial; in fact, in each parish he was usually esteemed second in wisdom only to the priest.

Dr Handley, who held this proud position in the parish of Inchigeela, had formerly been gardener to a gentleman's family. While living in service, he was in the habit of uniting surgical with horticultural employments; and the younger members of his master's family found much amusement in conversing with him. For their edification, he would invent the wildest and most ludicrous adventures, of which he would gravely assure them he had been the hero.

With all this extravagance, he possessed much shrewdness of character, of which I will give an instance. Just before he retired from service, the law forbidding to inoculate with the natural small-pox was passed, and emissaries were sent through

the country to detect and prosecute any who did so. An apothecary from the neighbouring city of C—— came into this district, and as he was known to Handley's master, he was hospitably received, and entertained at his house. Having strong suspicions that the old gardener was a transgressor, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact by searching inquiries among the country people; but in vain—not a man, woman, or child would inform or give him the slightest clue; and many a time that day did the town Galen find himself humbugged after the most approved fashion.

The next morning, accompanied by one of his host's sons, he went into the garden to try what he could do with the delinquent himself. The old man was busily engaged in digging a border; and, giving one knowing glance of the eye as he returned the apothecary's civil salutation, he quietly continued his employment. "This is a fine morning, doctor."

"It is indeed, sir; glory be to God!"

"And 'tis fine healthy weather for the country; I suppose there are but few sick persons in the neighbourhood just now?"

"I know whosomever 'tis healthy for: it agrees wonderful with the caterpillars; bad luck to 'em, if they aren't ating up my early cabbages, just as the Moths and Sandals ate up Julius Casar."

Mr ——, nothing daunted, returned to the charge. He wanted to establish the fact of the doctor's practising medicine in anyway, hoping afterwards to detect the inoculation business; but Handley was thoroughly *up* to him, and turned his flank in masterly style. After an immensity of what our old friend, had he lived in the days of Sam Slick, would have termed "soft sawder," had been lavished in vain, the apothecary continued. "Now, Dr Handley, I have heard a great deal of your medical skill; in fact you are better known and more esteemed in town than you think, and I should like to have your opinion on a difficult case. Suppose a man came to consult you, affected in such and such a manner" (detailing a variety of imaginary symptoms), "what would you do for him?"

The old gardener stuck his spade in the ground, and leaning his arms on the handle, looked keenly at his questioner. "I'll tell you, sir. If he was a *good* fellow, I'd do the best I could for him; but if he was a *bad* fellow, that would talk friendly to your face, and turn agin you afterwards—*maybe I wouldn't give him a pill!*"

Not another word from the crestfallen apothecary. He turned on his heel and walked off; while his young host, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "I think, Mr ——, the next time you're ill, you may as well not mind consulting Dr Handley!"

The old doctor had now retired, with the savings of his years of labour, to a neat cottage and small farm about a mile distant from Mrs Cronin's dwelling. Here, as his practice was exten-

sive, he picked up many small sums among the farmers, together with various fees in kind, consisting chiefly of eggs, butter, meal, and chickens; but he was always ready to prescribe gratuitously for the very poor, by whom he was much beloved. He united a thorough contempt for town-bred physicians to a most comfortable assurance of his own superior skill.

From this digression on an almost extinct class in Ireland, we return to the subject of our story.

IV.

Dr Handley, summoned by Mrs Cronin, soon appeared at her son's bedside. Having bled the boy pretty copiously, he ordered a fomentation of simples to be applied to his temples; and whether his prescriptions were *secundum artem* or not, certain it is that after a few days his patient became convalescent. The mother, who had been terrified at her son's danger, now lavished on him the most foolish caresses, indulging every wayward fancy, and straitening herself to gratify his whims. Instead of calmly reproving his sin and disobedience, she spoke only of vengeance to be taken on Tom Walsh, the boy who had beaten James; and she even promised Dan a new jacket as a reward for having thrashed Mickey Walsh, a younger brother of the offender, but who was himself quite guiltless of the affray. Daniel returned one day from school with a black eye and bloody nose, which would have excited his mother's displeasure, had they not been satisfactorily accounted for in the manner abovementioned. While James's illness lasted, his brother and sister were made subservient to him in everything. If he pettishly complained of them, the mother cuffed them without mercy, telling them that Jim was of more consequence than ten brats like them.

The old doctor often remonstrated with her on the subject. "Mrs Cronin," he would say, "I seen a dale of childher rared in my time, and I never yet saw good come of setting up one above another. 'Tisn't in the nature of things but that they'll always be fighting and vieing with each other; and sure 'twould give you a sore heart-scald in your latter days to see them that you rocked in one cradle, and fed at your bosom, taring and desthroying one another like them hathen Romans, Romulus and Ramus." These well-meant admonitions were in vain: blindly did the infatuated mother continue to minister to the worst passions of her children, reckless of the rapid growth of evil in their hearts.

Little Ellen was a child of a naturally sweet and yielding disposition; she had true womanly feeling, and, under different training, would have grown up all that was amiable and lovely. Even as it was, she received much less injury from her mother's misrule than did her jealous, turbulent brothers.

She had a beautiful white hen with a top-knot, which her aunt had given her, and which she dearly loved. Every day the fresh egg which Snowy laid was brought in for James's breakfast; but not satisfied with this, the selfish boy declared he must have the hen for his own.

"Ah, Jimmy," said his little sister, "don't take Snowy from me: sure you know how fond the crathur is of me, and I of her. She flies up on my shoulder, and picks the bit of praty out of my mouth; and she's quite strange to you and Dan. Sure you wont take her, Jimmy?"

The boy was that day more than usually ill-tempered, and, without replying, he tried to snatch the bird from Ellen, who held it closely in her arms. Enraged at meeting resistance, he seized the hen furiously, and wrung its neck. Its poor little mistress threw herself on the ground, sobbing in an agony of grief. Just at that moment their mother came in; and when she understood the cause of the uproar, what course did she pursue? She blamed Ellen for trying to retain her bird, telling her she deserved to lose it for going to vex Jim; and merely told the latter he was a fool for having killed such a nice laying hen; never adverting to the cruelty and injustice he had shown towards his sister.

Scenes of this kind were of daily occurrence, and tended to foster every bad and jealous feeling in the children's minds. Their mother really loved them, and fancied she had their interests at heart; but truly it was a false kindness, a cruel love. What availed her care for their bodies, while, by a perverse system of fondling one at the expense of the others, she filled their young souls with envious discontent? Jealousy of a brother stained with blood the hand of the first murderer. Six thousand years have rolled on since then, and of all the sanguine torrents which, during their course, man has drawn from the veins of his fellow-men, who can say how many may have flowed from the same fratricidal source? Parents, if you would have your sons and daughters grow up a blessing and a praise, a crown of rejoicing to your old age, teach them, while they are yet "little children," to "love one another!"

V.

Twelve years rolled on, and brought with them many changes. Mrs Cronin's bright dark eye began to wax dim, and her raven hair was streaked with gray; but time, which robs youth of its beauty, clothes childhood with matured grace and vigour. James and Daniel had grown up to be stout handsome young men, while their sister Ellen was, beyond dispute, the fairest maiden in the country. Time did its work in developing their persons: their mother did hers in perverting their minds. But let us say, once for all, it was done in ignorance. She was a weak-minded

woman, possessing undisciplined passions and affections; wishing to rule her sons, and finding herself without either physical or moral power to effect it. She therefore, as wiser politicians have done before her, tried to establish a balance of power, shifting the scale as the hasty fancy or irritated feeling of the moment might chance to dictate. But a plan which may answer indifferently well in the government of a nation, is often destructive when applied to the regulation of a family; and so it proved in this instance. Did Daniel offend his mother by betting at a horse-race, and losing his money, she would threaten to make his brother's share of the farm, at her death, treble his; did James spend the night at a wake or pattern, and return towards morning intoxicated, she would promise to make a settlement on Daniel, whenever he chose to marry, and leave her eldest son unprovided for.

In the commencement of our narrative we mentioned a boy named John M'Carthy, who good-naturedly protected Ellen from Dan's unkindness. This lad, now become a fine stout young farmer, possessing some acres of good land, did not lose sight of his former little playfellow. It is not my object to write a love story: indeed, as the man said when asked if he could play the organ, "I don't know whether I could do it, for I never tried." It will therefore suffice to mention that a strong attachment had sprung up between them; and as soon as Ellen attained the age of eighteen years (an uncommonly advanced period of life for a pretty Irish peasant girl to remain unmarried), John, with his parents' entire approbation, sought her for his wife. Mrs Cronin at first demurred. It would be necessary to give her daughter a portion, and she did not like to diminish her stock, now consisting of six cows. She told her proposed son-in-law that she would take a night to consider, and give him an answer in the morning.

That evening, when James and Dan came in from work, they found the house neatly swept up, a bright turf fire blazing on the open hearth, and their supper of potatoes and salt fish ready and smoking hot. As soon as they entered, Ellen went out to milk the cows, and their mother drawing her seat near the fire, began—"Why, thin, boys, you wouldn't guess who was here to-day?"

"Maybe 'twas the tithe-proctor, bad luck to him?"

"No, Jim, it wasn't the tithe-proctor, but a dacenter boy than ever he was. What do you think of young John M'Carthy?"

"I'll engage, then, he wanted to buy them three sheep I got last Candlemas, but the never a one of 'em will he get till I see what price they'll bring at the fair."

"'Tisn't them sheep he wants at all, but the nicest and purtiest lamb in the flock: he came to ax me would I give him your sister to be his wife."

"She might get a worse husband than Shawnage, there's no

doubt of that," said James; "and I suppose the boy wont be looking for fortune, he's so well to do in the world?"

"As to that," said the mother, "I think I ought to give her three cows, half-a-dozen sheep, and a couple of feather-beds."

"Are you mad, mother?" was her son's energetic rejoinder; "that would be the purty bargain in airnest! To lave us all depinding on the other three cows to make our butter, while Miss Ellen is sitting like a lady in John M'Carthy's parlour; for no less would do him in the new house he built."

"Foolishness, boy. Ellen was ever and always the good daughter to me, and I'll give her what I plase, and as much as I plase. Maybe you and Dan will be sorry yet that you didn't thry to contint me better than you do."

James returned a violent answer, and the dispute waxed very warm. It ended in the sons' going sulkily to bed, while their mother persisted in her intention, and threatened to give an additional gratuity of twenty pounds. Mrs Cronin was really piqued into acting thus, for her disposition was far removed from liberality; but she enriched her daughter in order to vex her rebellious sons.

VI.

After a reasonable delay, John and Ellen were married, and removed to a comfortable farm, which he had lately taken in conjunction with his brother, who was to live with them. Here, in the society of a husband whose sunny temper and cheerful countenance knew no sullen cloud, Ellen enjoyed such happiness as she had never yet known. Her young heart and mind seemed to expand and brighten beneath the influence of domestic kindness; and there was not a prouder or happier wife than herself in the whole parish of Inchigeela, when she put on her lace-cap with pink ribbons, and her fine dark-blue cloth cloak on Sunday, and accompanied her husband to chapel.

Mrs Cronin was a provident woman, and from her savings she soon contrived to replace the three cows which she had given to Ellen. Among her stock there was one red cow, a very fine animal, which yielded an immense quantity of milk, and was quite an object of admiration in the country. James had long wished to possess it for his own, and frequently importuned his mother to give it to him. This, however, she constantly refused. She had been left by her husband sole possessor of his farm, having power to divide it among her children during her life, or to will it to them after her death, in whatever shares or proportions she pleased. She was most tenacious of her property, and, generally speaking, could with difficulty be induced to part with any of her stock. This cow, however, was employed as a powerful assistant in controlling the domestic economy. If the mother was pleased with James, she held out vague and uncertain

promises that the animal should be his; did he displease her, he was told that Tiney should be forthwith presented to Daniel; or, were both brothers defaulters, she was to be driven to the next fair, and sold for whatever she would bring; till at length the poor innocent cow had become the cause of more envy and heart-burnings than the sacrifice of a hecatomb of oxen could in ancient days have appeased.

At length James contrived to extract from his mother a definite promise that from the 1st of the approaching month of June the coveted animal should be his; and all the profits derived from her were thenceforth to be appropriated to his sole use and benefit.

About the middle of May a great horse-race was to come off in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Cronin, knowing that much gambling and cheating would be likely to go on, peremptorily forbade her sons going there. They both, however, disobeyed; and going to the race-course, not only betted and played away all the little money they could collect, but James staked the precious promised cow, and lost her.

When their mother found they had gone in defiance of her positive injunctions, her rage knew no bounds; she stormed and raved aloud against her rebellious children. In the midst of her invectives her son-in-law, who was coming to pay her a visit, walked into the house.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said; "I thought I heard you talking to some one as I was lifting the latch, but I see you're all alone."

"Oh, thin! thrue for you, John; I am all alone, and cold and lonely is my heart this day afther the tratement of them ungrateful boys that I tuk such care of, and such pride out of. The villains of the world! to go off agin my orders; but I'll pay them for it yet."

John, who was a most amiable, good-natured young man, and a great favourite with his mother-in-law, tried to soothe her and calm her anger; and to all appearance he succeeded. She talked quietly of Ellen, and asked many questions concerning the welfare of their household; but the bitter feeling still rankled in her bosom, and her thoughts were brooding over the undutiful conduct of her sons. After some time John rose to depart, and Mrs Cronin followed him a few steps from the door. "And so you tell me," said she, "that Ellen is well in health, and happy, and content with everything about her. God keep her so; she was ever and always a good daughter to me; and now, Sham, darling, I'll send her a purty little present, that maybe you wont see the likes of agin in a hurry." So saying, she led him into the field where Tiney was feeding, and desired him to drive her home at once, and give her to Ellen with her mother's love and blessing.

John was as much pleased as surprised at his mother-in-law's

unwonted generosity; and knowing nothing of the cow having been promised to James, felt of course no scruple in taking her. He accordingly drove her home, thinking, as he went along, what a pleasant surprise it would be to his dear Ellen. Tiney was indeed greatly admired by her new mistress, who had often fed her when a calf; and John's brother pronounced her to be "a rale beauty, worth almost any money!"

My readers may perhaps imagine the miserable state of James's mind when he returned that evening to his mother's house. His conscience told him that he had been guilty of a great sin in disobeying his parent, and his selfish feelings reproached him with having thrown away every farthing he possessed; and last, and worst of all, he knew that, on the 1st of June, he would have to part with his cow, or ransom her with a sum which he had no means of raising. He walked into the cottage, and sat down by the fire without uttering a word. His mother, who, now that her passion had in some measure cooled, felt rather apprehensive of the storm so soon to be awakened in his breast, was equally taciturn. Daniel had remained outside, to attend to the horse which they had ridden in turn, and there was no one else within doors.

Presently the girl entered with a pail of milk. "Arrah, misthress," said she, "I felt as quare and as lonely to-night without having poor Tiney to milk; and see yerself, the milk looks nothing since hers is taken out of it."

"Tiney!" said James; "what's the matter with her?"

"Ah, you may go whistle for Tiney!" said his mother; "I gave her to-day to a boy that's worth ten of you, and that I heartily wish was my son in your stead."

"Mother!" said James, clenching his fist furiously, "you wouldn't *dare* do it!"

It would be needless and painful to dwell on the scene that followed. Dan having come in, joined in the war of words; and at length the wearied and enraged mother retired to bed, and her sons, breathing curses and threats, also sought their place of repose. Dan, who had not so much cause for excitement, and who, besides, was of a more apathetic disposition than James, slept soundly; but his brother did not close his eyes all night, and at four o'clock in the morning he awoke Daniel. In pursuance of a plan which they had concerted on the previous evening, they dressed themselves quickly, and stole noiselessly out of doors. They each carried a gun, and walked along rapidly for some time in silence. At length Daniel, looking earnestly at the inflamed features and bloodshot eyes of his brother, said, "Jim, what are you going to do at all at all?"

"I'm going to make that sneaking spalpeen give me up my fine cow, that he wheedled that foolish ould woman out of."

"And what'll we do if he wont give her up paceably?"

"Maybe I have a thrifle of logic here that'll persuade him,"

said James, touching the lock of his gun significantly. "Them M'Carthys never had much pluck in them."

On they walked, but the fresh morning breeze and glorious sunshine, which awakened all living things, and summoned them to joyous activity, had no soothing or softening influence on a heart consumed by its own restless fire. After a walk of six miles, the brothers arrived at M'Carthy's farm, and in a meadow at some distance from the house they saw Tiney quietly grazing.

"Now for it, Dan," said James; "we'll drive her off, and let me see if one of the M'Carthys dare touch her agin." So saying, he proceeded to throw down the gap which had been built up to prevent the cattle in the field from straying beyond its precincts. At this moment John and his brother appeared advancing towards him.

"Good morning, Jim," said the former; "you're out early to-day."

"Not a bit too early to disappoint thieves and robbers," was the courteous rejoinder. "Ho! you thought you'd have my fine cow all to yerself; but 'twas aisy wid ye, my boy. I'm come to take her back, and the never a hair of her will you see agin, if 'twas to save yer life."

"James, I don't understand all this. Your mother gave me the cow freely, without me ever axing her, many thanks to her for that same; and I wont have her taken back by you on a suddent without rhyme or rason."

"You wont, wont you?" said James; "see if you dare prevint me." And he immediately proceeded to drive the animal out of the field.

John ran to intercept him, and stood in the gap, at the same time saying quietly, "Now, Jim, leave off this nonsense: you know I don't want to fight with you, but the cow shan't leave this field to-day." In a transport of passion James raised his gun, fired it with deadly aim, and down fell the stout and manly youth before him a bleeding corpse at his feet. The wretched murderer and Daniel, when they saw what was done, began to fly with speed; but the victim's brother, uttering a loud cry of horror, ran to lay hold on James. The latter, as if possessed by a demon, seized Daniel's gun and fired at his pursuer. He, too, fell mortally wounded. James stopped for a moment, raised him up, placed him with his head leaning against a tree, and then, with such a yell as might have resounded through earth's primeval valley when Cain stood a convicted and sentenced criminal before his Righteous Judge, the guilty being and his brother fled.

VII.

In less than an hour afterwards the Widow Cronin was standing in her house preparing the morning meal, when her eldest

son rushed in. His face, notwithstanding his rapid flight, was colourless; his eyes red, and glowing with a fiendish glare. "Mother," said he, extending his hand, "look there!"

The wretched woman gazed at the blood-stained fingers. "Oh, James, for the love of God tell me what you were doing!"

"That's *blood*, mother," answered he with frightful calmness; "the blood of an innocent man: it was *you* made me shed it, and on your soul be the guilt." He then rushed from the house, and ran wildly up the mountains, where Daniel had already found a place of concealment.

Of course the fearful hue-and-cry of murder was soon raised, and notice sent to the nearest police station: but the faction of the Cronins was numerous and powerful, and in those days the arrest of a criminal in the remote parts of Ireland was almost impracticable. It was, and indeed is still, a point of honour among the peasantry never to deliver up a man to justice, even though he may have been guilty of the most atrocious crimes. That this point of honour rests on a false foundation, every lover of his country must grievously lament. The officious disclosure of circumstances of little moment may be neither honourable nor justifiable, but the concealment of murderers, of men who have outraged not only the law, but every just and holy feeling, is, to say the least of it, *dishonourable*—a crime too despicable to deserve any degree of sympathy. Yet, with feelings warped by prejudices of various kinds, the Irish, as we have said, give no aid in bringing malefactors to justice. In the present instance, notwithstanding the reward offered by government, and the vengeful watchfulness of the M'Carthys, the murderer remained for several weeks undiscovered in the wild mountain fastnesses, being fed, lodged, and concealed by the farmers who inhabited these remote regions.

Who may attempt to picture the state of his mind during this period? He passed from the extreme of wild fiendish rage to the dull apathy of despair. This again gave way to a sense—oh, how keen and thrilling!—that all was lost. There he stood, *a murderer!* his hand dyed in the blood of those who had never wronged him. And when he thought of Ellen, "Oh, my sister; my own darling sister!" he would say, "bright were your eyes, and glad was your heart, till the dark cloud of sorrow came over you. 'Twas I that tuk him from you, that loved you better than his life; and now you're down in the dust, aileen, never to lift your eyes again to the face that was brighter to you than the sun, and more gentle than the moonbames on the river. Oh that I could buy back his life with my own; but this world and the next are shut up from me in darkness for ever!"

This mental conflict did not last long. The unhappy man one day set off for the nearest town, in order to surrender himself to justice, and while on the way, was suddenly surprised and seized by the officers of police, who were in quest of him. For a mo-

ment the instinct of self-preservation led him to make a show of defence, but all regular determination to oppose the demands of the law was gone; and the feeling, that whatever should befall him, could not be worse than the fearful remorse in which he was plunged, caused him speedily to submit to his fate. He was lodged in the county jail, and in due time brought to trial. He made no defence, confessed his crime, and sought no mercy. The fearful sentence of the law was passed on him, and he was remanded to his cell. During his imprisonment, and now in the brief interval that remained until the fatal day, he was constantly visited by the prison chaplain, and the priest of his own parish, a kind good old man, who had known him from his childhood. He remained apparently unmoved by their pious admonitions, always saying there was no hope for him either in this world or the next. On the morning of his execution, as he was leaving the cell, he turned to his old friend and said, "Tell my mother I forgive her; and may she and my Maker forgive me!"

These were the last words he uttered. In a few moments the young and stately form of James Cronin lay a distorted and dishonoured corpse. Fearfully had the soul it enshrined been warped by unwitting error: fearfully was that error avenged.

VIII.

We return to the unfortunate mother whose mistaken preference and indulgence had led to such a dismal domestic tragedy. On the day of her last interview with her son she fell into a state of stupor, which was followed by a raging fever. From this she slowly recovered; but her reason was fled for ever. After a time, as she was perfectly harmless, though impatient of restraint, the person who was appointed to take care of her allowed her to wander at will through the country. Nothing seemed to agitate her save the sight of a *red cow*. At this she would stop, and say with a shudder, "Oh! don't you see she's stained with blood, and all the water in the sea can't wash out that colour?"

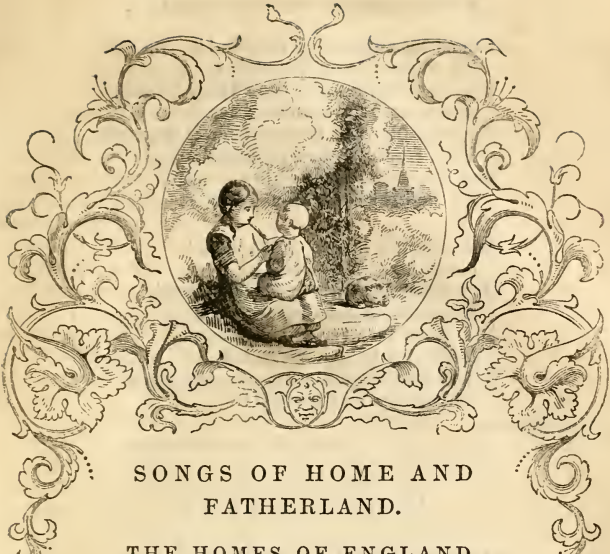
And Ellen—what of her? There are woes over which, like the artist of old, we must draw a veil. They are too deep for utterance, too sacred for description. From the day of her husband's death she never looked up, nor smiled; she languished like a wounded bird, the vigour of her young life struggling against the arrow whose death-thrust was in her heart. At length, on the day that the tidings of her brother's execution reached Inchigulah, she expired, rejoicing in the hope of meeting her beloved husband in that world where no sin nor sorrow can enter.

Daniel continued for a time to wander about the country; but as no active exertions were used to bring him to trial, he ventured to return to the farm, which had now become his. We

may mention that the late tragic events, in which he had been a guilty participator, seemed to have wrought a favourable change in his character. He watched tenderly over his mother while she lived; and after her death, he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and led a quiet domestic life. He still survives; but it seems as if an evil destiny dogged his footsteps. Nothing appears to thrive with him; no doubt from the spiritless manner in which he conducts his affairs. His property has thus dwindled away, so that he now possesses only one or two fields, and supports his family by daily labour. I have often seen him; and without knowing his history, even a casual observer would remark the settled dejection and spiritless expression of his countenance.

One fine summer evening, about a year after the events we have narrated, a group had assembled at the door of Mr Dogherty the schoolmaster, consisting of several farmers and Dr Handley, then verging on eighty years. While they smoked their pipes, and talked over the politics of the country, the Widow Cronin passed by. Her hair had become perfectly white, and her eye was lighted up with a restless fire which nothing but the hand of death could extinguish. She walked quickly by, looking vacantly at her old acquaintances, but not seeming to recognise any of them. "Poor woman!" said the old doctor when she was gone, "sorely you supped the cup of sorrow. You had two as fine lads as ever brightened a mother's eye or gladdened her heart. 'Twas a good soil to work on, but sadly 'twas misused. You thought to reap whate where you sowed nothing but hemlock!"

This, in its chief incidents, is an "owre true tale." The records of the county Cork prison contain the memorial of James Cronin's crime and execution; and it was from an old man in the country, who was present at the trial, that I lately heard the fatal history.



SONGS OF HOME AND FATHERLAND.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

THE stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there they lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May hearts of native proof be reared,
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

—Mrs Hemans.

MY ISLAND HOME.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy rugged shore:
Thy rocks of gladsome moments tell,
Fled to return no more.
They speak of joys' unclouded light—
Of sorrows, scarce less dear;
Of laughing moments' rapid flight—
Affliction's balmy tear.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy barren plains:
They'll tell of early hours of bliss,
While memory remains.
'Tis true they also speak of grief;
Yet not for aught below
Would I forego those dreams of youth,
Though early tinged by wo.

My island home! I love thee well,
Despite thy cloudy skies;
In thy calm twilight's clear-obscure
What varied thoughts arise!
Even thy wild storms possess a charm;
Thy ocean's circling foam
To Thulé's child can bring no dread—
They speak of peace and home.

My island home! my childhood's home!
Beyond far fairer lands,
'Tis thou, despite thine aspect wild,
That all my love demands:
The visions of the loved and lost
Are blended with each scene;
And memory lives to linger o'er
Each spot where bliss hath been.

—C. G.

EMIGRANT'S SONG.

Our native land, our native vale,
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renowned in song!
Farewell, ye blithesome braes and meads
Our hearts have loved so long!

Farewell, ye broomy elfin knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow!
Farewell, ye hoary haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe!

The battle-mound, the Border-tower,
That Scotia's annals tell;
The martyr's grave, the lover's bower—
To each—to all—farewell!

Home of our hearts! our fathers' home!
Land of the brave and free!
The keel is flashing through the foam
That bears us far from thee.

We seek a wild and distant shore
Beyond the Atlantic main;
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again.

But may dishonour blight our fame,
And quench our household fires,
When we or ours forget thy name,
Green island of our sires!

Our native vale, our native vale,
A long—a last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

—Thomas Pringle.

HOME THOUGHTS.

THOUGH Scotland's hills be far awa',
And her glens, where the clear silver burnies row,
I see them, and hear her wild breezes blaw
O'er the moors where the blue-bells and heather grow.

Oh hame is sweet!—but thae hames o' thine
Are the kindliest far that the sun doth see;
And though far awa' I have biggit mine,
As my mother's name they are dear to me!

I love the tale o' thy glories auld,
Which thy shepherds tell on the mountain side,
Of thy martyrs true, and thy warriors bauld,
Who for thee and for freedom lived and died!

Land of my youth! though my heart doth move,
And sea-like my blood rises high at thy name,
'Boon a' thing there's ae thing in thee I love—
The virtue and truth o' thy poor man's hame.

The poor man's hame! where I first did ken
That the soul alone makes the good and great—
That glitter and glare are false and vain,
And deceit upon glory's slave doth wait.

Thy poor man's hame! wi' its roof o' strae,
A hut as lowly as lowly can be—
Through it the blast sae cauldrife does gae;
Yet, hame o' the lowly, I'm proud o' thee!

Scotland! to thee thy sons afar
Send blessings on thy rocks, thy flood and faem—
On mountain and muir, on glen and scaur—
But deeper blessings still on thy poor man's hame!

—ROBERT NICOLL.

THE BRITON'S FIRESIDE.

'TWERE vain to seek on foreign shores the comforts of a "home,"
That name is less familiar as farther on we roam;
No other clime can boast the peace, the calm and tranquil pride,
A Briton feels when all is mirth around his fireside!

'Tis there the old forget their age, and gambol with the young,
To mingle in the merry dance, or join the social song;

Oh! if from thought thou'dst turn away, some rankling care
thou'dst hide,
Go, imitate the Briton's lot, and learn his fireside.

Yet not alone in gayer hours this social peace is known:
It lives and blooms when all the sweets of passing mirth have
flown:
Yes; there the father mildly checks the faults he cannot chide,
And chains the feelings of his child to that dear fireside.

Say, who can view the happy few, in innocence and mirth,
Assembled round the very hearth which sparkled at their birth;
Who, launched upon life's troubled sea, have struggled with her
tide,
And not proclaim the blessings of a Briton's fireside?

Long may the hand which guards our isle avert the luckless day,
When from her shores such happy scenes must fade and pass
away!
Long still may Britons boast their peace, and feel an honest pride,
That they alone of all the earth possess a fireside!
—W. H.

SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
Thy sky is glowing o'er me;
Like mother's ever-smiling face,
Thy land lies bright before me.
Land of my home, my father's land,
Land where my soul was nourished;
Land of anticipated joy,
And all by memory cherished!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain,
What hill, or vale, or river,
But in this fond enthusiast heart
Has found a place for ever?

Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
To shelter farm or sheiling,
That is not garnered fondly up
Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
With noisy, ceaseless motion;
Their waters join the rivers broad,
Those rivers join the ocean:
And many a sunny, flowery brae,
Where childhood plays and ponders,
Is freshened by the lightsome flood,
As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
And on the lonely mountain,
How many wild spontaneous flowers
Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
The glowing furze, the "bonny broom,"
The thistle, and the heather;
The blue-bell, and the gowan fair,
Which childhood loves to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
On which the shepherd lover,
In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
Beneath the mountain's cover!
Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
So soft and melancholy,
To make thy every hill and dale
Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
Fair as they are by nature,
But every town and tower of thine,
And every lesser feature;
For where is there the spot of earth
Within my contemplation,
But from some noble deed or thing
Has taken consecration?

Scotland! the land of all I love,
The land of all that love me;
Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
Whose sod shall lie above me.
Hail, country of the brave and good;
Hail, land of song and story;
Land of the uncorrupted heart,
Of ancient faith and glory!

—R. C.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

THY chalky cliffs are fading from my view,
Our bark is dancing gaily on the sea,
I sigh while yet I may, and say adieu,
Albion, thou jewel of the earth, to thee
Whose fields first fed my childish fantasy,
Whose mountains were my boyhood's wild delight,
Whose rocks, and woods, and torrents were to me
The food of my soul's youthful appetite—
Were music to my ear, a blessing to my sight!

I never dreamt of beauty, but, behold,
Straightway thy daughters flashed upon my eye;
I never mused on valour, but the old
Memorials of thy haughty chivalry
Filled my expanding soul with ecstacy;
And when I thought on wisdom, and the crown
The Muses give, with exultation high
I turned to those whom thou hast called thine own,
Who fill the spacious earth with their and thy renown.

When my young heart, in life's light morning hour,
At Beauty's summons, beat a wild alarm,
Her voice came to me from an English bower,
And English were the smiles that wrought the charm;
And if, when wrapped asleep on Fancy's arm,
Visions of bliss my riper years have cheered,
Of home, and love's fireside, and greetings warm,
For one by absence and long toil endeared,
The fabric of my hopes on thee hath still been reared.

Peace to thy smiling hearths when I am gone;
And mayst thou still thine ancient dowry keep,
To be a mark to guide the nations on,
Like a tall watch-tower flashing o'er the deep;
Still mayst thou bid the sorrower cease to weep,
And dart the beams of Truth athwart the night
That wraps a slumbering world, till, from their sleep
Starting, remotest nations see the light,
And earth be blessed beneath the buckler of thy might!

Strong in thy strength I go; and wheresoe'er
My steps may wander, may I ne'er forget
All that I owe to thee; and oh may ne'er
My frailties tempt me to abjure that debt!
And what if far from thee my star must set,
Hast thou not hearts that shall with sadness hear
The tale, and some fair cheeks that shall be wet,
And some bright eyes, in which the swelling tear
Shall start for him who sleeps in Afric's deserts drear?

Yet I will not profane a charge like mine
With melancholy bodings, nor believe
That a voice, whispering ever in the shrine
Of my own heart, spake only to deceive;
I trust its promise, that I go to weave
A wreath of palms, entwined with many a sweet
Perennial flower, which time shall not bereave
Of all its fragrance—that I yet shall greet
Once more the Ocean Queen, and cast it at her feet.

—Joseph Ritchie.

DUTCH NATIONAL SONG.

Who Ne'erland's blood feel nobly flow,
From foreign tainture free,
Whose hearts for king and country glow,
Come, raise the song as we:
With breasts serene, and spirits gay,
In holy union sing
The soul-inspiring festal lay,
For fatherland and king.

The Godhead, on his heavenly throne,
Revered and praised in song,
With favour hears the grateful tone
We raise with heart and tongue;
And next the sacred seraph choir,
Who holier accents sing,
Prefers the patriot's tuneful lyre,
For fatherland and king

Raise, brothers, raise in union true,
The wide-resounding cry;
They tell, by Heaven, but virtues few
Who land and king deny!
For man nor friend the heart can glow,
Congealed its feelings spring,
That's cold when prayer and music flow
For fatherland and king.

The heart beats quick, the blood swells high,
When thrills this cherished air;
No tones with these in beauty vie,
None strike the heart so fair.
These sacred strains to all belong,
All hopes and wishes bring
In one accord, one sacred song
For fatherland and king.

Protect, oh God! watch o'er his throne,
On which we breathe so free;
Where yet our children's cradles stand,
And where their graves shall be.
With hearts deep moved we humbly pray,
From thy paternal hand,
Our country's weal—thy power display
For king and fatherland.

Protect, oh God! preserve his throne,
That truth and right uphold;
Be aye its splendour brighter shown
In virtue than in gold!
The sceptre that he wields sustain,
And guide it in his hand;
Inspire, oh God! our king maintain—
Our king and fatherland.

Away, away! who wish can form
For one, for two alone;
To loyal hearts, in calm and storm,
Are king and country one.
Reject, oh God! the caitiff's prayer,
Who 'twixt them strife would bring,
And hear a people's sacred air
For fatherland and king.

Let this fond strain to Heaven ascend
From out the festive hall;
Our sovereign spare—his house defend,
And us his children all.
Let this our first, last, dearest song,
All hearts with joy expand:
God save our king, his days prolong—
Protect our fatherland.

—TOLLENS.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

LET others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst, far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry eve away—
'Twixt book and lute the hours divide,
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own fireside.

My own fireside! Those simple words
  Can bid the sweetest dreams arise,
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
  And fill with tears of joy my eyes.
What is there my wild heart can prize
  That doth not in thy sphere abide,
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
  My own—my own fireside?

A gentle form is near me now;
  A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
  And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
  In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
  Than thou—my own fireside?

What care I for the sullen roar
  Of winds without, that ravage earth;
It doth but bid me prize the more
  The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
  Then let the churlish tempest chide,
It cannot check the blameless mirth
  That glads my own fireside.

My refuge ever from the storm
  Of this world's passion, strife, and care;
Though thunder-clouds the sky deform,
  Their fury cannot reach me there.
There all is cheerful, calm, and fair;
  Wrath, malice, envy, strife, or pride,
Hath never made its hated lair
  By thee—my own fireside.

Thy precincts are a charmed ring,
  Where no harsh feeling dares intrude;
Where life's vexations lose their sting,
  Where even grief is half subdued,
And Peace, the halcyon, loves to brood.
  Then let the pampered fool deride;
I'll pay my debt of gratitude
  To thee—my own fireside.

Shrine of my household deities!
  Fair scene of my home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burdened spirit flies
  When fortune frowns or care annoys:

Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are this world's tinsel toys
To thee—my own fireside?

Oh may the yearnings, fond and sweet,
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart-soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide;
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own fireside.

—ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL to the land that my fathers defended;
Farewell to the field which their ashes inurn;
The holiest flame on their altars descended,
Which, fed by their sons, shall eternally burn.
Ah! soft be the bed where the hero reposes,
And light be the green turf that over him closes—
Gay Flora shall deck, with her earliest roses,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.
Adieu to the scenes which my heart's young emotions
Have dressed in attire so alluringly gay;
Ah! never, no never, can billowing oceans,
Nor time, drive the fond recollections away!
From days that are past, present comfort I borrow;
The scenes of to-day shall be brighter to-morrow;
In age I'll recall, as a balm for my sorrow,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.

I go to the west, where the forest, receding,
Invites the adventurous axe-man along;
I go to the groves where the wild deer are feeding,
And mountain-birds carol their loveliest song.
Adieu to the land that my fathers defended,
Adieu to the soil on which freemen contended,
Adieu to the sons who from heroes descended,
The graves of my sires, and the land of my birth.
When far from my home, and surrounded by strangers,
My thoughts shall recall the gay pleasures of youth;
Though life's stormy ocean shall threaten with dangers,
My soul shall repose in the sunshine of truth:
While streams to their own native ocean are tending,
And forest oaks, swept by the tempest, are bending,
My soul shall exult as she's proudly defending
The graves of my sires and the land of my birth.

—S. BROWN.

COTTAGE HOME.

Oh home, however homely—thoughts of thee
Can never fail to cheer the absent breast:
How oft wild raptures have been felt by me,
When back returning, weary and distrest!
How oft I've stood to see the chimney pour
Thick clouds of smoke in columns lightly blue,
And, close beneath, the house-leek's yellow flower,
While fast approaching to a nearer view!
These, though they're trifles, ever gave delight;
E'en now they prompt me with a fond desire,
Painting the evening group before my sight
Of friends and kindred seated round the fire.
Oh Time! how rapid did thy moments flow,
That changed these scenes of joy to scenes of wo!

—Clare.

MY NATIVE LAND—MY NATIVE PLACE.

My thoughts are on my native land,
My heart is in my native place,
Where willows bend to breezes bland,
And kiss the river's rippling face;

Where sunny shrubs disperse their scent,
And raise their blossoms high to heaven,
As if in calm acknowledgment
For brilliant hues and virtues given.

My thoughts are with my youthful days,
Where sin and grief were but a name;
When every field had golden ways,
And pleasure with the daylight came.

I bent the rushes to my feet,
And sought the water's silent flow;
I moved along the thin ice fleet,
Nor thought upon the death below.

I culled the violet in the dell,
Whose wild-rose gave a chequered shade,
And listened to each village bell,
So sweet by answering echo made.

In God's own house, on God's own day,
In neat attire, I bent the knee;
Pure sense of duty made me pray—
Joy made me join the melody.

Thus memory, from her treasured urn,
Shakes o'er the mind her spring-like rain:
Thus scenes turn up and palely burn,
Like night-lights in the ocean's train.

And still my soul shall these command,
While sorrow writes upon my face;
My thoughts are on my native land,
My heart is in my native place.

—*Anonymous.*

AMOR PATRIÆ.

Land of our fathers! when afar from thee,
We think of all that we have left behind:
The cottage in the glen, the moss-grown tree,
It's dark boughs waving in the summer wind.

The wimpling stream that softly rolls along,
Meandering down the rugged mountain's side;
The briery bush; the blackbird's well-known song,
Pouring its raptures in a trilling tide.

The eagle, wheeling high in circle wide;
The red-deer, bounding in the glades below;
The salmon, leaping in the silvery tide;
The humming-bee; the cattle's well-known low.

The time-worn tower, whose venerable form
In stilly grandeur breaks upon the view—
Its gray head towering o'er the howling storm—
Is it not fixed in memory's tablets too?

Borne on the wind, the well-known Sabbath bell
Chimes its soft music to our straining ear,
Entrancing all our senses like a spell:
Ah! sad illusion, never more to hear.

How vivid in our mind the eventful day
Which saw us sailing from our native land!
The lessening hills in distance rising gray,
We gazed thereon—a melancholy band.

But though far distant from our native shore,
Old Scotland ne'er shall hang her head in shame,
For we, though severed by Atlantic's roar,
Will aye uphold our country's well-won fame.

—*Tait's Magazine.*

THE WOODCUTTER'S NIGHT SONG.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there!

Though to leave your pretty song,
Little birds, it gives me pain,
Yet to-morrow is not long,
Then I'm with you all again.

If I stop, and stand about,
Well I know how things will be,
Judy will be looking out
Every now and then for me.

So fare-ye-well! and hold your tongues;
Sing no more until I come;
They're not worthy of your songs,
That never care to drop a crumb.

All day long I love the oaks,
But, at nights, yon little cot,
Where I see the chimney smokes,
Is by far the prettiest spot.

Wife and children all are there,
To revive with pleasant looks,
Table ready set, and chair,
Supper hanging on the hooks.

Soon as ever I get in,
When my fagot down I fling,
Little prattlers they begin
Teasing me to talk and sing.

Welcome, red and roundy sun,
Dropping lowly in the west;
Now my hard day's work is done,
I'm as happy as the best.

Joyful are the thoughts of home,
Now I'm ready for my chair,
So, till to-morrow morning's come,
Bill and mittens, lie ye there!

—CLARE.

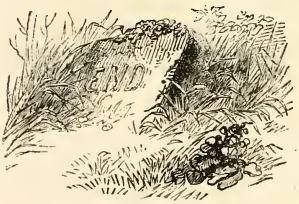
ON HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day
I wear the busy hour away:
That is not home, where lonely night
Prepares me for the toils of light—
'Tis hope, and joy, and memory give
A home in which the heart can live—
These walls no lingering hopes endear,
No fond remembrance chains me here;
Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—
Eliza, canst thou tell me why?
'Tis where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant's on his mother's breast—
But where thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride—
They are too high, and cold, and wide.
No home is by the wanderer found:
'Tis not in place: it hath no bound:
It is a circling atmosphere,
Investing all the heart holds dear:
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,
O'ershadowing the conscious mind;
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend:
Where'er thou art is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,
And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with health will soon be past.
Oh! when will time consenting give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
Oh! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillared cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be
Thus consecrate and shared with thee.

—Josiah Conder.